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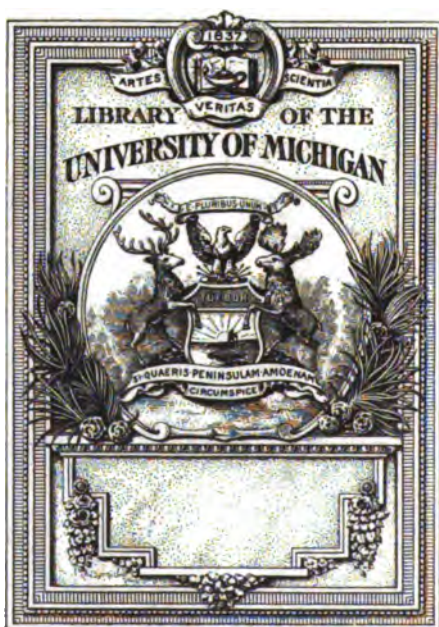
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GEO. H. ELLIS

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.
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THE COST OF OUR FREEDOM AND OUR DUTY TO MAINTAIN IT.

My subject this morning is "The Cost of our Freedom and our Duty to maintain it."

My text is in the Epistle of Paul to the Galatian churches, the fifth chapter, and a part of the first verse,—
"Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free."

If I can help you to understand the situation of things when this letter of Paul to the Galatian churches was written, I shall let you into the whole secret of the struggle of man for religious liberty.

Most people, I think, read this letter, as they do other parts of the Bible, both New Testament and Old,—if they read them at all,—without very much thinking, without trying to comprehend the conditions out of which the ideas sprung.

What does this mean,—that Paul is calling upon these churches to stand by their freedom, not to be entangled again with a yoke of bondage which they used to wear, but which has been cast off? What does it mean when we find Paul asserting the fact that he had a right to teach, just as much right as the other apostles? He says, Am I not an apostle? am I not free? What does it mean?

Why, it means, in short, this:—

I have not time this morning to trace the growth of this condition of things. I need only call your attention to the fact that the Jews at the time of Paul had come to believe that, in order to salvation, it was necessary not only

that men and women be good, that they be honest, that they speak the truth, that they be helpful towards their neighbors, that they be true and kindly in their own households,—they had come to believe that, in order to be saved, it was necessary to believe and to practise the entire ceremonial or ritual law which they attributed to Moses, and which had been sanctified by ages of tradition.

They believed that a Gentile, a Roman, or a Greek might indeed become a Christian, but only on condition that he first became a Jew. They said, You can be saved, you can enter into this fellowship, you can become citizens of the kingdom of heaven; but you must not only believe in Christ, follow him, take him for your highest example, adopt his spirit, live out his life,—you must also keep the law of Moses.

And they had come into such a state of mind that they were afraid to question this necessity of keeping the law of Moses. They dared not think freely themselves, and they had come to believe that it was a crime to permit anybody else to think.

For they held a doctrine, which I cannot go into this morning, but which is of great importance in order to understand the past phases of religious life,—they held the doctrine of corporate responsibility.

As one flash of illustration. When David committed a sin, God was represented, not as punishing David personally simply, but as punishing the whole people for the sin of their ruler. When Achan, for example, commits his crime, as the history is set forth in the Old Testament, his whole family, his wife, his children, his cattle,—everything that belongs to him,—must be destroyed.

So the people were not only afraid to think themselves: they were afraid that, if they permitted anybody in the community to think, God would punish not simply that person, but them, too, and everybody else. So that, as you study the history of persecutions in the past, you must not think al-

ways it was intentional, outright cruelty: it was, as they believed, necessary as an act of self-defence.

The people, at any rate, had come to believe that they must accept the whole Jewish law, and that they must not question it nor permit anybody else to question it. But here comes this Paul, who was not one of the original apostles, but who speaks as one and the foremost of them all. This Paul had dared to preach a new-fangled idea; namely, he was going through Asia Minor and the country round about, organizing churches and telling the Greeks and Romans — the people who were not Jews — that they could become Christians and be saved without paying any attention to the Jewish law at all.

On this basis he had organized these churches in Galatia. And what did the old and, as they believed, the original Christians do about it? Why, they sent emissaries, agents, to go after Paul, and to tell the people that Paul was not really an apostle, that he had no authority, that this was dangerous doctrine which he was teaching, and that they must become Jews and keep the ceremonial law if they wished to be Christians. That was what the people had done.

Paul was away from Galatia, of course, when this letter was written; but the news comes to him that these agents of the first Church, which claimed to be orthodox, had been doing everything they could to upset, to overturn, the work which he had accomplished with so much labor and difficulty. And so he writes this flaming Epistle to them, and tells them to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free.

If you believe in Christ, he says, you are no longer under obligation to keep their ceremonial law. If you give in your adhesion to that law, then you must obey it perfectly. And no man ever did obey it perfectly, and therefore all men are under condemnation.

That is his argument, no matter whether we regard it as good to-day or not. I am setting forth the ideas of Paul.

Now, he says, if you attempt to be saved under the law, you must obey it perfectly; and you cannot do it. Nobody ever did do it. And there is no need to do it. The love of God and the love of man is the only keeping of the law that God requires at our hands. This to him is identical with the teaching of Christ, who stood as the symbol of the love of God; who was willing even to give up his life, to have his body broken and his blood shed, to bring this gospel, this good news of a free salvation for Jews and Gentiles alike, to all the world.

This was the condition of things, and this is the significance of this passionate outburst on the part of Paul in which he asserts his right to teach and adjures his converts to stand fast in this freedom which they had obtained through the sufferings of the Christ.

I said that, if we could understand the conditions in Galatia that led Paul to write this letter, we should understand the whole battle of man for religious liberty. For example, the same ideas have been at work among all nations and in every age. Men have always, by some process of reasoning, come to the conclusion that the religious ideas which they held were infallibly true; and, if anybody else held ideas which differed from them, of course those ideas were wrong.

So you find in all the ancient world, among every nation and tribe, just this same idea held. The gods had spoken to them, had given them a statement of truth, had given them an infallible ritual or ceremonial. It had come down out of heaven to them as a divine and special gift; and they must hold to it against all the world. This, I say, has been the belief everywhere. I cannot stop this morning to show you how natural it is that such an idea should have sprung up.

So do you not see that whenever any man has dared to preach a new idea, whenever any man has dared to challenge the necessity of maintaining the ceremonial or the

ritual, whenever any man has challenged his fellows to recognize a higher, grander truth and to go on and up to a higher plane of thought and living,—do you not see how of necessity he has been looked upon as one who defied God and endangered the welfare of man?

And yet we are face to face with a curious fact, one very difficult to get over,—that, when you have a dozen infallibilities and they contradict each other, it is somewhat difficult for a poor and bewildered seeker after truth to decide between them, particularly when you tell him he has no business to think about it at all, but must accept the particular one which the priesthood of his particular people chooses to offer.

Then, again, we are face to face with another somewhat strange supposition,—that God, our Father, is going to be angry with us for trying to find out the truth about him; going to send us to eternal torment for wishing to discover his way. For, mark you, the priests of a religious faith among a particular people of a particular age either have a reason for holding the ideas they have or they have not. If they have a satisfactory reason, they can give it to any honest, earnest inquirer. If they have not, ought not the people to find it out, and be free to find that which is truth?

If you offer a reason for the position you hold, that moment and thereby you have acknowledged the supremacy of reason.

You say you have chosen to become a Roman Catholic for a reason. Why, then, you have admitted, Roman Catholic that you are, that reason is supreme over the Roman Catholic Church itself, else there would be no reason for being a Catholic. No matter what your faith may be, the moment you try to give a reason for holding it, that moment you admit the supremacy of reason, or else there would be no reason for believing one thing any more than another.

Do you not see that here is a necessary conflict, the conflict between the man who wishes to think freely, and

find a higher truth, and the instituted order of things that assumes that it has the truth, and that it is wicked to ask any questions about it, and that it is impious towards God and dangerous towards man to change? Do you not see the inevitable struggle between these two antagonistic positions?

And right in here have come all the great religious tragedies of the world. From the lowest fetich worshipper, away down and back two or three hundred thousand years until to-day, there has never been a new forward movement of thought unattended by a bitter conflict. No man ever dared to take a step forward, but he was warned, not only of the anger of God and the evil he was doing to men, but warned that he was imperilling his own soul, and warned that his own life was at stake.

Read the history of the world's struggles for liberty. It is not confined to the Jews and Christians. In ancient Athens and under Pericles, Anaxagoras was condemned to death, though his sentence was commuted to banishment, because he dared to advance a scientific idea of the sun, dared to deny that it was a god driving a chariot across the blue.

So it has been a struggle of men trying to escape from their heritage of traditions and ideas of the past, and not only to find a higher truth themselves, but to lead their friends, their people, to a nobler epoch in the history of the world. As you study the past, you see how the world's history is marked at every one of its great stages by burnings, the rack, imprisonment, torture, the axe.

If I name you over earth's chosen heroes, as Lowell says, I shall name you the men that have been ready to give their lives for freedom,—freedom to think for the sake of their families, freedom to study, freedom to seek for truth. I need not mention the names,—they are so familiar to you that they would sound trite; but clear down to the time of Channing and Theodore Parker the same idea has been held.

It is within the memory of most people who are now living that the last man was imprisoned in Boston for daring to publish his opinions. And it is due to our glorious Channing to say that, though he did not agree with him at all, he was the means of setting him free.

I wish now to come to the more practical question as to whether any price has to be paid for freedom to-day.

Is this battle over?

They do not burn people any longer for their opinions: they do not imprison them, at least in this country. They do not put them to the torture so far as their muscles and nerves are concerned, by physical means. But are we perfectly free yet?

Let me note a few of the things we still have to pay. Some of you that were "born free," as Mr. Collyer has said this morning, cannot appreciate it; while those who have fought and struggled, and through heart-ache and tears have attained freedom, as I did, understand it a little better.

There are any quantity of places in this country to-day where the man who dares to be free to think and express his religious opinions must pay the price of having his business threatened with failure. There is one city of quite respectable size in this country—I do not know of my own knowledge that there is any other—where within a few years a family that had recently moved into the place was waited upon by a committee of some of the old-time churches, who warned them that, if they had anything to do with the Unitarian Church, it would ruin their business.

I had a letter a little while ago from a lawyer in the South-west, in which he said, "I am in perfect sympathy with the ideas which you preach and publish; but I do not dare let it be known here, as it would ruin my profession."

I have letters every little while—hardly a week goes by that I do not receive them—from persons who are standing isolated and alone, covering up their ideas, perhaps, or speaking of them timidly, because they have to pay a great

price of aversion, loneliness, for daring to think on their own account.

In England to-day the Established Church so shadows the social world that for any marked social success it is almost necessary a person should conform.

There are cities in this country where, if one will be in "the social swim," it is at any rate a good deal easier if he goes along with the churches that are fashionable and happen to be in the majority.

There is another thing that a good many people in the modern world have to pay. That is the pain of thinking. There are not a great many people who ever do any thinking. There are lots of people who sit quietly and let ideas or parts and fragments of ideas and notions drift by them, while they glance at them languidly, perhaps, and imagine they are thinking. How many people are there in this church who have looked over the great problems of modern religion and modern life, and wrestled with them, made up their mind about them, so that they can claim to have anything that can be called a conviction; that is, something of which they have become convinced? That is a conviction.

Most people inherit their ideas or what they call their ideas, as they do the color of their hair or their political opinions. If a person will stand bravely for the truth and God in the modern world, he must pay the price of being willing to think. And what does that mean? It means being willing to reconsider the ideas which you hold, to find out whether they are valid: if they are not, to surrender them. It means giving up prejudices, prepossessions, inherited tendencies. It means calling a halt to yourself and asking: Am I on the right road? If not, I am going to turn, and find that road, if I can. That is what it means; and that is what a great many people must pay.

Do you know, one of the most difficult things in the world is to hold your mind in suspense. I venture to say that, if you talk with any one of a thousand persons whom

you next meet, you will find in regard to most subjects that person's mind is made up. And you will find that, the smaller a person's mind is, the quicker it is made up, and the more easily.

One of the last and highest results of culture is the ability to say frankly, I do not know, and to wait for a year, five years, ten years, and say all the time, I do not know, until the time comes—if it ever does—when you can say, I know.

It is painful for most people to hold their minds in suspense, and wait for anything. You must pay that price, however, if you wish to be free. Then you must pay another price, a very hard one, as I have found in my own experience.

I was talking with a lady yesterday, who said, "I am the only one in the circle of my relations and friends who is a heretic." And I know what she has to endure. Conventional, fashionable friends, who never had an idea in their lives, look upon her with a sort of supercilious questioning and contempt, saying that she is odd, there is a curious streak in her somewhere.

Did it ever occur to you that all the grandest souls of the world have been odd? Columbus was odd; Jesus was odd; Paul was odd; Luther was odd; Calvin was odd; Channing was odd; Theodore Parker was odd; all the men who dared to stand out for a new truth, and try to lead and lift the world a little higher, must of necessity be odd. You must pay the price of being looked upon that way.

And there is a harder price still than being looked upon as curious and queer. It is being regarded by your friends as given over to enmity against God, as an ally of Satan, and as doing what you can to destroy human souls, being looked upon as an emissary of the Evil One.

Oh, it is so hard to walk right over the hearts, as you sometimes have to, of the people you love; have them feel sure you are going wrong, get in your way and try to stop

you, and plead with you in tears, when you must, if you are true to yourself, go on.

You must pay this — some people must — for freedom. You must pay the price of going out from associations, both with ideas and people, that have become familiar, that have become dear,— places and associations that are home.

The work of the pioneer is always difficult. He gives up all the comforts, the refinements, the restfulness, and goes out into the wilderness, and blazes a new way, and lays the foundation of a new and better civilization.

I remember years ago calling on a lady friend in Boston whose husband started life poor, but had become rich ; and they were just moving into a new house which they had built. They were in a poor little house in a back street. She was glad to go, knew it was better for the children, for them all ; but it was terribly lonely, and she was crying her heart out looking over the poor little house. "Here I nursed one of the children through a painful illness. Here another one was born. Here I received the news of my husband's safety after a great battle,"— full of associations. It was a better house she was going to ; but she did not feel at home in it.

Did you ever stop to think that you can never feel at home in new places, in the midst of new ideas, new thought ? If you want a moss-covered, vine-covered church, you must wait till it is old. So, if you want vine-covered associations and places, you must wait till they are old.

But did you never stop to think again that if the habit of clinging to old ideas, old associations, old places, had always dominated the world from the beginning, we should all be in the jungle still ? Every forward movement has been leaving familiar places and creating places that would become familiar to the children, but where those who had created them would perhaps for years have a homesick longing for that which was left behind.

And it is the same in religion. You must pay this price

for new conditions and a higher and grander life for all mankind.

These merely as hints: Freedom is not won completely yet. We are struggling for it. But you must still pay a price.

Now why do we want freedom? Why should we pay such a price for it? Freedom is not an end in itself. There are a very great many so-called liberals who seem to think so. They are very zealous, certain writers and lecturers, for the attainment of liberty; but, when they get liberty, what do they do with it?

A man is not necessarily a good man, he is not necessarily a happy man, because he is free. He is not necessarily a helper of his kind because he is free. A nation is not necessarily a grand and heroic nation because it has attained the position of political liberty.

What do you want with it? Liberty is nothing in the world but an opportunity; and whether or not it is worth having depends upon what you do with it.

Why do we want liberty, then? I will hint at three reasons why I want it. We need liberty for the sake of discovering the truth. Men need the truth,—truth about the body, about the mind, about the soul, about the way to live, about how to help on the world, because only in the discovery and the living out of the truth, only in finding what is the real nature of things and adjusting ourselves to that nature, can we become what we ought to be. We need truth, then; and we need liberty in order to find it.

Just think for a moment. I said a little while ago that it has been the practice from the beginning of the world for groups of people to assume that they had the truth, and to forbid anybody's doubting it or asking any questions about it. I said also that there were dozens of different religions that made the same assumption, and that they all had a different set of ideas, a different theory about God, man, the universe, and destiny, and that all of them could not be true.

We need liberty, in order that we may discover where the truth is. Men will not be quite as likely to find the truth, will they, if they are frightened, if they are told that it is wicked to search for it, if they are made to believe that God is angry when they ask a question?

I remember years ago a lady came to me,—this illustrates this state of mind,—who had been trained all her life in one of the old churches, and asked me what I believed; and I told her frankly. When I had finished, she said: "I would give the world if I dared to believe that. I have been taught that there is a certain kind of God in this universe; and, if there is, I am afraid of him." This is not an isolated case. I know hundreds like it.

Do you think people are likely to find the truth, then, if they think that God is standing and watching them from somewhere in the heavens like a celestial policeman, not desiring to help them, but to find an opportunity for arrest and punishment? If people are hampered and hindered and bothered on every hand, are they likely to find the truth?

They need to be free, then, for the sake of the truth; for free men and sensible men have no motive to hold anything which is not the truth. I do not want to keep what is not true. I do not want to wake up by and by, and find I have been mistaken all my life long. I would give up this moment every cherished belief and hope if, finding them unreal, I could exchange them for that which is true.

We need to be free for the honor and glory of God. If a man holds a set of ideas which he has been taught are the truth of God, and they are not the truth, then, just in so far as he holds them, he is away from God; just in so far as he holds them,—these partial, these inadequate, these cruel ideas about God, and says that they are the truth of God,—just in so far he dishonors God by holding them and attributing them to him.

When I am fighting against some cruel, some horrible, some inhuman thing that the barbaric past came to believe was divine, I feel like looking up in the face of my Father, and asking him to give me light and strength, and to nerve my arm and give me courage to fight for his honor, to clear his name from such horrible imputations, to set people free, so that they may find the real loving and lovely truth about Him. We need to know the truth because God is the truth. The truth-seeker is the God-seeker ; for, just in so far as you are apart from the truth, you are away from God.

Again, in the third place, we need to find the truth for the sake of men,—the hope of the future, the deliverance of man from his burdens and his chains, the ability of man to grow up into the perfect stature of the Divine. All these are linked in with the discovery of the real truth about God, about the universe, and about himself. He needs physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, to see the truth, and to be brought into direct accord with it, in order that he may live out the highest human, and therefore the noblest divine life.

For the sake of truth, for the sake of God, for the sake of man, then, we need to be free.

Now at the end I wish to suggest one or two very practical applications of this in the line of our own personal duty. Whose business is it to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free? Is it the minister's business only? the men in public places? It is the business of every man and every woman to stand squarely on his or her feet, with clear open eyes looking for the light, and consecrated to that light just so far as it is discovered.

If all the men and women in this country to-day who are feeling after freedom, who have found out that they are in bondage, and who do not really—deep down in their hearts—believe the ideas of those institutions to which they by inheritance are committed,—if all these would come out, and stand bravely, shoulder to shoulder, we should have the largest Church in Christendom inside of one month.

It is the business, then, of all to open their eyes and see, to stand for what they see, to maintain the truth of God as they understand it.

There are thousands of cases, I am afraid, of liberal fathers and mothers, who need a word of suggestion in regard to another matter. If it happens to be convenient, if it is a little less trouble, if a child has found a playmate there and expresses the wish to do it, they will allow their children to go to a Sunday-school where they are taught every week in the year that which they themselves have repudiated. Stand by your freedom in the education of your children. Have them taught that which you believe; and, remember if it is not safe for the children, it is not safe for you.

One other practical matter. Because it is a little more fashionable, perhaps, because it is a little more convenient, or for one reason or another, there are hundreds of cases where parents who are free send their growing sons and daughters to boarding-schools or away from home to be drilled every day of the week in ideas which they have long ago given up. Is this reasonable? Is this being true to God, to truth, to man?

If these old creeds, which now for so long have hung loosely on thousands of necks, were really riveted again, were treated seriously, were practically asserted, neither your freedom nor mine would be safe.

Do you know how recently we have obtained this freedom? In the old Virginia Colony, just a little while before the Revolution, you would have been put to death for having it known that you were a Unitarian. It was one of the capital crimes of the colony. The spirit, purpose, are there still. If these old creeds are God's infallible truth, then we ought to be suppressed.

Let us study and make up our minds, then, and let us commit ourselves with all our influence and power to the defence of that which we believe to be for the glory of God and the safety of man.

One other point only,— money. Hundreds of Unitarians in this country have given their money by the thousands, because they thought it was “liberal,” to the building, to the establishment of institutions which are doing everything they can to crush the liberty of opinion and the freedom which we enjoy. I do not believe that you would have thought it “liberal” in the old days of the war to give to the support of the other side.

Take care of the men on the other side, be kind to the people on the other side, do everything you can to show your humanity and your love for them; but do not make the mistake of supporting a set of ideas which, if carried out to-day, would be fatal to the liberty and the growth of the world.

While in the presence here this morning of these emblems of the broken body and the shed blood of Jesus, let us ask what they mean. That body was broken, that blood was shed, in an effort to throw off the trammels and shackles that held the world back, and set the soul free to find God and the higher life.

Jesus said, “Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” And this is a symbol of what, as I said at the outset, has occurred over and over and over again in the history of the world. As Lowell expresses it: —

“ By the light of burning heretics Christ’s bleeding feet I track,
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back ;
 And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
 One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet-hearts hath
 burned
 Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven
 upturned.”

Will you be loyal to the spirit of Jesus, loyal to the word, the teaching, the life of Jesus? Will you try to do for this age what he tried to do for his? Will you give the world a higher truth and a nobler idea of life, and so help it to grow into the fulness of the stature of the sons of God?

Then stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has set us free!

Father, we consecrate ourselves to Thee afresh this morning, and ask that we may not use our liberty for occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another, seeking for freedom, for the sake of helping the world up and on. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>20 cents.</i>
<i>" " " Doz.</i>	<i>\$1.50</i>
<i>" Cloth, " Copy,</i>	<i>30 cents.</i>
<i>" " " Doz.</i>	<i>\$2.50</i>

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass

Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. II.

OCTOBER 22, 1897

No. 3

The Atrophy of Faculties and Powers through Disuse

GEO. H. ELLIS
141 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1897

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Unitarian Catechism.	With an Introduction by E. A. Horton.	Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per dozen		1.50
Price, Cloth, per copy, 30 cents.	Per dozen			2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Messiah Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, \$1.50; single copy, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

THE ATROPHY OF FACULTIES AND POWERS THROUGH DISUSE.

My subject this morning is the atrophy of faculties and powers through disuse.

My text you may find in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, the twenty-ninth verse: "For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away."

When, as a boy, I used to be poring over the New Testament, — not loving it overmuch, as I do now, not understanding it very well, — it seemed to me that this was a very hard saying: To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, or hath very little, shall be taken away even that which he hath.

This did not appear to me to be the method of a just God, of a loving Father — pouring out bountifully upon people already full, and withholding from those that were needy that of which they were so sorely in want. But, if we analyze this principle a little carefully, we shall find that it is no imposition of an arbitrary power, but merely the recognition of that which is, so far as we can see, necessary and eternal in the nature of things.

It is only the recognition of a natural law of the natural world. And in this use of the word "natural" I should include that which is ordinarily spoken of as supernatural; for it is as true concerning spiritual matters as it is concerning the most physical.

As we study men and women who are somewhat along in life, we find the utmost diversity of taste, of faculty, of power. Some are very strong in one direction, while weak in almost every other. Some, perhaps, have cultivated themselves in half a dozen ways, and more nearly approach what we are accustomed to think of as rounded, completed natures and characters. There are some who seem perfectly content with the life of the higher type of animal. There seems nothing of aspiration about them, none of that restless flaming up that reaches out after the invisible.

Perhaps they have come to think that it is all imagination to talk about anything invisible. They measure the world by their eyes, and do not believe in anything which they cannot see. So there are not only these diversities, varieties of faculty, of power, of apprehension, but there are the utmost differences in moral character.

I meet almost every week of my life some type of ethical character that astonishes me. There are unconscious scoundrels by the thousands,—those whose lives, whose courses of action, are vicious and evil, and who seem to be totally unaware of it.

Perhaps in a little study of the principles involved in our text we may come at a comprehension of some of these varieties of character and development, see the necessary reason for them, and learn some practical lessons that ought to come seriously home to ourselves in the matter of self-culture, of trying to make of ourselves what we ought to be.

In order that we may see how this principle works on a plane of life where it will be perfectly apparent, let us note it a little in the physical world.

Some years ago—it seems a good many as I stop to think of it—I was passing through the State of Kentucky, and visited the Mammoth Cave. I went into its great Star Chamber, sixty feet in height; I crept through some of its

narrow passages, leading from one room to another; I sailed on its lake; I crossed over its river; I explored its wonders from end to end. And among the things I was very much interested in was the catching and examining of one of the famous fishes that swim in its lake and river. The peculiarity of these fishes is, as you probably know, that they have no eyes. There are the partially developed eye-sockets still; but the eyeball has completely disappeared. Why? Simply under the working of this natural law.

Nature is very economical. She never takes the trouble to feed an organ or faculty that is not used. And, lacking food, and not being used, it atrophies, it dies out, and if it does not entirely disappear, it becomes only a rudiment, a vestige of what it formerly was.

One of the most striking illustrations of organic evolution — which, of course, I must merely touch on by a word — is to be found in the fact that there are in the higher animal forms so many vestiges of organs and functions that used to be valuable to the lower forms of life, but which have now been outgrown.

For example. Perhaps you are familiar with the fact that the whale, which is not a fish, but a mammal, has still remaining a part of a bone which used to help form its hind leg. It is rudimentary now, a vestige; but it illustrates this law. It has died out, it has atrophied, merely because the whale has no use for it. I suppose in the course of ages it will utterly disappear.

So scientists tell us that we ourselves have a great many, a large number, of these vestiges of a time when we needed a different kind of structure from that which is useful to us now. In connection with the eye and other parts of the body there are rudimentary muscles, rudimentary structures, which tell a story of our animal ancestry long since outgrown. We have left these things behind. They have atrophied because they were not used.

They tell us that the Indian is able to hear in what is perfect silence to the civilized man. He will put his ear down to the ground and listen, and catch some note of danger, some distant footfall, in what is perfect silence to the rest of us. We have not used our ears as he has : there has been no need of it. So this power has died out.

If you go to India, you will find there large numbers of girls whose business it is to select a very large variety of colored yarns for the purpose of weaving rugs and other materials for the markets. These girls, they say, can detect no end of colors which would mean absolutely nothing to me. They have trained their visual power. I have not trained mine in that high and fine and delicate way. So, if I ever had any such power, it would have died out for lack of use.

So in a great many other directions, if it were worth while, I might stop to illustrate this point on a physical plane. Having, I trust, made it perfectly apparent, we will leave it to stand as an example of the higher truth, and come up into the mental realm.

We now find a similar thing true here. Let me take this point of view in the first place, in order to emphasize what practically is of immense importance. I had occasion to tell you that were here last Sunday that not a great many people in the modern world ever really do any thinking. I wish now to supplement that by saying that there are very few people whose opinion as to whether a certain thing is or is not true is worth your listening to for a moment ; and the reason of it is found in the working of this principle we are dealing with this morning.

The majority of people, in the first place, are the most careless kind of observers. They have not trained their observing faculties. You let something happen on the street at the close of the service this morning, and then ask a number of people who were on the street at the time for an account of it. How many would know anything

about it by the time they reached Madison Avenue? You would have as many different versions as there were people. None would have accurately observed.

And, then, there are very few people who think closely enough to get an idea as to the real nature of proof. To illustrate: Not a great while ago a number of men were speaking before a Congressional Committee in Washington. A prominent scientific man was present. One gentleman had just finished speaking, when the scientific man said to his friend, "That man, I know, is a lawyer." His friend said, "How do you know?"

I am not pronouncing judgment as to whether this was true in this particular case: I am only using it as an illustration. His answer was, "Because he doesn't know the difference between testimony and evidence." In other words, a man whose object is simply to impress a jury and get a verdict trains himself into the idea that piling up testimony establishes a thing, when the testimony of a thousand people who do not know is of no more value than the testimony of one.

Any quantity of testimony may or may not be proof.

The great majority of people in this mental world, if they had any faculty for the discovery of truth, have let it atrophy and die out. Most people hold their opinions not because they have obeyed the injunction of Paul, and found out an adequate reason for holding them. The faculty of most people for the discovery of truth is rudimentary in the extreme, so that, if you get the opinion of the great majority in regard to any matter whatsoever, you have not of necessity obtained anything that is very valuable. The opinion of one man who is a carefully trained expert is worth the hand-clapping and the shouts of a million.

Take it in regard to other mental faculties than that which is useful for the discovery of truth. I have a friend, a lawyer. I was talking with him the last summer. He is one of the keenest lawyers I know of, one who has met with

marked success in life. I had what I regarded as a beautiful, wonderful poem in my pocket. I still regard it as a beautiful and wonderful poem. I wanted to read it to my lawyer friend. I did so; and, when I got through, he did not say that it was not a fine poem, but he did make this frank admission. He said, "That absolutely says nothing to me." He has not trained that side of his nature. Utterly lacking in faculty to appreciate that which to my mind is almost half the glory of the world!

Darwin, I think it is, who confessed in his later days that he had devoted himself so exclusively to the study of physical science that all the æsthetic side of his nature had become practically useless. He had no taste in those directions. So there are persons who have lost their ability to enjoy music, for example, it has died out, if they ever had it; or, if they have it, it is only rudimentary, and they have never made anything of it.

So, on this mental plane, whichever way you look, you find yourself face to face with illustrations of this great principle. The one who has a taste, who cares, who uses, who puts his talents out to interest, doubles them, and finds himself wealthy and ready to hear the plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." While the one who is afraid of his master, or who is indifferent, or who does not care, who hides his talent away in the earth, does not even have that. For it is one of the deepest principles of the world, if you care to think it out, that a man has nothing except that which he uses, which he appreciates. You go and bury a thing, and you do not possess it, it does not enter into your life.

Recognizing this truth on the physical and mental plane, let us rise to a higher illustration of it still.

It is true in the moral world. And here comes in a recognition of that fact which may have seemed a little strange and startling to you as I uttered it this morning,—that the world is full of unconscious scoundrels. There are

people who have never developed their consciences except in certain one-sided ways. I have wondered sometimes at these anomalies; but a careful analysis of the principle we are dealing with makes the matter perfectly plain. Let me instance one or two cases as illustrations.

Years ago one of my intimate friends in the West, a member of my church, was one of the most elaborately religious and pious men I ever knew; and he was not a conscious hypocrite. He was earnest; and it probably never occurred to him that he was not consistent. He was devoted to Sunday-school work, always present and always earnest and always interesting in our old-time prayer-meeting,—a man foremost in whatever touched the welfare of the Church. And yet that man, one day in conversation with me, told me of a business transaction he had just carried through, over which he chuckled and laughed, thinking that it was shrewed and keen, as it was, but which, to my unsophisticated judgment, seemed as utterly immoral as highway robbery. It never had occurred to him to think that it was anything but smart.

So I am compelled to recognize that there is a business conscience.

A man will be perfectly honest in his home. He will be honest in dealing with his bosom friend in common transactions, perhaps; he would not steal a pin; it never occurs to him that he owns a dollar dishonestly procured. And yet he says, "Business is business, and religion is religion, and life is life." And he permits himself to do a thousand things that straight-out honesty could not possibly condone.

A friend was telling me the other day of a firm in Wall Street, some years ago, who proposed to him a transaction, utterly unconscious of there being anything out of the way in it, which seemed to him so utterly fraudulent that he could not look at it a second time.

Is not the world full of these anomalies, these contradictions, these good people,—good in a way,—who lend them-

selves to dishonest practices in the business world, and so help on the corruption of the times?

Then there is a political conscience.

We are in the presence of facts that illustrate this at the present time. There are a plenty of men — pure and clean, so far as their personal life is concerned — who do not have one dollar in their pocket that is tainted with personal dishonesty, who yet, for the sake of political power or partisan success, will resort to any means under heaven without ever raising the question as to whether it is honest or dishonest, as to whether it is corrupt or incorrupt, as to whether it is manly or unmanly.

You know perfectly well, then, that this is true; and it is not true simply of one party and untrue of the other. There is a great deal of human nature in all parties. And the fact still stands that, in regard to political ways and methods, a man will allow his conscience, his public, his political conscience, to atrophy and die out. He does not use it in that department of his life. He uses another side of it in some other direction, and that is alive and sensitive, and fairly able to carry on business; but the political conscience has gone out of business long ago.

There is a newspaper conscience.

A friend was telling me the other day of a great newspaper that started out on a certain occasion — this was some years ago — to pursue relentlessly some public characters, and to publish a list of names that it believed ought to be held up to social reprobation. But suddenly the flag was hauled down; and it was discovered that the conscience of the newspaper was in the counting-room, and that at the moment advertising patronage was threatened, the moment honesty did not pay, that moment the newspaper conscience was crushed out of sight.

I have had newspaper men, friends, gentlemen, argue with me over these matters that are disreputable in the great newspapers of the present time, and say: We publish

them because the people demand them. It is for the people to decide: the people have just the kind of newspaper they want.

Did it never occur to these gentlemen that the gambling hell or brothel can make the same kind of argument, and that it is just as valid in the one case as in the other? Anything under heaven the people want would be justified on that ground.

Here, then, is another curious anomaly of conscience. I note it in still another direction; that is, an ecclesiastical conscience.

I have long ago gotten over the feeling that a man is necessarily dishonest because he says over things that I know he does not believe; because I know that people can get their conscience into such a condition as not to be aware of anything inconsistent or dishonest in such a procedure, which would be downright dishonest for me.

Not a great while ago one of the best known clergymen in this country told a friend of mine frankly that he did not believe the creed of his Church. And then he went on to argue as to the righteousness of his staying there and keeping still about it, and acting as though he did believe it. He said: This is a rich church. I have thousands of dollars back of me and at my disposal for charitable work and for helping on any good cause. Perhaps, if I should go away, the man who would succeed me would not be as liberal and forward-looking as I, and the church would not be in as good condition as it is now. And so he went on and argued, trying to show that it was just as well for him to stand up in a place and publicly profess to believe what in private he frankly said he did not believe. If a man should do those things down on Wall Street, you would have your opinion of him in business.

This, again, is a curious illustration of the fact that the conscience in a certain direction, or so far as a certain exercise of it is concerned, not being used, not being fed,

not being stimulated, not being quickened, dies out and at last is silent, has no word of protest, when, concerning some other violation of truth not nearly so flagrant, it would cry out in its earnestness.

I might spend the rest of the morning in giving other moral illustrations of this great truth, this terribly important truth. Go back to anti-slavery days. Take it in regard to great reformation. Take it in regard to the evils, the sorrows, of the world. Men train themselves to listen to the wants and needs of wife and child and their own little circle of friends; but the call, the appeals, of a world's great sorrow, a world's great needs, they refuse to listen to, until it dies off down in the distance, like an echo, and is no more regarded.

There was a time, we know, in the history of this country when, with the exception of a half-dozen conspicuous names, the whole land seemed to have forgotten that there was any such thing as slavery. Nobody heard the swish of the lash. Nobody heard the cry of the mother when her babe was torn from her arms. Garrison heard it, Phillips heard it, Lovejoy heard it. A few men had trained their ears, their moral ears, so that they could hear; and they cried out until they compelled others to hear.

Do you not see? Faculties, powers, conscience, all the finest faculties of our nature, may atrophy, may die away, and lose their power over us for lack of being fed, for lack of exercise.

Let us take one more step upward for a moment, and recognize the same truth in a realm that to the great majority of people is still more unreal than even the ethical one; that is, the realm of spirit.

There are certain persons who claim that they are conscious of God. Are they? Or is it only fancy?

Wordsworth, you remember, in those marvellous words of his, says:—

“ And I have felt a Presence,
 That disturbs me with the joy of elevated thought,—
 A sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,—
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.”

Did Wordsworth feel any such Presence?

You remember Whittier carried the matter a little farther, and touched another side of it. Whittier says in one of his hymns,—

“ Oh, sometimes come to soul and sense
 A feeling that is evidence,
 That very near about us lies
 The realm of spirit mysteries.”

Is that feeling of Whittier's a poet's fancy, or is there such a world, on which we impinge, but which is unreal to us because we have not trained ourselves into the possession of faculties and powers that are capable of discerning it?

There are men who in a square-toed and in a hard fashion go through the world. They will kick a brick if it comes in their way, and say, “That is real”; but it is all in the air when we talk about these other things.

Now are these men with the thick soles and square toes the only sensible people in the world?

Do you not see, in the light of the principle we have been discussing here this morning, that it is possible that we have in us faculties and possibilities and powers that transcend the animal, and may bring us into conscious contact with God and Spirit and the Eternal Verities? At any rate, the man with only the thick sole and the square toe has no business to sit in judgment on the man who possesses faculties and powers of which he never dreamed.

Right here is the first practical application I wish to make of my sermon. Men have no business to express opinions — though they are doing it all the time — concerning matters about which they know nothing and for the discernment of which they have no faculty. You remember that old story of the Athenian sculptor, who set his statue out on the street in front of his workshop, to listen to the criticisms of the people going by. And he got a very good suggestion from a cobbler regarding the sandal. But the cobbler was lifted up by the recognition of his superior knowledge, and wanted to embellish the statue all over according to his ideas as cobbler, and was told rather curtly to stick to his last.

It is a good idea for people in many directions to stick to their last. I know a thousand things concerning which my opinion would be absolutely worthless. Perhaps there are a good many things concerning which it is worthless that I don't know; but I do know a great many, and I am anxious to find out and confine the expression of my opinion to those things concerning which at least I know something.

These men, then, that presume to pass judgment on the existence of God, to pass judgment on the great spiritual verities, declare themselves with loud voices to be agnostics, and to say that there is nothing in the universe except that which they happen to know, are very shallow, very foolish, very far from the truth.

Let us be modest, and keep our judgment for things concerning which we have made some study, for those things concerning which we have faculties and powers that are capable of bringing us into connection with them. Only the man who has studied music may criticise the musician; only one with a poetic insight may criticise the poet; only one with a keen sense of the truth may criticise the truth-seeker.

There is another practical application of this subject which is of the first importance. And that lies in the state-

ment that it is very largely true that we make our own worlds. Some day perhaps I shall want to preach a whole sermon on that. We make our own worlds. Our world is only so much of the real universe as we can appreciate.

Let a man be born blind. How little does he know of the real world! If somebody could confer on him the sense of sight, do you not see how it would transform his universe? I have five senses. Suppose a sixth were added. Do you not see how infinitely more wonderful, perhaps, the world would be than as I know it to-day? This is not fancy, not speculation.

Huxley tells us that, if our ears were only adjusted to these movements, the noise made by the growing of the grass and flowers at night would be as loud to us as a thunder-storm. If our eyes were adjusted to seeing what the microscope reveals do you not see what a new universe it would give us?

According, then, as we develop our faculties, our powers, our apprehensions, our tastes, we make the world richer or poorer. There are thousands of men who, when they get old, tell us the world is all hollow, it is all dust and ashes, there is nothing in it.

You remember that poem of Wordsworth's, "Intimations of Immortality":—

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Need it? No. If a man finds this world poor and mean, I am not going to take his judgment about it until I investigate the man, and find out whether the poverty and meanness are not in him.

A man sees and feels what he is capable of seeing and feeling of this infinite, divine, fathomless universe; and we may develop ourselves until we are beyond the flight of the highest archangels, and the universe will open out to us on every hand, answering to every new power, the unfoldment

of every new faculty. The universe answers to us as our faces in a glass.

Another point only by way of suggestion.

If you wish, then, to find this world better, grander, sweeter, truer, as you go on, see to it that the best and finest things in you do not die out. Do not devote all your time, all your strength, all your powers, to the poorest things,— to the things that pass away and perish with the using. Do not give all your time to your daily bread, to the law, to the bank, to the office, to the means of living. Learn to live, cultivate yourself on these higher and finer sides. Develop the possibilities in yourselves of coming into contact with the noblest and sweetest and highest things.

And then, at last, do you not see what a tremendous lesson this has as we look out over the misty border into the Beyond?

We are going over there into a world where most of what we are dealing with here to-day will have no place: there will be no use for it. If you wish to be happy over there, to find yourself at home when you arrive, is it not altogether reasonable for you to begin the cultivation, the development, the unfolding, of those faculties and powers that over there will bring you into contact with the finest and sweetest things?

In other words, develop yourself as man, develop yourself as a child of God. And, when you get into a world where the banking and law business, and ploughing and sowing, and tailoring and shoemaking are left behind, then you will be able to take hold of the realities of that life with hands that are alive, be able to look with eyes that can see, be able to listen with ears that can hear, be able to speak a language which will be understood.

Father, we are Thy children: we have begun already the eternal life. Let us recognize it, let us be conscious of it, let us live as in Thy sight and for Thy sake, for evermore. Amen.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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OCTOBER 29, 1897

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NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Or, The Responsibility of Intelligence, Power,
and Wealth

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NOBLESSE OBLIGE :

OR, THE RESPONSIBILITY OF INTELLIGENCE, POWER, AND WEALTH.

THE subject of the morning is *Noblesse oblige*, or the responsibility of intelligence, power, and wealth.

I have chosen three passages from the Bible, which I will use as texts.

The first is from the fourth chapter of the book of Genesis, the ninth verse: "And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel, thy brother? And he said: I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" And then from the First Epistle of Paul to the Church in Corinth, the fourth chapter and the seventh verse: "For who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?" And still again from the fourteenth chapter of Romans, the seventh verse: "For none of us liveth to himself; and no man dieth to himself."

I am a socialist; and I am not a socialist. The question as to the relation of the individual to society, as to the mutual relations and the rights and the duties involved, has been endlessly debated. I think, however, that, if we analyze the matter carefully and impartially, we must admit that the fundamental contention of the philosophical socialist is correct; that is, that the rights, the welfare of society, are supreme over what we call the rights or the welfare of the individual. Indeed, in spite of the fact that we are constantly talking about our rights, there are very few, if any, rights which pertain to the individual apart from those

that spring out of the performance of his function as one in the social organization. He has no rights as against society. He has only duties and an office to fill and a function to perform. Every time we submit to paying a tax, every time we allow the draft of ourselves for jury duty, every time we submit to be enrolled as one in the army, we concede that the nation has eminent domain over property, over service, over life itself.

The fundamental principle, then, I say, of the philosophical socialist, seems to me indisputable. That, however, is not to endorse the position of the so-called socialist of the present time as to the matter of method, of the reorganization of society, of the taking away from the individual of his personal property, and his power to dispose of it as he will.

After you have admitted the principle, then it becomes a question of practical experience as to how best the public is to be served,—as to whether, for example, in the matter of money, it would be better for the public to admit the plea of the communist and of an equal division of property, or as to whether the public is better served under the present method of private ownership with money used,—as it must be always in some public way, if it is used at all,—or whether there is still some other method that has not yet been tried. I say, as to how this principle shall be carried out is a matter of practical human experience; and the socialist must not expect us, after thousands and thousands of years of experimenting, of testing this and of trying that, of partial success, of limited failure,—must not expect us to give up the settled order of things in the attempt to realize some paper project which is not yet proved to be either wise or practicable.

If we have learned anything in the history of the past, it is that the growth of human civilization is slow; and it is dangerous to yield the little that we have gained unless we can be pretty sure that the next step is in the direction of something better. Socialism, however, is playing its part in

our present political struggle. It is manifesting itself in startling ways in every country in Europe. It is rumbling like the far-off intimations of an earthquake underneath the settled surface of our social order. But it seems to me that, as we study the matter carefully, it is not the difference, the natural difference, between men that causes this social discontent that sometimes is ready to break out into revolution. It seems to me, still further, that the causes of this discontent are not because one man is learned and another ignorant, not because one man is lowly and another great, not because one man occupies a low social position and another a higher, not because there is a difference between the poor man and the rich man. If you study people carefully, you will find that a city or town, for example, instead of being envious and ready to overturn a man of unusual intelligence and ability, will become proud of him as their representative and leader.

So you will see that the poor people, as a general rule, have no bitter envy against a rich man merely because he is rich. I do not believe that there is any such feeling in the average human heart. It all depends upon what this poor man believes as to the methods by which the rich man came into possession of his money,—the spirit, the temper, the attitude he assumes, and how he uses this money, whether from purely selfish motives, or whether he concedes the fundamental principle of philosophical socialism, and recognizes his obligations to humanity. There are reasons, I think, without making human nature any worse than it is, for accounting for all the social discontent, the unrest, the bitterness, the antagonism, which are apparent in all the air.

Let me intimate one or two things which seem to me to occasion this bitterness.

Let us take the man who is unusually intelligent. Suppose, instead of recognizing that he has any social duties to perform, he goes off by himself, retires in a dilettante,

sensitive sort of fashion from rough contact with his fellows. Suppose a man takes as his motto the lines:—

“ I will bury myself in my books
And the devil may pipe to his own.”

Suppose he simply buries himself in his books. He may be a perfectly good man, in the ordinary sense of that word; but he gives himself up to private, personal study and reading, and recognizes no obligations to do anything with his culture for the benefit of the world. Do you not see that that is just as purely selfish as is the action of another man who indulges himself in purely physical or animal enjoyment? We say it does not degrade the man, it does not harm society; but it dries up the soul, the spirit, of the man himself, and makes him perhaps more supercilious or contemptuously useless than the one who devotes himself to sensuous indulgence. Did you never notice, as you read the gospel from one end to the other, that Jesus never had a word except of pity for those who were weak on the fleshy side of their nature,—that all the scathing words were kept for the selfish, the exclusive kind of life that prides itself on being good, and that is practically, so far as the world is concerned, good — for nothing?

Take the man, as an illustration, who possesses unusual power. It may be the power of the low forehead and the square jaw,—the power of the man who can make himself feared with his fists among his fellows. Or it may be that lower range of intellect which we sum up in the word “cunning”; or it may be that higher kind of intellect which makes a man naturally a leader, an orator perhaps, a writer, which fits him for public station, fits him to be the head of a great corporation,—no matter what the power may be. Here, again, I do not believe that there is any envy or hard feeling on the part of the common people towards any man who possesses power like this, if he does not use it for selfish

purposes and mean ends, if he does not make it purely the medium of serving himself and those that make up his family and his friends. The man who has great power, no matter in what direction it may be, and uses it simply for himself, simply for a few that make up his own intimate and immediate circle,— can you expect him to be looked upon with favor, to be looked upon with love or reverence or tenderness by the weak, whom he apparently never thinks of, never tries to serve, only using them as pawns on his chess board with which to win the game that he is playing for on his own behoof?

Let us turn to that more familiar example of the man who has an unusual supply of money. Those of you who have heard me more than once probably know my position in regard to it. I am not an enemy of money, not an enemy of the men who possess money. I wish all the people in New York were millionaires to-day. The more money, the better. But I wish to speak of a certain class of people whom you perfectly well know. If those of you who are listening to me or any of those who shall read the words I am speaking are not of the kind to which I am referring, then you may turn the application of it over to the people who are of that kind. I am not speaking to those who do not come under this class. But you know perfectly well that there are a large number of men in the modern world who are distinguished for the possession of immense fortunes, who do not seem to recognize that they are under the slightest obligation to humanity for that possession or that any one has a right to question the method of their using that fortune.

I have one or two good illustrations. They will tell more clearly, perhaps, than an abstract statement. I shall not mention the names. If any of you happen to know the persons, no matter. I have heard that there is a man many times a millionaire living in one of the great cities of this country, who used to live here, but who has for some years

been a resident of another city over the sea. His entire revenue is derived from the property owned in the city of his birth; and the value of this property was created by the people who inhabited that city. Perhaps it is true to say that he himself did not create the value of one penny of it.

Not a great while ago some movement was under way for the benefit of this city of his birth, and he was asked to contribute to help it along; and his answer was, "I have no interest in the matter." No interest in the matter, when, as I said, his entire wealth was created by the struggle and toil of the inhabitants of this city, not by himself, when he could not say justly that he had the right, without any regard to thinking of the welfare of anybody else, to spend one single cent of it! If you look only at the lower idea of interest in it for the sake of maintaining the conditions of intelligence, of honesty, of industrial and social well-being on which the stability of his fortune depends, you would suppose that that might be an interest.

I have another case in mind,—a man whose fortune, again, was created not by himself, but by the struggle, the toil, the anxiety, the daily labor, of the people of the city that he inhabited. In his case, so far as I know, he never lifted a finger to earn a cent his whole life long. He was worth many a million. So far as I know, beyond little charities which are a part of the social necessity of every human being who is on ordinary terms with his fellows, he never recognized the right of humanity to anything which he owned; and at his death not one cent contributed to any public object.

Is there any wonder when the poor, the struggling, the laboring men, the faithful toilers and workers, see men like these flaunting their wealth, spending it in all sorts of ways for personal indulgence and personal glorifications, spending it on palaces, spending it on yachts, spending it on parties, spending it on balls, spending it in every way that you can imagine of social ostentation and display,—is there any wonder, I say, that not wealth, not wealth in the hands of

the individual instead of the hands of society, but that this method of using the wealth, and this utter lack of recognition of any claim of society on that wealth, should stir up discontent?

Now I wish to draw a striking contrast between the wealthy nobility of the present day and the nobility of the Middle Ages. The people who say, "This money is mine; and I have a right to do as I please with it," perhaps have never recognized this contrast.

There are certain men in England, in France, in Germany, that are called nobles, who have inherited lands as well as titles. There are in this country a set of persons who try to keep on the level, as far as they can, of this idea of nobility or nobleness, but without the title, and purely on the basis of their enormous wealth.

Did you ever stop to think that in the Middle Ages the nobleman was another kind of man from this? When the ancestors of this nobility first came into being, who were they? What were they? In the first place, they were the natural leaders, the strong men, the men of their tribes or clans in the countries in which they were born and had lived; and then, when the king gave one of them, for example, a large tract of country off near the border, on which he was at liberty to build his castle and reign there as a little prince in his own domain, with his own retainers and followers, and a large number of peasants on his soil,—when, I say, the king set him up in that position and with that power and those exclusive privileges, was it for his own behoof alone? Did it ever occur to him, "I have a right out here to do with my power and my money and my lands just what I please"? No: he was a servant, a recognized servant of his king and his people. One of the terms on which he received this land was that he should swear fealty as a servant. He stood out there to guard the borders of the kingdom. He ruled over his little domain, to be sure; but he did it in some rough way as the protector of the people on the lands, as the protector of his subjects in his

smaller part of the kingdom. And he was obliged, as one of the conditions of holding this power, to be ready at the king's call to present himself with so many armed retainers, so many men at his back, to pay for the privilege of his nobility and his power by standing up in defence of his people. It was not all privilege, not all indulgence, and no duty. The recognized duty was commensurate with the power and the privilege. That is what a nobleman was under the feudal system and in the Middle Ages.

What does it mean to-day? It means, for example, in the case of the Duke of Westminster, that he should own acres, almost square miles, of what is now the city of London, take the revenues and wealth created by the people that have come there,—not one cent of which he has created himself,—that he shall take these, and, if he wills, do as he pleases, with no public service, spending the money after his own whims. ! He can take all the revenues if he chooses, and live in Paris, in luxury, dissipation. He can do as so many of the landlords in Ireland do,—make themselves absentees, simply drawing money out of the country to waste on their luxuries and in gratification of their passions.

I say in like manner any quantity of these rich men in this country have a feeling that, since this money has come into their possession, they have a right to do as they please with it; and thousands of young men, children, and boys of these millionaires are in danger of being ruined, because they grow up with the feeling: "Father has money enough. It makes no difference whether I train myself or do not, whether I learn anything or do not. I have got money enough to live on." And it never occurs to him that he owes anything to society, that there are any duties which go along with these privileges and powers.

I wish, then, to ask you seriously to consider with me for a little while the question as to whether we have a right to do as we please with our intelligence, with our power, with our money. I want you to notice whether there is any

social obligation, and what the extent of it is. I question whether I may not be able to suggest to you some serious considerations that perhaps you have never thought of in your lives before. How much of anything that we have or that we are is ours, in the sense that we make it or create it, and so have a right to use it as we please?

What hast thou that thou didst not receive? If, then, thou hast received it, why dost thou glory it as though thou hadst received it?

Take these bodies of ours. All that is fine and high about them, all that is above the level of the lower animals, all its wonderful capacity, nerve, brain, all have been created as the result of age-long effort on the part of the lower forms of life to climb from the lowest type up to man and then on to the highest, the most symmetrical, the most beautiful that exists to-day. All that we are physically, not ours in the sense that we have a right to do as we please with it! We did not create it: it is given to us in trust; and this body of ours, animated by the divine life, is the temple of the living God, to be used as his temple, not as we have a fancy we would like to use it, when swept this way or that by our emotions or desires.

Then take this brain power,—the brain, the machine through which, as I believe, thought, intelligence, manifests itself. This brain is the product of every attempt at thinking that the world has made from the beginning of time. Brain built up from the first beginning of a sensation of intelligence to the mastery of such as Jesus, such as Shakspeare, such as the grandest minds of the world,—the brain not ours to think as we please with or not to think at all, to use as we will! It is the gift of humanity. It is man in all past ages that has created this mechanism of thought. It is man in attempting to utter his thoughts and emotions who has created the vehicle of speech, whether spoken or written, that which we call language. This was not given outright to man. It is wrought out through the experience of centuries. M. Brunetière, the famous French scholar who gave

a course of lectures on French literature in this city last winter, said that scholars labored for hundred of years, purposely, definitely to perfect the French language as a medium of speech. So consciously or unconsciously the human race has wrought out these methods of expression. Every time a man thinks and tries to express himself, he helps to perfect the language he uses, if he does it intelligently; and every time he uses language intelligently he helps to refine and perfect his power of thought.

Then, again, take the man of intelligence, the intellectual man, and note his dependence on society. He writes a book. Would he write a book if there were no people to read it? He paints a picture. Would he paint a picture if there were no æsthetic sense to be delighted? He works out in marble some beautiful form. Would he do that if there were no taste to call for it? He puts the emotion of his soul into some magnificent creation of music. Would he do that if there were not hundreds of other souls ready to throb with a kindred emotion, and answer back heart to heart as face answers to face in a glass? Whichever way you look, all that man has is the gift of his race; and he depends upon that race every moment of his life for the enjoyable exercise of his powers.

I have not time to go into this at length; but take the matter of conscience, the sense of right and wrong, the fact that you can trust people. This sense of right and wrong is conscience: it is recognition of a supreme law. It, too, is the gift of humanity, wrought out through countless ages of experiment, of trial this way, of failure that, of pain, of tears, of heartache, of tragedy, of victory.

Now let us for a moment more consider this matter of money. I know a great many men who have said: "This money that I have is mine. There is not a dishonest dollar in it. I earned it all myself." And he acts as though he felt he had a perfect right to keep all of it for himself and spend it as he would.

If a man gets rich here in the city of New York to-day,

he does it because of certain physical, moral, social, industrial, economic conditions, which supply the field for his special genius in that direction, which put the means in his hands and enable him to win success. Put him on a desolate island, and he might be a Napoleon of finance; but would he succeed to any great extent? Put him in the midst of barbarians, and what would he do? Think for a moment: the seas of the world to-day are covered with ships, bottoms of wood or steel going across every ocean, up every river, on the surface of every lake, trading to every harbor around the world,—stop and think just a moment that from the time the first man by fire or a flint axe dug out a log, and of it made the rough semblance of a boat, that the human race has been laboring, struggling, inventing, improving, in regard to just that one of the hundred conditions necessary to the business man's success to-day, until now steam and steel ride over all the oceans of the world, and they have become only as ferry ways for the pleasure and the commerce of man.

And how about the discovery, the conquest, the civilization, of the different countries with which we trade? How long and how marvellous and romantic a story is it that reveals the toil, the hardship, the struggle, the buffeting with wind and wave on the part of the men who, like Livingstone and Stanley, have fought their way through jungles, in the midst of wild beasts, wild men,—how much of all this did you happen to do? And yet it is one of the absolutely essential conditions to your making the money which you presume to call your own. Take the inventions of steam, electricity,—I have not time to go into it, friends,—what is there on the face of the earth that goes to make up what we call civilization that has not been wrought out by this wonderful light of God that we call mind, which is an outright gift and absolute essential condition of your creating your wealth and using it as you will?

What a long and marvellous story is it that tells of the successes and failures and prolonged endeavors of the world

to create a social and political organism! What could you do here in the midst of New York to-day with this wealth if anarchy were once let loose, if you could not trust the political stability of the times? Blot out any one of a dozen different conditions, and your wealth would suddenly become as tinsel and dross.

I have spent time enough to illustrate the principle. Do you not see that it is simply not true that you personally own the money that is in your hands, in the sense that you have a right to do with it as you please? You have not any such right, any of you, no matter whether the money be little or much. It is not true that your power, whatever it is, mental or moral or physical or spiritual, is your own, in the sense that you have a right to do with it as you please. It is not true that your intelligence, your intellect, culture, is your own, in the sense that you have a right to do with it as you please. All these things are gifts from God, wrought out in the upward striving and toiling ages through the experience of his child, humanity.

Your first great allegiance, then, is to man; and you have no right to live your own life without regard to the influence of that life on the welfare of the world, the welfare of your nation, the welfare of the State, the welfare of the city, the welfare of man.

What shall you do about it? A few suggestions of a somewhat practical nature, and then the end.

In the first place, admit frankly that the position I have been maintaining is true. Make it the basis of your thought, your life; and, whatever you decide in regard to the practical application of it, this way or that, remember the fact is there.

Next — if you wish to allay social discontent and help solve the problems that beset and threaten us — recognize the truth there is in the contention of the socialist, and kill the error by admitting the truth and performing those social duties which spring out of a recognition of it. For

example, see to it that you bear your share of the social burden.

I was talking with a man of wealth, not a great while ago; and I said, "What do you think in regard to the charge that is constantly made as to the rich men not paying their fair proportion of the taxes, for example?" He says, "I think it is true, undoubtedly true: they do not pay their fair share." I happen to know, at any rate, cases of men, presumably honest, who would resent it if I should tell them that they were not honest, who, by a little scheming and financiering which is perfectly familiar to them, can make it appear that they have no money to be assessed on when the assessor comes around. They are poor that week, but rich again the following one.

Is it not true that the middle class and the poor carry the heavier end of the burden than those who are better able to carry it? If you wish to allay social discontent and postpone the day of social revolution, make the impression on the people who are discontented that you are not indulging in these great fortunes without being willing at least to pay that fragment of them which constitutes your share of the contribution which goes to make up the general fund.

A third thing, not only in money, but in other ways, recognize your debt to humanity, that all you are and all you have you owe to humanity. Do not pay the debt, for that is impossible: you never can pay it; but do not shirk the attempt to pay as large a part of it as possible. In other words, try to return to the social treasury of money, of health, of intelligence, of prosperity, of goodness, virtue, truth,—try to give back to society in some manner an equivalent for what you are taking out of the general fund.

Once more. We think we are civilized because we have made it illegal any longer for men to do what they used to do freely; that is, for the stronger man to knock down the weaker with his fist, and possess himself of whatever he had that he happened to take a fancy to. We still consider it perfectly reputable for a man to knock down his fellow-man

with a mental bludgeon, and by intellectual power take away from him that which he possesses, without furnishing an equivalent for it. That is business, we think. It is robbery just as much as though you knocked him down with a club and picked his pocket, only we are not quite civilized enough yet to recognize it. Try to learn and put into practice the truth that goes along with that fact.

Then one other thing. We cannot make people all alike; and I, for one, should wish to emigrate from the world if we could. I do not believe at all in any kind of equality except the equality of rights and of opportunities. If all the people in the world were Shaksperes, we should get so tired of each other that we should want to commit suicide to get out of the way. If all the people were equally handsome, we should lose all enjoyment of beauty. If all were equally intelligent, equally rich, equally anything, it would be the dead level of monotony. But there is a kind of equality that we can work for; and it is the only one that we ought to try to attain. We ought to give each man and each woman in the world a free and open chance to do what he can or she can to become what he or she is able, to gain as much money and power and position as possible. That is, each soul ought to have a free course, an open race; and, when a man is racing, outrun him, if you can. That is fair; but trip him up,—no, that is not fair. Give him a chance, and let him run as well as he can; and you do the same. Then the world will outgrow the injustice and consequent discontent; and the republic of man, which the seers of the world have dreamed of and called the kingdom of heaven, will at least be hopefully on the way.

Father, we ask that we may try to incorporate into our lives this truth, recognizing our obligations to our fellow-men, and trying to do what we can to pay back the debt that is so large that we can never discharge it. Amen.

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UNITARIANISM.

"One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."—EPH. iv. 6.

THROUGH the lack of having made themselves familiar with the matter, there is a common and, I think, a widespread impression among people generally that Unitarianism is a new-fangled notion, a modern fad, a belief held only by a few, who are one side of the main currents of religious life and advance.

Even if it were new, even if it were confined to the modern world, this would not necessarily be anything against it. The Copernican theory of the universe is new, is modern. So are most of the great discoveries that characterize and glorify the present age.

But in the case of Unitarianism this cannot be said. It is not new: it is very old. And, before I come to discuss and outline a few of its great principles, it seems to me well that we should get in our minds a background of historic thought, that we may see a little what are the sources and origins of this Unitarianism, and may understand why it is that there is a new and modern birth of it in the modern world.

All races start very far away from any Monotheistic or Unitarian belief. The Hebrews are no exception to that rule. The early part of the Bible shows very plain traces of the fact that the Jews were polytheists and nature-worshippers. If I should translate literally the first verse of the Bible, it would read in this way: "In the beginning the Strong Ones created the heavens and the earth." The word

that we have translated "God" is in the plural; and I have already given you its meaning. This is only a survival, a trace, of that primeval belief which the Jews shared with all the rest of the world.

From this polytheistic position people took a step forward to a state of mind which Professor Max Müller calls henotheism; that is, they believed in the real existence of many gods, but that they were under allegiance to only one, their national Deity, and that him only they must serve.

I suppose this state of thought was maintained throughout the larger part of the history of the Hebrew people. You will find traces constantly—in the early part of the Old Testament, at any rate—of the belief of the people in the other gods, and their constant tendency to fall away to the worship of these other gods. But by and by all this was outgrown, and left behind; and the Hebrew people came to occupy a position of monotheism, spiritual monotheism,—that is, they were passionate Unitarians, so far as the meaning of that word is concerned. Though, of course, I would not have you understand that many, perhaps most, of the principles which are held to-day under the name of Unitarian were known to them at that time, or would have been accepted, had they been known.

In the sense, however, of believing in the oneness of God, they were Unitarians.

Now, when Christianity comes into the world, what shall we say? It is the assumption on the part of most of the old-time churches that Jesus made it perfectly plain to his disciples that he was a divine being, that he claimed to be one himself, and that the claim was recognized.

So far, however, as any authentic record with which we are familiar goes, Jesus himself was a Unitarian. All the disciples were Unitarians. Paul was a Unitarian. The New Testament is a Unitarian book from beginning to end. The finest critics of the world will tell you that there is no trace of any other teaching there. And so, for the first three

hundred years of the history of the Church, Unitarianism was its prevailing doctrine.

I have no very good memory for names. So I have brought here a little leaflet which contains some that I wish to speak of. Among the Church Fathers,—Clement, Polycarp, Irenæus, Tertullian, Origen, and Lactantius,—all of them in their writings make it perfectly clear and unquestioned that the belief of the Church, the majority belief for the first three centuries, was Unitarian. Of course, the process of thought here and there was going on which finally culminated in the doctrine of the Trinity. That is, people were beginning more and more to exalt, as they supposed, the character, the office, the mission of Jesus; coming more and more to believe that he was something other than a man, that he was above and beyond humanity.

But one other among the Fathers,—Justin Martyr,—one of the best known of all, takes care to point out explicitly his belief. I will read you just two or three words from it. He says: "There is a Lord of the Lord Jesus, being his Father and God, and the Cause of his existence."

This belief, then, was universal, practically universal, throughout the first three centuries. But the process of growth was going on which finally culminated in the controversy which was settled by the Council of Nicæa, held in the early part of the fourth century; that is, the year 325. The leaders of this controversy, as you know, were Arius, on the Unitarian side, and Athanasius, fighting hard for the doctrine then new in the Church, of the Trinity.

The majority of the bishops and leading men of the Church at that time were on the side of Arius; but at last the Emperor Constantine settled the dispute. Now you know that the sceptre of a despotic emperor may not reason, may not think; but it is weightier than either reason or thought in the settlement of a controversy like this at such a period in the history of the world. So Constantine settled the controversy in favor of the Trinitarians; and henceforth

you need not wonder that Unitarianism did not grow, for it was mercilessly repressed and crushed out for the next thousand years.

Unitarianism, however, is not alone in this. Let me call your attention to a fact of immense significance in this matter. All this time the study of science and philosophy, that dared to think beyond the limits of the Church's doctrine, were crushed out. There was no free philosophy, there was no free study of science, there was no free anything for a thousand years. The secular armed forces of Europe, with penalties of imprisonment, of the rack, of the fagot, of torture of every kind, were enlisted against anything like liberty of thinking.

So you need not wonder, then, that there was neither any science nor any Unitarianism to be heard of until the Renaissance. What was the Renaissance? It was the rising again of human liberty, the possibility once more of man's freedom to think and study. Though the armed forces of Europe were for a long time against it, the rising tide could not be entirely rolled back, and so it gained on human thought and human life more and more. And out of this the Renaissance came,—the new birth of science, on the one hand, and on the other, issuing in the Reformation's assertion of the right of thought and of private judgment in matters of religion; and along with this latter the rebirth of Unitarianism, its reappearance again as a force in the history of the world.

During this Reformation period there are many names of light and power,—among them being Servetus, whom Calvin burned because he was a Unitarian; Lælius and Faustus Socinus, Bernardino Ochino, Blandrata, and Francis David; and, more noted in some ways than any of them, Giordano Bruno, the man who represents the dawn of the modern world more significantly than any other man of his age,—not entirely a Unitarian, but fighting a battle out of which Unitarianism sprung,—freedom of thought, the right of

private judgment, the scientific study of the universe, the attempt, unhampered by the Church's dogma or power, to understand the world in which we live.

As a result of this Renaissance, what happened? Let me run over very rapidly the condition of things in Europe at the present time, with some glances back, that you may see that Unitarianism has played just as large a part as you could expect it to play,—larger and grander than you could expect it, considering the conditions.

In Hungary, one of the few countries where freedom of thought in religion has been permitted, there has been a grand organization of the Unitarian Church for more than three hundred years,—not only churches, but a Unitarianism that has controlled colleges and universities and directed the efforts of learning.

Let us look to the North. In Sweden and Norway it is still a crime to organize a church that teaches that Jesus is not God. So we may expect to find no Unitarian churches there; though there are many and noble Unitarian men, thinkers and teachers.

Come to Germany. There are no organized Unitarian churches under that name here; but there is a condition of things that is encouraging for us to note. There is a union of the Protestant organizations, in which the liberals, or Unitarians, are free, and have their part without any question as to their doctrine.

There are hundreds and thousands of Unitarians in South Germany. In the city of Bremen I called on a clergyman who had translated one of my books, and found out from him the condition of things there. The cathedral of Bremen has half a dozen different preachers attached to it. Some of them are orthodox, and some are Unitarian,—all perfectly free; living happily together in this way, and the people at liberty to come and listen to which one of them they choose. This is not an uncommon thing in Germany. That is the condition of things, then, there.

In Holland there are no Unitarian churches, no churches going by that name; but there are thousands of Unitarians particularly among the educated and leading men, and one university, that of Leyden, entirely in control of the liberal religious leaders of the country.

When you come to France, which you know is dominantly Catholic, you still find a large body of Protestants; but one wing of their great organization is virtually if not out and out Unitarian. And a few of the most noted preachers of the modern time in France have been Unitarians. I have had correspondence with men there which showed that they were perfectly in sympathy with our aims, our purposes, our work.

In Transylvania and Poland there were large numbers of Unitarian churches which were afterwards crushed out.

You find, then, all over Europe, all over civilization, just as much Unitarianism as you would expect to find, when you consider the questions as to whether the law permits it and as to whether the people are educated and free.

I should like, not for the sake of boasting, but simply that you may see that you are in good company, to mention the names of some of those who are foremost in our thought. Take Mazzini, the great leader of Italy; take Castelar, one of the greatest men in modern Spain; take Kossuth, the flaming patriot of Hungary,—all Unitarian men.

Now let us come a step nearer home: let us consider England, and there, just the moment that free thought was allowed, you find Unitarianism springing into existence. Milton was a Unitarian; Locke, one of the greatest of English philosophers, a Unitarian; Dr. Lardner, one of its most famous theological scholars, a Unitarian; Sir Isaac Newton, one of the few names that belong to the highest order of those which have made the earth glorious, a Unitarian.

And, then, when we come to later England, we find another great scientist, comparatively modern, Dr. Priestley, who, coming to this country after he had made the discovery of oxygen which made him famous for all time, es-

established the first Unitarian church in our neighbor city of Philadelphia.

The first Unitarian church which took that name in the modern world was organized in London by Dr. Theophilus Lindsey in 1774; and its establishment coincides with the great outburst of freedom that distinguished the close of the eighteenth century.

You must not look for Unitarians where there is no liberty; for it is a cardinal principle of their thought and their life.

Soon after the London movement, the first Unitarian church in this country was organized, or rather the first Unitarian church came into existence. It was the old King's Chapel of Boston, an Anglican church, which came out and took the name Unitarian.

There is a very bright saying in connection with this old church, which I will pause long enough to repeat, because there is a principle in it as well as a great deal of wit. They kept there the old English church service, except that it was purged, according to their point of view, from all Trinitarian belief. It is said that Dr. Bellows, who was attending a service there some years ago, had with him an English gentleman as a visitor. This man picked up the service, looked it over, and, turning to Dr. Bellows, with a sarcastic look on his face, said, "Ah! I see that you have here the Church of England service watered." Whereupon Dr. Bellows, with his power of ready wit, replied, "No, my dear sir, not watered, washed."

King's Chapel, then, was the first Unitarian church in this country. But the number grew rapidly, and in a few years perhaps half, or more than half, of the old historic Puritan and Pilgrim churches in New England had become Unitarian, including in that number the old First Church of Plymouth.

Now, before I go on to discuss the principles underlying our movement, I wish to call your attention to a few more

names; and I trust you will pardon me for this. There is no desire for vain-glory in the enumeration. I simply wish that people should know — what only a few do know — who have been Unitarians in the past, and what great names, leading authoritative names in the world's literature and science and art, find here their place.

Among the Fathers of the Revolution, all the Adamses, Dr. Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and many another were avowed Unitarians. And, when we come to modern times, it is worth your noting that all our great poets in this country,— Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell,— and in this city Stedman,— are Unitarian names.

Then the leading historians — Bancroft, Motley, Prescott, Sparks, Palfrey, Parkman, and John Fiske — are Unitarians. Educators, like Horace Mann, like the last seven presidents of Harvard University, Unitarians. Great scientists, like Agassiz, Peirce, Bowditch, Professor Draper, Unitarians. Statesmen and public men, like Webster, Calhoun, the Adamses, the Hoars, Curtis. Two of our great chief justices, Marshall and Parsons. Supreme Court Judges, Story and Miller. Literary men, like Whipple, Hawthorne, Ripley, and Bayard Taylor; and eminent women, such as Margaret Fuller, Lydia Maria Child, Lucretia Mott, Helen Hunt Jackson, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

I mention these, that you may know the kind of men, ethical, scientific, judicial, political, literary, who have been distinguished, as we think from our point of view, by being followers of this grand faith of ours.

And now I wish you to note again — what I hinted at a moment ago,— that it is not an accident that Unitarianism should spring into being in the modern world coincidentally with the great movements of liberty in France and England, and the outburst that culminated in our own Revolution and the establishment here of a State without a king as well as of a church without a bishop.

Wherever you have liberty and education, there you have

the raw materials out of which to make the free, forward looker in religious thought and life.

Now what are the three principles out of which Unitarianism is born? First,—I have already intimated it, but I wish to emphasize it again for a moment with an addition—Liberty. Humanity at last had come to a time in its history when it had asserted its right to be free; not only to cast off fetters that hampered the body, not only to dethrone the despots that made liberty impossible in the State, but to think in the realm of religion, to believe it more honorable to God to think than to cringe and be afraid in his presence.

Second, coincident with the birth of Unitarianism is an enlargement and a reassertion of the conscience of mankind. A demand for justice. Just think for a moment, and take it home to your hearts, that up to the time when this free religious life was born, according to the teaching of all the old creeds, justice and right had been one thing here among men and another thing enthroned in the heavens. The idea has always been that might made right, that God, because he was God, had a right to do anything, though it controverted and contradicted all the ideas of human righteousness; and that we still must bow in the dust, and accept it as true.

If I could be absolutely sure that God had done something which contradicted my conscience, I should say that probably my conscience was wrong. I should wait at any rate, and try to find out. But, when I find that the condition of things is simply this,—that certain fallible, unjust, uneducated, barbaric people have said that God has done certain things,—then it is another matter. I have no direct word from God: I have only the report of men whose authority I have no adequate reason to accept.

At any rate, the world came to the point where it demanded that goodness on earth should be goodness up in heaven, too; that God should at least be as just and fair as

we expect men to be. And that, if you will think it out a little carefully, is enough to revolutionize the theology of the world; for the picture of the character of God as contained in the old theologies is even horribly unjust, as judged by any human standard.

In the third place, Unitarianism sprang out of a new revelation of love and tenderness. As men became more and more civilized, they became more tender-hearted; and they found it impossible to believe that the Father in heaven should not be as kind and loving as the best father on earth.

And here, again, if you think it out, you will find that this is enough to compel a revolution of all the old theological ideas of the world.

Just as soon, then, as the civilized modern world became free, there was a new expansion of the sense of the right to think; there was a new expansion of conscience, the insistent demand for justice; there was a new expansion of tenderness and love; and out of these, characterized by these, having these in one sense for its very soul and body, came Unitarianism.

Now another point. It is commonly assumed by those who have not studied the matter that, because Unitarians have no printed and published creed, they are all broad in their thinking. They take this for granted; and so it is assumed by people who speak to me on the subject. They think that there must be just as many views of things as there are individuals.

If there are any persons here having this idea, perhaps I shall astonish them by the statement I am going to make. After more than twenty years of experience as a Unitarian minister, I have come to the conviction that there is not a body of Christians in the world to-day, not Catholic or Presbyterian or Methodist or Congregational or any other, that is so united in its purposes, not only, but in its beliefs, as these very Unitarians.

And the fact is perfectly natural. Take the scientific men of the world. They do not expect a policeman after them, if they do not hold certain scientific opinions. There is no authority to try them for heresy or to turn them out of your society unless they hold certain scientific ideas. They have no sense of compulsion except to find and accept that which they discover to be true. The one aim of science is the truth. There is no motive for anything else.

And truth being one, mark you, and they being free to seek for it, and all of them caring simply for that, they naturally come together, inevitably come together. So that, without any external power or orthodox compulsion, the scientific men of the world are substantially at one as to all the great principles. They discuss minor matters; but, when they discuss, they are simply hunting for a deeper truth, not trying to conquer each other.

Now Unitarians are precisely in this position. The only thing any of us desire is the truth. We are perfectly free to seek for the truth; and, the truth being one, we naturally tend towards it, and, tending towards it, we come together. So there is, as I said, greater unanimity of opinion in regard to the great essential points among Unitarians than among any other body in Christendom.

Now, as briefly as I can, I want to analyze what I regard as the fundamental principles of Unitarianism. I am not going to give you a creed, I am not going to give you my creed: I am going to give you the great fundamental principles which characterize and distinguish Unitarians.

First, liberty, freedom, of the individual to think, think as he will or think as he must, but not liberty for the sake of itself. Liberty for the sake of finding the truth; for we believe that people will be more likely to find the truth if they are free to search for it than they will if they are threatened or frightened, or if they are compelled to come to certain preordained conclusions that have been settled for them. Freedom, then, for the sake of finding the truth.

Second, God. The deep-down conviction that wisdom, power, love,—that is, God,—is at the heart of the universe.

Third, that God is not only wisdom and power and love, but that he is the universal Father,—not merely the Father of the elect, not merely the Father of Christians, not merely the Father of civilized people, but the Father of all men,—equally, lovingly, tenderly the Father, of all men.

In the next place, being the Father of all men, he would naturally wish to have them find the truth. So we believe in revelation. Not in revelation confined to one book or one epoch in the history of the world, though we do not deny the revelation contained in them. We believe that all truth, through whatever medium it comes to the world, is in so far a revelation of our Father; and it is infallible revelation when it is demonstrably true, and not otherwise.

The next step, then: in the words of Lucretia Mott, we believe that truth should be taken for authority, and not authority for truth. The only authority in the world is the truth. The only thing to which intellectually a free Unitarian can afford to bow is ascertained and demonstrated truth. We believe, then, in revelation.

In the next place, we believe in incarnation. Not in the complete incarnation of God in one man, in one country, in one age, in the history of the world. We believe in the incarnation of God progressively in humanity. All that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is good, is so much of God incarnate in his children, and reaching ever forth and forward to higher blossoming and grander fruitage. The difference between Jesus and other men, as we hold it, is not a difference in kind: it is a difference in degree. So he is the son of our Father, our elder brother, our friend, our leader, our helper, our inspiration.

The next principle of Unitarianism is that character is salvation. We do not even say that character is a condition of salvation. Character *is* salvation. A man who is right, who is in perfect accord with the law and life of God,

is safe, in this world, in all worlds, in this year, in all future time.

And, then, lastly, we believe in the eternal and universal hope. We believe that God, just because he is God, is under the highest conceivable obligation, not to me only, but to himself, to see to it that every being whom he has created shall sometime, somewhere, in the long run, find that gift of life a blessing, and not a curse.

We believe in retribution, universal, quick, unescapable ; for we believe that this is mercy, and that through this is to come salvation.

These, then, are the main principles, as I understand them, of Unitarianism.

There is one point more now that I must touch on. When I was considering the question of giving this series of sermons, one of my best friends raised the question as to whether I had better put the word "Unitarian" into the title. He was afraid that it might prejudice people who did not like the name, and keep them from listening to what I had to say. This is a common feeling on the part of Unitarians. I was trained as a boy, and through all my youth and early manhood in the ministry, to look with aversion, suspicion, on Unitarianism, and to hate the name. But to-day, after more than twenty years of experience in the Unitarian ministry, I have come to the conviction, which I wish to suggest to you, that it is the most magnificent name in the religious history of the world ; and I, for one, wish to hoist it as my flag, to inscribe it on my banner,—not because I care for a name, but because of that which it covers and comprehends.

Now, not in the slightest degree in the way of prejudice against other names or to find fault with them, let me note a few of them, and then compare Unitarianism with them. Take the word "Anglican," for example, the name of the Church of England. What does it mean? Of course, you know it is simply a geographical name. It defines nothing

as to the Church's government or belief or anything else. There is the word "Episcopal," which simply means a church that is governed by bishops; that is all. Take the word "Presbyterian," from a Greek word which means an elder, —a church governed by its old men or its elders. No special significance about that. Then "Baptist," signifying that the people who wear that name believe that baptism always means immersion, indicating no other doctrine by which that body is known, or its method of government. "Congregational," no doctrine significance there. It simply means a church whose power is lodged in the congregation. It is democratic in its methods of government. "Methodist,"—applied to the members of a particular church because they were considered over-exact or methodical in their ways. There is no governmental significance there. The name "Catholic" or "Universal" is chiefly significant from the fact that the claim implied by it is not true.

Now let us look for a moment at the word "Unitarian," and see whether it has a right to be placed not only on a level with these, but infinitely above and beyond them in the richness, in the wonder, of its meaning. Let me lead you to a consideration of it. I want you to note that "unity" is the one word of more significance than any other in the history of man; and that is growing in its depth, its comprehensiveness. What have we discovered? We have discovered in this modern world, only a few years ago, that this which we see, the earth, the stars, and all the wonders of the heavens, is one, a universe. Not only that. We have discovered the unity of force. There are not, as primitive man supposed, a thousand different powers in the universe, antagonistic and fighting with each other. We have learned to know that there is just one force in the universe. That light, heat, electricity, magnetism, all these marvellous and diverse varieties of forces, are one force, and can be at the will and skill of man converted into each other.

Next, we have learned that there is one law in the universe.

Should we not be Unitarians? Should we not believe in the unity of God, when we can see, as far as the telescope can reach on the one hand and the microscope on the other, one eternal, changeless Order?

Another point. We have learned the unity of substance. We know how Comte, the famous French scientist, advised his followers not to attempt to find out anything about the fixed stars, because, he said, such knowledge was forever beyond the reach of man. How long had Comte been dead before we discovered the spectroscope? And now we know all about the fixed stars. We know that the stuff we step on in the street this morning as we go home from church is the same stuff of which the sun is made, the same stuff as that which flamed a few years ago as a comet, the same stuff as that which shines in Sirius, in suns so many miles away that it takes millions of years for their light to reach us. One stuff, one substance, throughout the universe; and this poor old, tear-wet earth of ours is a planet shining in the heavens as much as any of them, of the same glorious material of which they are made.

Then, again, we have discovered the unity of life. From the little tiny globule of protoplasm up to the brain of Shakspeare, one life throbbing and thrilling with the same divinity which is at the heart of the world.

We have discovered not only the unity of life, we have discovered the unity of man. Not a hundred different origins, different kinds of creatures, different-natured beings, but one blood to dwell in every country on the face of the earth: the unity of man.

We have discovered the unity of ethics, of righteousness, of right and wrong,—one right, one wrong. A million applications, but one goal towards which all those who hunger and thirst after righteousness are striving.

One religion: for underneath all the diversity of creeds and religions, barbaric, semi-civilized, civilized, enlightened, man, the one child of God, hunting for the clearest light he

can command, after the one Father,—that is, the one eternal, universal search of the religious life of the race.

Religion then one one destiny, one purpose, every step that the world takes in its progress leading it towards liberty, towards light, towards truth, towards righteousness, towards peace.

One goal, then, for the progress of man. And, then, one destiny. Some day, every soul, no matter how belated, shall arrive; some day, somewhere, every soul, however sin-stained, shall arrive; every soul, however small, however distorted, however hindered, shall arrive. One destiny. Not that we are to be just alike; only that some time we are to unfold all that is possible in us, and stand, full-statured, perfect, complete, in the presence of our Father.

Do I not well, then, to say that Unity, Unitarianism, is a magnificent name,—a name to be flung out to the breeze as our banner under which we will fight for God and man; a name beside which all others pale into insignificance; a name that sums up the secret, the centre, the hope, the outcome of the universe? Greatest name in the religious history of man; it coincides with that magnificent hope so grandly uttered by Tennyson, —

“One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.”

Father, we thank Thee that our eyes have been gladdened by this light and our hearts enthused by the warmth of this high purpose; and we consecrate ourselves anew to it this morning, and so do we believe we consecrate ourselves to Thee. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>.</i>	<i>20 cents</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

“WHAT DO YOU GIVE IN PLACE OF WHAT YOU TAKE AWAY?”

My theme is the answer to the question, “What do you give in place of what you take away?” For my text I have chosen two significant passages of Scripture. One is from the seventh chapter of Hebrews, the nineteenth verse; and it sets forth, as I look at it, the drift and outcome of the process of which we are a part, — “the bringing in of a better hope.” Then from the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the thirty-ninth and fortieth verses, expressing the relation in which we stand to those who have looked for God and his work in the past: “And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise; God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.”

“What do you give in place of that which you take away?” This is a question which is proposed to Unitarians over and over and over again. It is looked upon as an unanswerable criticism. We are supposed to be people who tear down, but do not build; people who take away the dear hopes and traditional faiths of the past, and leave the world desolate, without God, without hope.

Not only is this urged against us, from the other side, but there are a great many Unitarians themselves who have not thought themselves out with enough clearness to know the relation between the present conditions of human thought and the past; and sometimes even they may look back with a little tender longing towards something which they have outgrown, and left behind.

I propose this morning to answer this question, just as

simply, as frankly, as I can; to treat it with all reverence, with all seriousness, and try to make clear what it is that the world has lost as the result of the advances of modern knowledge, and what, if anything, it has gained.

But while I stand here, on the threshold of my theme, and before I enter upon its somewhat fuller discussion, I wish to urge upon you two or three considerations.

It is assumed, by the people who ask this question, that, if we do take away anything, we are under obligation straightway to put something in its place. I wish you to consider carefully as to whether this position is sound. Suppose, for example, that I should discover that some belief that has been held in the past is not well founded, not true. Must I say nothing about it because, possibly, I may not have discovered just what is true?

To illustrate what I mean: Prince Alphonso of Castile used to say, as he studied the Ptolemaic theory of the universe, that, if he had been present at creation, he could have suggested a good many very important improvements. In other words, he was keen enough to see that the Ptolemaic theory of the universe was not a good working theory. Must he keep still about that because, forsooth, he was not able to establish another theory of the universe in its place?

Do you not see that the criticism, the testing of positions which are held, are the primary steps in the direction of finding some larger and grander truth, provided these positions are not adequate and do not hold?

The Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, of the historic Old South Church in Boston, told us, in an address which he gave in Brooklyn the other day, that Calvinism was dead; that it was even necessary to clear the face of the earth of it, in order to save our faith in God. At the same time Dr. Gordon said frankly that he had no other as complete and finished system to put in place of it. Was he justified in telling the truth about Calvinism because he has not a ready-made scheme to substitute for it?

I wish you to note that I do not concede for an instant that I must not tell the truth about anything that I perceive because I have not a ready-made theory of some kind to put in the place of that which is taken away. It is my business to tell what seems to me true in all reverence, seriousness, earnestness, and love, and trust the consequences to God.

In the next place, another consideration. I have been talking as though I conceded that Unitarians, or that I myself, sometimes take away things, beliefs. Now I wish to ask you who it is that takes away beliefs. Has Unitarianism ever taken away any faith or hope or trust from the world? Has anybody ever done it?

If we pit ourselves against one of God's eternal truths, is that truth going to suffer? Rather shall we not beat ourselves to pieces against God's adamant? If a thing is true, nobody is going to take it away from the world; for nobody has the power to uproot or destroy a divine truth.

Who is it, then, that takes these beliefs away? Is it not just this? Does it not mean that men have discovered that what they supposed to be true is not true, and it is the old belief that passes away in the presence of a larger and clearer light? Is not that the process?

When Magellan, for instance, demonstrated that this planet of ours was round by circumnavigating it, the ship returning to the port from which it started, did he take away the old flat earth, fixed and anchored, immovable, around which the sun moved? Why, there was no old, flat and anchored, stationary earth to take away. There never had been. All Magellan did was to demonstrate a new, higher, grander truth. He took away a misconception from the minds of ignorant and uneducated people, and helped put one of God's grand, luminous truths in the place of it. That is all he did.

It is modern intelligence, increasing knowledge, larger, clearer light that takes away old beliefs. But, if these old

beliefs are not true, it simply means that we are discovering what is true; that is, having a clearer view and vision of God's ways and methods of governing the world.

I wish you to note, then, in this second place, that Unitarianism does not take away anything.

One third consideration: Suppose we did. Suppose we took away belief in the existence of God. Suppose we took away belief in man as a soul, leaving him simply an animal. Suppose we took away faith in continued existence after death. Suppose we had the power to sweep all of these grand beliefs out of the human mind. Then what?

If I had my choice, I would do it gladly, with tearful gratitude, rather than keep the old beliefs of the last two thousand years.

The late Henry Ward Beecher, in a review article published not long before his death, said frankly this which I am saying now, and which I had said a good many times before Mr. Beecher's article was written,—that no belief at all is infinitely, unspeakably better than those horrible beliefs which have dominated and darkened the world.

I would rather believe in no God than in a bad God, such as he has been painted. And, if I had my choice of the future, what would it be? I have, I trust, just over there, father, mother, two brothers, numberless dear ones; and I hope to see them with a hope dearer than any other which I cherish. But, if I were standing on the threshold of heaven itself, and these loved ones were beckoning me to come in, and I had the choice between an eternity of felicity in their presence and eternal sleep, I would take the sleep rather than take this endless joy at the cost of the unceasing and unrelieved torment of the meanest soul that ever lived. And I would have no great respect for any man who would not. I would not care to purchase my joy at the price of endless pangs, the ascending smoke of torment, the wail going up to the sweet heavens forever and ever and ever.

So, even if it were a choice between no belief at all and the old beliefs, the darkness would be light to me; and I would embrace it with joy rather than take the selfish felicity of those men who estimate it as a part of their future occupation to be leaning over the battlements of heaven and witnessing the torture of the damned. This, though sounding so terrible to us now, is good old Christian doctrine, which has often been avowed. Thank God we are outgrowing it.

These, then, for preliminary considerations.

Now let me raise the question as to what has been taken away. You remember I said that I have taken nothing away, Unitarianism has taken nothing away. But the advance of modern knowledge, the larger, clearer revelation of God, has taken away no end of things. What are they?

Let me make two very brief statements right here. I am in the position, this morning, of appearing to repeat myself; that is, I must go over a good many points that I have made from this platform before. But please understand that it is not on account of lapse of memory on my part. I am doing it with a distinct end in view, which can only be attained by these steps.

In the next place, my treatment has so much ground to cover that what I say will appear somewhat in the nature of a catalogue; but I see no other way in which to make the definite statement I wish to lay before you. I am going to catalogue, first, a lot of the things that modern knowledge has taken away. Then I am going to tell you some of the things that modern knowledge is putting in place of what it has removed.

In the first place, the old universe is taken away; that is, that little tiny play-house affair, not so large as our solar system, which in the first chapters of Genesis God is reported to have made as a carpenter working from outside makes a house, inside of six days. That little universe, that is the story of creation as told in the early chapters of

Genesis, is absolutely gone. I shall tell you pretty soon what has taken the place of it.

Secondly, the God of the Old Testament, the God of most of the creeds has been taken away,—that God who was jealous, who was partial, who was angry; who built a little world, and called it good, and then inside of a few days saw it slip out of his control into the hands of the devil, either because he could not help it or did not wish to; who watched this world develop for a little while, and then, because it did not go as he wanted it to, had to drown it, and start over again; the God who in the Old Testament told the people that slavery was right, provided they did not enslave the members of their own nation, but only those outside of it; the God who indorsed polygamy, telling a man that he was at liberty to have just as many wives as he wanted and could obtain, and that he was free to dispose of them by simply giving them a little notice and telling them to quit; the God who indorsed hypocrisy and lying on the part of his people; the God who sent a little light on one little people along one edge of the Mediterranean, and left all the rest of the world in darkness; the God who is to damn all of these people who were left in darkness because they did not know that of which they never had any chance to hear; the God who is to cast all his enemies into the pit, trampling them down, as Edwards pictures so horribly to us, in his hate for ever and ever.

This God has been taken away.

In the third place, the story of Eden, the creation of man and then immediately the fall of man and the resulting doctrine of total depravity,—this has been taken away. That man was made in the image of God, and then, inside of a few days, fell into the hands of the Power of Evil, and that since that day he has been the legitimate subject here on this earth of the prince of this world,—that is, the devil,—and that is taught both in the Old Testament and in the New,—that man is this kind of a being,—this is

forever gone. There is no rational, intelligent, free belief in it left.

Then the old theory of the Bible has been taken away,—that theory which makes it a book without error or flaw, and makes us under the highest obligation to receive all its teachings as the veritable word of God, whether they seem to us hideous, blasphemous, immoral, degrading, or not. This is gone.

Professor Goldwin Smith, in an article published within a year, treats the belief, the continued holding to this old theory about the Bible, under the head of "Christianity's Millstone." He writes from the point of view of the old belief; but he says, if Christianity is going to be saved, this millstone must be taken off from about its neck, and allowed to sink into the sea.

If we hold that theory, what? Why, then, we must still believe that, in order to help on the slaughter of his enemies on the part of a barbarian general, God stopped the whole machinery of the universe for hours until he got through with his killing. We must believe the literal story of Jonah's being swallowed by the whale. We must believe no end of incredibilities; and then, if we dare to read with our eyes open, we must believe immoral things, cruel things, about men and about God,—things which our civilization would not endure, were it not for the power of tradition, which hallows that which used to be believed in the past.

This conception of the Bible, then, is gone.

Then, in the next place, the blood atonement is gone. What did that mean to the world? It meant that the eternal Father either would not or could not forgive and receive back to his heart his own erring, mistaken, wandering children unless the only begotten Son of God was slaughtered, and we, as the old awful hymn has it, were plunged beneath this fountain of blood! Revolting, terrible, if you stop to think of it for one reasoning moment,—that God cannot forgive unless he takes agony out of somebody equal to that from which he releases his own children!

That, though embodied still in all the creeds, has been taken away. It is gone, like a long, hideous dream of darkness.

Belief in the devil has been taken away. What does that mean? It means that Christendom has held and taught for nearly two thousand years that God is not really King of the universe; that he holds only a divided power, and that here thousands on thousands of years go by, and the devil controls the destiny of this world, and ruins right and left millions on millions of human souls, and that God either cannot help it or does not wish to, one of the two. This belief is taken away.

And then, lastly, that which I have touched on by implication already, the belief in endless punishment is taken away. Are you sorry? Does anybody wish something put in the place of this? The belief that all those except the elect, church members, those who have been through a special process called conversion,—these, including all the millions on millions outside of Christendom and from the beginning until to-day, have gone down to the flame that is never quenched, the worm that never dies, to linger on in useless torture forever and ever? Simply a monument of what is monstrosly called the justice of God! This is gone.

Now, friends, just ask yourselves, as you go home, as you think over what I have said this morning, as to whether there is anything else lost.

Is there anything of value taken away? Let me run over now in parallel fashion another catalogue to place opposite this one, so that we may see as to what has been our loss and as to whether there has been any gain.

In the place of the little, petty universe of Hebrew dream, what have we now? This magnificent revelation of the Copernican students; a universe infinite in its reach and in its grandeur; a universe fit at last to be the home of an infinite God; a universe grand enough to clothe him and express him, to manifest and reveal him; a universe

boundless ; a universe that has grown through the ages and is growing still, and is to unfold more and more of the divine beauty and glory forevermore.

Is there any loss in this exchange ?

Now as to God. I have pictured to you, in very bald outline, some of the conceptions of God that have been held in the past. What is our God to-day ? The heart, the life, the soul, of this infinite universe ; justice that means justice ; power that means power ; love that surpasses all our imagination of love ; a God who is eternal goodness ; who from the beginning has folded his child man to his heart, whispering all of truth that he could understand, breathing into him all of life that he could contain, inspiring him with all love and tenderness that he could appreciate or employ, and so, in this way, leading him and guiding him through the ages, year by year and century by century, still to something better and finer and higher ; a God, not off somewhere in the heavens, to whom we must send a messenger ; not a God separated from us by some great gulf that we must bridge by some supposed atonement ; a God nearer to us than our breath ; a God who hears the whisper of our want, who understands the dawning wish or aspiration before it takes form or shape ; a God who loves us better than we love ourselves or love those who are dearest to us ; a God who knows better what we need than we know ourselves, and is more ready to give us than fathers are to give good gifts to their children.

Is there any loss here ?

In the third place, the new man that has come into modern thought. Not the broken fragments of a perfect Adam ; not a man so equipped intellectually that, as they have been telling us for centuries, it was impossible for him to find the truth, or to know it when he did find it ; not a being so depraved, morally, that he never desires any good, and never loves anything which is sweet and fine ; a being totally depraved, a being who, as one passage in the Old

Testament tells us, is so corrupt his very prayer is a sin ; born, conceived, in evil, and all his thoughts tainted, and drifting towards that which is wicked. Not this kind of a man. A man who has been on the planet hundreds of thousands of years, who has been learning by experience, who has been animal, who has been cruel, but who at every step has been trying to find the light, has been becoming a little truer and better ; a being who has evolved all that is sweetest and finest in the history of the world ; who has made no end of mistakes, who has committed no end of crimes, but who has learned through these processes, and at last has given us some specimens of what is possible by way of development in Abraham and Moses and Elijah and David and Isaiah, and a long line of prophets and seers of the Old Testament time ; not perfect, but magnificent types of actual men ; who has developed in other nations such men as Gautama, the heroes and teachers of China, like Confucius ; then Aristotle, Plato, Socrates ; the noble men of Rome ; who has given us in the modern world the great poets, the great discoverers, the great philanthropists ; those devoted to the highest, sweetest things ; musicians and artists ; who has given us Shakspeare, who has given us, crowning them all, as I believe, by the moral beauty and grandeur of his love, the Nazarene, Jesus, our elder brother, Son of God, and helper of his fellow-man ; this humanity that has never fallen ; that has been climbing up from the beginning, and not sinking down.

Is there any loss here ?

Then let us see what kind of a Bible modern science and modern discovery and modern scholarship and modern life have given us.

Our Bible is the sifted truth of the ages. There is not a passage in it or a line for which we need apologize. There is nothing incredible in it, except as it is incredibly sweet and good and true. It is the truth that has come to men in all ages, no matter spoken by whose lips, no matter written by

what pen, no matter wrought out under what conditions or in whatever civilization or under whatever sky.

All that is true and sweet and fine is a part of God's revelation of himself to his children, and makes up our Bible, which is not all written yet. Every new truth that shall be discovered in the future will make a new line or a new paragraph or a new chapter. God has been writing it on the rocks, in the stars, in the hearts, on the brains of his children; and his hand does not slacken. He is not tired: he is writing still. He will write to-morrow, and next year, and throughout all the coming time. This is the Bible.

We believe, for example, that the saying of the old Egyptian, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," is just as divine and sweet as when said in the New Testament. We believe that the Golden Rule is just as golden when uttered by Confucius hundreds of years before Jesus as it was afterwards. We believe that the saying about two commandments being the sum and substance of the law was just as holy when Hillel spake them as when Jesus uttered them after his time. All truth is divine, and part of God's divine revelation to his children.

Here is our Bible, then. Now let me speak about Jesus, and see if our thought is less precious than the old.

In my old days, when I preached in the orthodox church, Jesus was never half so dear, so helpful to me, as he is now. If I thought of him at all, I was obliged to think of him as somehow a second God, who stood between me and the first one, and through whom I hoped deliverance from the law and the justice of the first. I had to think of him as a part of a scheme that seemed to me unjust and cruel, involving the torture of some and the loss of most of the race. You cannot pick the old-time Jesus out of that scheme of which he is a part. I could not love him then as I love him now. I could not think of him as an example to follow; for how can one take the Infinite for an example? How can one follow the absolutely Perfect except afar off?

But now I think of Jesus and his cross as the most natural and at the same time the divinest thing in the history of man. Nothing outside of the regular divine order in it. Jesus reveals to me to-day the humanness of God and the divineness of man. And he takes his place in the long line of the world's redeemers, those who have wrought atonement, how? Through faithfulness even unto death.

The way we work out the atonement of the world—that is, the reconciliation of the world to God—is by being true to the vision of the truth as it comes to us, no matter by the pathway of what suffering,—true as Jesus was true, true even when he thought his Father had forsaken him.

Do you know, friends, I think that is the grandest thing in the world. He verily believed that God had forsaken him; and yet he held fast to his trust, to his truth, to his faithfulness, even when swooning away into the unconsciousness of death.

There is faith, and there is faithfulness; and he shares this with thousands of others. There are thousands of men who have suffered more than Jesus did dying for his own truth; thousands of martyrs who, with his name on their lips, have gone through greater torture than he did. All these, whoever has been faithful, whoever has suffered for the right, whoever has been true, has helped to work out the atonement, the reconciliation, of the world with God, showing the beauty of truth and bringing men into that admiration of it that helps them to come into accord with the divine life.

Then one more point. Instead of the wail of the damned that is never, through all eternity, for one moment hushed in silence, we place the song of the redeemed, an eternal hope for every child born of the race. We do not believe it is possible for a human soul ultimately to be lost. Why? Because we believe in God. God either can save all souls or he cannot. If he can and will not, then he is not God. If he would and cannot, then he is not God. Let us rever-

ently say it: he is under an infinite obligation to his own self, to his own righteousness, to his own truth, his own power, his own love, his own character, to see to it that all souls, some time, are reconciled to him.

This does not mean a poor, cheap, an easy salvation. It means that every broken law must have its consequences so long as it remains broken. It means that in this world and through all worlds the law-breaker is to be followed by the natural and necessary results of his thoughts, of his words, of his deeds; but it means that in this punishment the pain is a part of the divine love. For the love of God makes it absolutely necessary that the object of that love shall be delivered from sin and wrong, and brought into reconciliation with himself; and the pain, the necessary results of wrongdoing, are a part of the divine tenderness, a part of the divine faithfulness, a part of the divine love.

So we believe that through darkness or through light, through joy or through sorrow, some time, somewhere, every child of God shall be brought into his presence, ready to sing the song of peace and joy and reconciled love.

Now, friends, I have gone over all the main points of the theology of our question. I have told you what I think the results of modern study have taken away. I have indicated to you what I believe is to come and take the place of these things that are absolutely gone. Ask yourselves seriously, — if you are not one of us, — is there a single one of these things that modern investigation is threatening that you really care to keep? If you could choose between the two systems and have your choice settle the validity of them, would you not choose the second, and be grateful to bid good-by to the first?

Remember, however, at the end let me say, as I did at the beginning, that, if these things pass away and the other finer things come in their places, Unitarianism is not to be charged by its enemies with destroying the old, neither is it to take the credit on the part of its friends for having

created the new. All that distinguishes us as Unitarians from any other form of faith is that we believe in the living, loving, leading God of the modern world, and are ready gladly to take the results of modern investigation, believing that they are only a part of the revelation of the divine truth and the Father's will,

We accept these things, stand for them, proclaim them ; but we did not create them. If anything is gone that you did not like, we did not take it away. If anything is come that you do like, give God the glory ; and let us share with you the joy and praise.

Father, we thank Thee for the new light and leading of this modern time. We are glad that that which the fathers saw in dim vision in the distance is coming nearer and nearer to us, and that we can fulfil that of which they dreamed, and that Thou hast given us the better thing, so that they without us are not made perfect. Let us appreciate not only the joy of this new time, but its responsibility, and consecrate ourselves to a higher and nobler service. Amen.

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SERIES ON

OUR UNITARIAN GOSPEL

IV. Why have Unitarians no Creed?

GEO. H. ELLIS
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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.
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WHY HAVE UNITARIANS NO CREED?

FOR a Scripture suggestion touching the principle involved in my subject, I refer you to the words found in the fifth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the forty-third and the forty-fourth verses,—“Ye have heard that it hath been said, but I say unto you.” I take these phrases simply as containing the principle to which I wish to call your earnest attention at the outset.

Jesus here recognizes the fact that the religious beliefs of one age are not necessarily adequate to a succeeding age. So he says over and over in this chapter, Ye have heard that it hath been said by the fathers, by the teachers, the religious leaders in old times, so and so: but I say unto you something else, something in advance, something beyond.

If any one chooses to say that Jesus was infallible, inspired, and therefore had a right to modify the teachings of the fathers, still this does not change the principle at all. In any case he recognized the fact that the beliefs of the old time might not be sufficient to the new time.

And, even if any one should take the position that Jesus was the second person in the Trinity, that he was the one who revealed the old-time truth, and also revealed the new, still the principle is not changed: it is conceded, whatever way we look at it. For, even if he were God, he is represented as giving the people in the time of Moses, the time of David, certain precepts, certain things to believe, certain things to do, and then, recognizing at a later time that they

were not adequate, changing those precepts, and giving them something larger, broader, deeper, to accept and to practise.

Because this principle is here involved, I have taken these words as my Scripture point of departure.

Now to come to the question as to why Unitarians have no creed. Of course, the answer, though it sounds like an Hibernicism, is to say that they do have a creed. Not a creed in the sense in which some of the older churches use the word. If by creed you mean a written or published statement of belief, one that is supposed to be fixed and final, one that is a test of religious fellowship, which is placed at the door of the church so that no one not accepting it is able to enter, why, then, we have no creed. But, in the broader sense of the word, it means belief; and Unitarians believe quite as much, and, in my judgment, things far nobler and grander, than those which have been believed in the past.

We are ready, if any one wishes it, to write out our creed. We are perfectly willing that it should be printed. We can put it into twelve clauses, like the Apostles' Creed; we can make thirty-nine clauses or articles, like the Creed of the Anglican Church; we can arrange it any way that is satisfactory to the questioner. Only we will not promise to believe all of it to-morrow; we will not say that we will never learn anything new; we will not make it a test of fellowship; we will admit not only to our meeting-house, but to our church organization, if they wish to come, people who do not believe all the articles of the creed that we shall write. Perhaps we will admit people who do not believe any of it; for our conception of a church is not the old conception.

What was that? That it was a sort of ark in which the saved were taken, to be carried over the stormy sea of this life and into the haven of eternal felicity beyond. As opposed to that, our conception of the church is that it is a school, it is a place where souls are to be trained, to be educated; and so we would as soon refuse to admit an ignorant pupil

to a school as to refuse to admit a person on account of his belief to our church. We welcome all who wish to come and learn ; and if, after they have studied with us for a year, they do not then accept all the points which some of us believe, and hold to be very important, we do not turn them out even on that account.

Unitarians, then, do have a creed, only it is not fixed, it is not final, and it is not the condition of religious fellowship.

Now I wish to give you some of the reasons, as they lie in my mind, for the attitude which we hold in regard to this matter.

I do not believe in having a fixed and final statement of belief which we are not at liberty to criticise or question or change. Why ? Because I love the truth, because I am anxious to find the truth, because I wish to be perfectly free to seek for the truth.

Our first reason, then, is for the sake of the truth.

Now let me present this to you under three or four minor heads. The universe is infinite, God is infinite, truth is infinite. If, then, on the background of the infinite you draw a circle, no matter how large it may be, no matter how wide its diameter, do you not see that you necessarily shut out more than you shut in ? Do you not see that you limit the range of thought, set bounds to investigation, and that you pledge yourselves beforehand that the larger part of truth, of God, of the universe, you will never study, you will never investigate ?

There is another point bearing on this matter. If a man pledges himself to accept and abide by a fixed and final creed, he does it either for a reason or without a reason. If he does it without a reason, then there is, of course, no reason why we should follow his example. If he has a reason, then two things : either that reason is adequate, sound, conclusive, or it is not. If it is not adequate, then we ought to study and criticise and find that out, and be free to discover some reason that is adequate. If the reason for his

holding the creed is an adequate one, then, certainly, no harm can be done by investigation of it, by asking questions.

If the men who hold these old creeds and defend them can give in the court of reason a perfectly good account of themselves, if they can bring satisfactory credentials, then all our questioning, all our criticism, all our investigation, cannot possibly do the creeds any harm. It will only mean that we shall end by being convinced ourselves, and shall accept the creeds freely and rationally.

It has always seemed to me a very strange attitude of mind for a man to feel perfectly convinced that a certain position is sound and true, and to be angry when anybody asks a question about it. If there are good reasons for holding it, instead of calling names, why not show us the reasons? He who is afraid to have his opinions questioned, he who is angry when you ask him for evidence, to give a reason for the position that he holds, shows that he is not at all certain of it. He admits by implication that it is weak. He shows an attitude of infidelity instead of an attitude of faith, of trust.

There is no position which I hold to-day that I consider so sacred that people are not at liberty to ask any questions about it they please; and, if they do not see a good reason for accepting it, I am certainly not going to be angry with them for declining to accept. The attitude of truth is that of welcome to all inquiry. It rejoices in daylight, it does not care to be protected from investigation.

Then there is another reason still, another point to be made in regard to this matter. People are not very likely to find the truth if they are frightened, if they are warned off, if they are told that this or that or another thing is too sacred to be investigated. I have known people over and over again in my past experience who long wished they might be free to accept some grander, nobler, more helpful view of truth, and yet have been trained and taught so long that it was wicked to doubt, that it was wicked to

ask questions, that they did not dare to open their minds freely to the incoming of any grander hope.

If you tell people that they may study just as widely as they please, but, when they get through, they must come back and settle down within the limits of certain pre-determined opinions, what is the use of their wider excursion? And, if you tell them that, unless they accept these final conclusions, God is going to be angry with them, they are going to injure their own immortal souls, they are threatening the welfare of the people on every hand whom they influence, how can you expect them to study and come to conclusions which are entitled to the respect of thoughtful people?

I venture the truth of the statement that, if you should inquire over this country to-day, you would find that the large majority of people who have been trained in the old faith are in an attitude of fear towards modern thought. Thousands of them would come to us to-day if they were not kept back by this inherited and ingrained fear as to the danger of asking questions.

Do I not remember my own experience of three years' agonizing battle over the great problems that were involved in these questions,—afraid that I was being tempted of the devil, afraid that I was risking the salvation of my soul, afraid that I might be endangering other people whom I might influence,—never free to study the Bible, to study religious questions as I would study any other matter on the face of the earth on account of being haunted by this terrible dread?

And, then, there is one other point. I must touch on these very briefly. The acceptance of these creeds on the part of those who do hold to them does not, after all, prevent the growth of modern thought. It does hinder it, so far as they are concerned; but the point I wish to make is this,—that these creeds do not answer the purpose for which they were constructed. They are supposed to be fixed and final

statements of divine truth, which are not to be questioned and not to be changed.

Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, the famous Congregational minister, said a few years ago that the idea of progress in theology was absurd, because the truth had once for all been given to the saints in the past, and there was no possibility of progress, because progress implied change. And yet, in spite of the effort that has been made to keep the faith of the world as it was in the past, the change is coming, the change does come every day; and it puts the people who are trying to prevent the change coming in an attitude of — what shall I say? I do not wish to make a charge against my brethren,— it puts them in a very curious attitude indeed towards the truth. They must not accept a new idea if it conflicts with the old creed, however much they may be convinced it is true. If they do accept it, then what? They must either leave the Church or they must keep still about it, and remain in an attitude of appearing to believe what they really do not believe. Or else they must do violence to the creed, reinterpreting it in such a way as to make it to them what the framers of it had never dreamed of.

Do you not see the danger that there is here of a person's disingenuous attitude towards the truth, danger to the moral fibre, danger to the progress of man? Take as a hint of it the way the Bible has been treated. People have said that the Bible was absolutely infallible: they have taken that as a foregone conclusion; and then, when they found out beyond question that the world was not created in six days, what have they done? Frankly accepted the truth? No, they have tried to twist the Bible into meaning something different from what it plainly says. It expressly says days, bounded by morning and evening; but no, it must mean long periods of time. Why? Because science and the Bible must somehow be reconciled, no matter if the Bible is wrenched and twisted from its real meaning.

And so with regard to the creeds. The creeds say that Christ descended into hell; that is, the underworld. People come to know that there is no underworld; and, instead of frankly admitting that that statement in the creed is not correct, they must torture it out of its meaning, and make it stand for something that the framers of it had never heard of. I think it would greatly astonish the writers of the Bible and the Church Fathers if they could wake up to-day, and find out that they meant something when they wrote those things which had never occurred to them at the time.

Is this quite honest? Is it wise for us to put ourselves in this attitude?

I wish to speak a little further in this matter as to not preventing the coming in of modern thought, and to take one illustration. Look at Andover Seminary to-day. The Andover Creed was arranged for the express purpose of keeping fixed and unchangeable the belief of the Church. Its founders declared that to be their purpose. They were going to establish the statement of belief, so that it should not be open to this modern criticism, which had resulted in the birth of Unitarianism in New England; and, in order to make perfectly certain of it, they said that the professors who came there to teach the creed must not only be sound when they were settled, but they must be re-examined every five years. This was to prevent their changing their minds during the five years and remaining on there, teaching some false doctrine while the overseers and managers were not aware of it. So every five years the professors and teachers of Andover have to reaffirm solemnly their belief in the old creed.

It is not for me to make charges against them; but it is for me to make the statement that so suspicious have the overseers and managers come to be of some of the professors in the seminary that they have been tried more than once for heresy; and everybody knows that the leading professors there to-day do not believe the creed in the sense in which it was framed.

And, to illustrate how this is looked upon by some of the students, let me tell you this. My brother was a graduate of Andover ; and not long ago he said to me that when the time came around for the professors to reaffirm their allegiance to the creed, one of the other students came into his room one day, and said, "Savage, let's go up and see the professors perjure themselves."

This was the attitude of mind of one of the students. This is the way he looked at it. I am not responsible for his opinion ; but is it quite wise, is it best for the truth, is it for the interests of religion, to have theological students in this state of mind towards their professor ?

Modern thought does come into the minds of men : they cannot escape it. What does it mean ? It means simply a new, higher, grander revelation of God. Is it wise for us to put ourselves into such a position that it shall seem criminal and evil for us to accept it ? If we pledge ourselves not to learn the things we can know, then we stunt ourselves intellectually. If, after we have pledged ourselves, we accept these things and remain as we are, I leave somebody else to characterize such action, — action which, in my judgment, and so far as my observation goes, is not at all uncommon.

We then propose to hold ourselves free so far as a fixed and final creed is concerned, because we wish to be able to study, to find and accept the truth.

There is another reason. For the sake of God, because we wish to find and come into sympathy with him, and love him and serve him, we refuse to be bound by the thoughts of the past.

What do we mean by coming into a knowledge of God ? Let me illustrate a moment by the relation which we may sustain to another man. You do not necessarily come close to a man because you touch his elbow on the street. The people who lived in Shakspeare's London might not have been so near to Shakspeare as is Mr. Furness, the great Shakspeare critic to-day, or Mr. Rolfe, of Cambridge.

Physical proximity does not bring us close to a person. We may be near to a friend who is half-way round the world: there may be sympathetic heart-beats that shall make us conscious of his presence night and day. We may be close alongside of a person, but alienated from him, misunderstanding him, and really farther away from him than the diameter of the solar system.

If, then, we wish to get near to God, and to know him, we must become like him. There must be love, tenderness, unselfishness. We must have the divine characteristics and qualities; and then we shall feel his presence, know and be near him.

People may find God, and still have very wrong theories about him; just as a farmer may raise a good crop without understanding much about theories of sunshine or of soil. But the man who does understand about them will be more likely to raise a good crop, because he goes about it intelligently; while the other simply blunders into it. So, if we have right thoughts about God, it is easier for us to get into sympathy with him. If we think about him as noble and sweet and grand and true and loving, we shall be more likely to respond to these qualities that call out the best and the finest feelings in ourselves.

I do not say that it is absolutely necessary to have correct theories of God. There have been good men in all ages, there have been noble women in all ages, in all religions, in all the different sects of Christendom. There are lovely characters among the agnostics. I have known sweet and true and fine people who thought themselves atheists. A man may be grand in spite of his theological opinions one way or the other. He may have a horrible picture of God set forth in his creed, and carry a loving and tender one in his heart. So he may be better than the God of his creed. All this is true; but, if we have, I say, right thoughts about him, high and fine ideals, we are more likely to come into close touch and sympathy with him.

And, then,— and here is a point I wish to emphasize and make perfectly clear,— this arbitrary assumption of infallibility cultivate qualities and characteristics which are un- and anti-divine.

Let us see what Jesus had to say about this. The people of his time who represented more than any others this infallibility idea were the Pharisees. They felt perfectly sure that they were right. They felt perfectly certain that they were the chosen favorites of God. There was on their part, then, growing out of this conception of the infallibility of their position, the conceit of being the chosen and special favorites of the Almighty. They looked with contempt, not only upon the Gentiles, who were outside of the peculiarly chosen people, but upon the publicans,— upon all of their own nation who were not Pharisees, and who were not scrupulously exact concerning the things which they held to be so important.

What did Jesus think and say about them? You remember the parable of the Pharisee and the publican. Jesus said that this poor sinning publican, who smote upon his breast, and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner," was the one that God looked upon with favor,— not the Pharisee, who thanked God that he was not as the other people were. And, if there is any class in the New Testament that Jesus scathes and withers with the hot lightning of his scorn and his wrath, it is these infallible people, who are perfectly right in their ideas, and who look with contempt upon people who are outside of the pale of their own inherited infallible creeds and opinions.

We believe, then, that the people who are free to study the splendors of God in the universe, in human history, in human life, and free to accept all new and higher and finer ideas, are more likely to find God, and come into sympathetic and tender relations with him, than those who are bound to opinions by the supposed fixed and revealed truths of the past.

We reject, then, these old-time creeds for another reason, — for the sake of man. A long vista of thought and illustration stretches out before me as I pronounce these words ; but I can only touch upon a point here or there.

One of the most disastrous things that have happened in the history of the past — and it has happened over and over again — is this blocking and hindering of human advance, until by and by the tide, the growing current, becomes too strong to be held back any more ; and it has swept away all barriers and devastated society, politically, socially, religiously, morally, and in every other way.

And why? Simply because the natural flow of human thought, the natural growth of human opinion, has been hindered artificially by the assumption of an infallibility on the part of those who have tried to keep the world from growth.

Suppose you teach men that certain theological opinions are identical with religion, until they believe it. The time comes when they cannot hold those opinions any more, and they break away ; and they give up religion, and perhaps the sanctities of life, which they are accustomed to associate with religion.

Take the time of the French Revolution. People went mad. They were opposed not only to the State : they were opposed to the Church. They tried to abolish God, they tried to abolish the Ten Commandments ; they tried to abolish everything that had been so long established and associated with the old régime.

Were the people really enemies of God? Were they enemies of religion? Were they enemies of truth? No: it was a caricature of God that they were fighting, it was a caricature of religion that they were opposed to. When Voltaire declared that the Church was infamous, it was not religion that he wished to overthrow : it was this tyranny that had been associated with the dominance of the Church for so many ages.

This is the result in one direction of attempting to hold back the natural growth and progress of the world. If you read the history of the Church for the last fifteen hundred years until within a century or two,—and by the Church I mean that organization that has claimed to speak infallibly for God,—you will find that it has been associated with almost everything that has hindered the growth of the world. I cannot go into details to illustrate it. It has interfered with the world's education. There is only one nation in Europe to-day where education has not been wrenched out of the hands of the priesthood in the interests of man, and that even by Catholics themselves; and that country is Spain. It pronounced its ban on the study of the universe under the name of science. It made it a sin for Galileo to discover the moons of Jupiter. And Catholic and Protestant infallibility alike denounced Newton, one of the noblest men and the grandest scientists that the world has ever seen, because in proclaiming the law of gravity, they said, he was taking the universe out of the hands of God and establishing practical atheism.

So almost everything that has made the education, the political, the industrial, the social growth of the world, this infallibility idea has stood square in the way of, and done its best to hinder. Take, for example, an illustration. When chloroform was discovered, the Church in Scotland opposed its use in cases of childbirth, because it said it was a wicked interference with the judgment God pronounced on Eve after the fall.

So, in almost every direction, whatever has been for the benefit of the world has been opposed in the interests of old-time ideas, until the whole thing culminated at last in this: Here is this nineteenth century of ours, which has done more for the advancement of man than the preceding fifteen centuries all put together. Political liberty, religious liberty, universal education, the enfranchisement and elevation of women, the abolition of slavery, temperance,—al-

most everything has been achieved, until the world, the face of it, has been transformed. And yet Pope Pius IX., in an encyclical which he issued a little while before his death, pronounced, *ex-cathedra* and infallibly, the opinion that this whole modern society was godless. And yet, as I said, this godless modern world has done more for man and for the glory of God than the fifteen hundred years of church dominance that preceded it.

For the sake of man, then, that intellectually, politically, socially, industrially, every other way, he may be free to grow, to expand, to adopt all the new ideas that promise higher help, hope, and freedom,—for the sake of man, we refuse to be bound by the inherited and fixed opinions of the past.

Now two or three points I wish to speak of briefly, as I near the close.

We are charged sometimes, because we have no creed, with having no bond of union whatever. As I said a few Sundays ago, they say that we are all at loose ends because we are not fixed and bound by a definite creed.

What is God's method of keeping a system like this solar one of ours together? Does he fence it in? Does he exert any pressure from outside? Or does he rather place at the centre a luminous and attractive body, capable of holding all the swinging and singing members of the system in their orbits, as they play around this great source of life and of light? God's method is the method of illumination and attraction. That is the method which we have adopted. Instead of fencing men in and telling them to climb over that fence at their peril, we have placed a great, luminous, attractive truth at the centre,—the pursuit of truth, the love of truth, the search for God, the desire to benefit and help on mankind. And we trust to the power of these great central truths to attract and keep in their orbits all the free activities of the thousands of minds and hearts that make up our organization.

Then there is one more point. Suppose we wanted an infallible creed; suppose it was ever so important; suppose the experience of the world had proved that it was very desirable indeed that we should have one. What are we going to do about it? I suppose that men in other departments of life than the ecclesiastical would like an infallible guide. Men engaged in business would like an infallible handbook that would point them the way to success. The gold hunters would like an infallible guide to the richest ores. Navigators on the sea would like infallible methods of manning and sailing their ships. The farmer would like to know that he was following an infallible method to success. It would be very desirable in many respects; it would save us no end of trouble.

But it is admitted that in these other departments of life, whether we want infallible guides or not, we do not have them. And I think, if you will look at the matter a little deeply and carefully, you will become persuaded that it would not be the best for us if we could. Men not only wish to gain certain ends, but, if they are wise, they wish more than that,—to cultivate and develop and unfold themselves, which they can only do by study, by mistakes, by correcting mistakes, by finding out through experience what is true and what is false. In this process of study and experience they find themselves,—something infinitely more important than any external fact or success which they may discover or achieve.

So I believe that a similar thing is true in the religious life. It might be a great saving of trouble if we were sure we had an infallible guide. I am inclined to think that a great many persons who go into the Roman Catholic Church, in this modern time, go there because they are tired of thinking, and wish to shift the responsibility of it on to some one else.

It is tiresome, it is hard work. Sometimes we would like to escape it: we would like infallible guides. But I have

studied the world with all the care that I could ; and I have never been able to find the materials out of which I could construct an infallible guide, if I wanted it ever so much.

Whether it is important or not to have infallible teaching in the theological realm, there is no such thing as infallibility that is accessible to us ; and I, for one, do not believe that it would be best for us if there were. God is treating us more wisely and kindly than, if we were able, we would treat ourselves ; because it is not the discovery of this or that particular fact or truth that is so important as is the development of our own intellectual and moral and spiritual natures in the search for truth.

Lessing said a very wise thing when he declared that, if God should offer him the perfect truth in one hand and the privilege of seeking for it in the other, he should accept the privilege of search as the nobler and more valuable gift, because, in this seeking, we develop ourselves, we cultivate the Divine, and work our natures over into the likeness of God.

And now at the end I wish simply to say that God has given us the better thing in letting us freely and earnestly and simply investigate and look after the truth, cultivating ourselves in the process, and being wrought over ever more and more into the likeness of the divine.

And I wish also to say, for the comfort of those who may think that this lack of infallible guides is a serious matter,—it may astonish you to have me say it,—that there is not a single matter of any practical importance in our moral and religious life concerning which there is any doubt whatsoever. If anybody tells you that he is not living a religious life or not living a moral life, for the lack of light and guidance, do not believe him.

What are the things that are in question ? What are the things of which we are sure ? Take, for example, the matter of Biblical criticism,—as to who wrote the book of Chronicles, as to whether Deuteronomy was written by Moses or

compiled in the time of King Josiah. Are there any great spiritual problems waiting for those questions to be settled? Do you need to have that matter made clear before you know whether you ought to be an honest man in your business, whether you ought to judge charitably of a friend who has gone astray, whether you ought to be helpful towards your neighbors, whether you ought to be kind to your wife, and whether you ought to lovingly train and cultivate your children?

Take another of the great questions, as to the authorship of the Gospel of John. I shall be immensely interested in the settlement of that if the time ever comes when it is settled; but it would be a purely critical interest that I should have. I am not going to wait until that is settled before I lead a religious life. I am not going to let that stand in the way of my helping on the progress of the world.

I tell you, friends, that these matters that are in doubt, that need an infallibility to settle them, are not the practical matters at all. We look off into the vast universe around us, and question about God. Is he personal? Can we have the old ideas about him? One thing is settled: we know we are the product of and in the presence of an Eternal Order, and that knowing and keeping the laws of the universe mean life and happiness, but the opposite means death. That is the practical part of it.

We know that the Power that is in this universe is making gradually through the ages for righteousness; and we know that the righteous and helpful life is the only manly life for us to lead, for our own sake, for the sake of those we can touch and influence.

Are we going to wait for criticism to settle metaphysical problems before we do anything about these great practical matters?

Whatever your theory about Jesus may be, you can at least be like him, and wait; and, when you see him, you will love him, and know the truth about him, if you cannot before.

Matthew Arnold, an agnostic, has put into two or three lines, which I wish to read now at the end, what might well be the creed of the person who doubts so much that he thinks nothing is settled. If you cannot say any more than this, here is all that is absolutely necessary to the very noblest life :—

“ Hath man no second life ? Pitch this one high.
Sits there no Judge in heaven our sin to see ?
More strictly, then, the inward judge obey.
Was Christ a man like us ? Ah ! let us try
If we, then, too, can be such men as he.”

Father, we have all the light we need to take the next step in noble living ; and this is all the light that is necessary. We have no right to refuse to take that step because there is some impractical question not yet settled. Let us then do our next duty, and wait until to-morrow for the light which shall show to-morrow's pathway. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>20 cents.</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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THE UNITARIAN STORY OF JESUS.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

FOR my text I take the words which you will find in the First Epistle to Timothy, the second chapter and the fifth verse,— “The man Christ Jesus.”

Some of you, perhaps, are aware of the fact that there was a famous portrait of Dante which for many years was lost. Dante lovers knew that there had been such a portrait; but they did not know where to look for it. At last those who were specially interested looked up its history, and decided it must be in such a particular place. It had been painted on the walls of a building,—what building I do not just at this moment recollect, and it is not important for the purpose which I have in hand; but the people connected with the building did not appreciate its value. It became covered up with grime and dust, and at last those who had the care and cleansing of the building in hand whitewashed it over; and this received a coating of grime and dust, and again was whitewashed, until the picture was completely hidden out of sight.

By and by, however, the lovers of Dante, and those who remembered the portrait, located it, and with tender and gentle care began to remove the accretions of the years that had hidden it away. Particle by particle, speck by speck, the lime, the dust, the smoke, was taken away; and the face of the poet and master looked down with loving reward upon the patience and care of those who had found it again.

There is a great deal of hard talk at the present time concerning the destructive work, as it is called, of the critics. You would suppose that these critics were people who did not love anything that other people love, had no reverence for that which is associated with the tender recollections of mankind, that they were careless of the sacred traditions and of the great truths of the world, and were only engaged in exploiting their own ability in tearing away the things which have accumulated, in the breaking of idols, and in uprooting the things that belong to the past.

But what is the truth concerning the work of these critics? Not all of them are tender-hearted, I suppose, any more than people belonging to other occupations in the world. Not all of them are over-wise. They make mistakes, their judgments are sometimes inaccurate, like the judgments of other people. But the critics are reverently, earnestly, patiently seeking for the truth. They rake over, so to speak, the ash and rubbish heaps of the ages, hunting for one little grain of something that is precious, and hiding it away with tender care. They study the traditions and stories of the past,—not that they may interfere with the reverence of mankind, but that they may find the truth imbedded, covered away, hidden, now and again, in these traditions and stories, and may find out what has been the actual work of the divine artist in painting the realities of the elder world.

So the critics have been studying the traditions concerning the life, the teaching, the death of the Nazarene; have been hunting for the real Jesus, trying to find out what manner of man he was, the relation in which he stood to his past, to his age, and to us to-day.

I claim no infallibility for the picture I am to try to draw this morning; only as lovingly, as simply, as reverently as I can I am to tell you what I believe to be the story of the birth, the life, and the death of Jesus. If I am wrong in any particular, I shall be glad to find it out; for I wish only

the truth of God, which is the food and life and inspiration of man.

Jesus, then, I think, was born about the year 4 B.C. What month he was born in or on what day no one has the slightest idea. The reason for celebrating his birth on the 25th of December I presume most of you know. It would take me too far away from my theme at any rate to enter upon an explanation of it this morning; but the church did not agree upon the date nor begin this general celebration of the birth for some centuries after the event; and they fixed upon this date, not because they knew, but for another reason altogether.

Where was he born? The legendary story which grew up long years after his time fixed the place of his birth at Bethlehem. I believe that he was born in Nazareth, a little hill town in Galilee. The story as it is given to us in the Gospels is but a glimpse. The later writing, the later tradition that locates the birth at Bethlehem, is superimposed upon an older story which can be read everywhere between the lines, and which, to my mind, makes it practically certain that the babe was born in the little home in the village of Nazareth in Galilee,—born as any other babe is born, a human mother not only, but a human father; coming out of the mystery of the infinite, the divine life, as all babes come; coming into the waiting arms of maternal love, which rejoiced, as Jesus himself said afterwards, that a man had been born into the world.

His mother went, as did other mothers, to the well which was the source of the village water-supply, and gossiped lovingly with her neighbors over the wonderful ways of her child, as mothers have always been doing from that day to this. His father worked at his trade of a carpenter, probably in one of the rooms of their little cottage which became his shop.

Of Jesus' childhood we know absolutely nothing except that which we gather as probable from what we know of the

ordinary childhood of Jewish boys at that time. The story given us in Luke, and in Luke only, of the visit to the temple when he was twelve years of age, is in some ways a most beautiful glimpse of his childhood; but in that, if you read it a little carefully, you will find things which you can hardly like. I have never quite liked the answer of the boy to the anxiety of his mother. Read it, and see if you do. The story grew up, beyond question, before there was any idea in the mind of any one of his being anything more than a human child. I cannot go into the critical explanations which make this apparent, this morning, for lack of time. It was the ordinary childhood of a Jewish boy at that time.

Every Jewish boy, according to the prevailing thought and ideas of his time, was educated. There is a saying in the Talmud—I can quote its spirit, but I am afraid not its letter accurately—to this effect: that the nation is saved by the breath of its school children. Every Jewish father believed that it was his duty, according to his highest ideas, to have his child educated. There was another thing which every Jewish father believed; there was another saying in the Talmud, popular, and authoritative over the practical lives of the people of that age,—that he who brings up his boy without a trade so that he can earn his living brings him up to be a thief. So every Jewish father had his child taught a trade, trained him until he was capable of self-support, was able to look after himself.

So Jesus, then, learned what? Chiefly, to be sure,—because this made up the knowledge of that age,—the sayings of the wise men of the past, of his people. The Jewish children gathered in little bands in the presence of their teacher, and, as sentence after sentence was dictated, wrote them down,—the wise sayings of the past,—and committed these to memory, the little school reciting them in unison until they were engraven on their hearts, so that they should never be forgotten.

Of education in the modern sense — education, for exam-

ple, in mathematics, in geometry, in geography, in geology, in all the hundred different branches that our boys to-day are expected at least to get a smattering of — he had little or none, because these things at that time were not known. He had such education as the age was capable of giving him in his particular part of the world.

We can only imagine what that hidden life of his must have been until he was thirty years old. What was he doing? Working with his father, doubtless, at the trade of a carpenter, attending the village synagogue, listening to the reading of the wise words of old, to the comments made from Sabbath to Sabbath in the synagogue on these writings. One other thing he was doing, what few men in Judæa could do, and something which perhaps accounts for some of his broader ideas.

North of the Lake of Galilee, only a little way from his home, past the city of Capernaum or through it, ran one of the great trading routes of the world. Men from every nation known to the Jews passed along this route, going east, returning west,—men of Asia Minor and of its cities; men from Egypt; men from far-off Rome, perhaps from Spain, travelling towards Damascus and the east. And Jesus saw these representatives of every people and tribe under the whole heaven; and out of that, perhaps, sprang that wonderful sense of the universal Fatherhood and the universal brotherhood which characterized his later teaching, and which was so widely separated from the exclusiveness of the Judæan thought of the people who dwelt far away from the routes of general travel.

Another thing we know must have been going on in the heart and mind of Jesus during these silent years,—silent so far as we are concerned. When a river breaks forth from underground, and rushes along in the sight of the people and under the light of the sun, we know by its appearance here what it must have been hidden away under ground and out of sight. When a flower bursts forth on the top

of a bough, we know what must have been the forces at work, though invisible to us. So we know, when Jesus appears, something of what must have been going on in his heart and his mind during the time that he was hidden from our view.

He first appears to us after his birth in any authentic way when he is thirty years of age. John, the wild, earnest, zealous prophet, has come to the river Jordan, and is calling the nation to him to receive at his hands baptism for their sins. He is appealing to his people to put away the evils of their hearts and lives in preparation for that kingdom of heaven which the Jews had been expecting for ages, and which he declares loudly is at hand.

Jesus appears to John to be baptized of him in Jordan; and then, when John is put to death by the cruelty of Herod, Jesus takes up the message, and goes over the country proclaiming, not the baptism of John any longer, but at least so much of his message as is contained in the statement that the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

I wish you to note for just a moment what the gospel of Jesus was, this proclamation of the coming kingdom which he preached. What was it?

Let me first intimate to you what the Jews at that time expected. There were many varieties of the hope, but they all agreed in one thing. The coming Messiah, whoever he might prove to be, was to conquer their national enemies, was to make the Hebrews supreme, was to establish the centre of his great kingdom at Jerusalem, and was to bless the whole earth with that particular message from God which they themselves believed that they had received. But along with this was to be Jewish supremacy, Jewish power over all people; and the Messiah, after some idea or other, was to be king in this coming kingdom of God. This was in general the Jewish expectation.

Jesus, undoubtedly, as he mused in these long silent years over the teaching of the prophets, over the expecta-

tion of his people, accepted this coming hope,—the feeling was all in the air at that time,—that the Messiah was speedily to appear. Jesus accepted the hope, but with a difference, and with a tremendous difference.

The Pharisees believed that they were to prepare for the coming of God by a stricter and more diligent keeping of the law. It was this external religiousness, or religiosity, if you so choose to call it, which they believed was demanded on the part of God as a necessary preparation for the coming kingdom.

Jesus taught another doctrine. He believed that this kingdom was to come, not away from this earth. It was not to be away off on some distant sphere : it was to be here. And perhaps Jesus believed it was to come ultimately by miracle — it makes no difference whether he did or not — after the people were prepared for it. If he did, he only shared the ideas of his time ; and to say he did is not to detract from his spiritual or moral stature.

He believed that the preparation for this kingdom — was what? Was goodness simply, nothing else. In all his proclamation of the kingdom the condition of membership in it is nothing other, nothing more, nothing less, than simple human goodness.

You see how different this gospel is from that which is called the gospel in the modern world, that which teaches the ruin and fall of man, and that through the incarnation, the suffering, the death, and the descent into hell, and the resurrection of the second person of the Trinity, a salvation in some other world is to be wrought out for a few people, while all the rest are to be lost ! This is what is called the gospel to-day. It has nothing whatever in common with what Jesus meant when he preached the gospel of the kingdom of heaven, which he declared was at hand. This was the good news of the coming of this revelation of the Divine ; and it was to be attained through pureness of heart and love and human tenderness and care.

This was the gospel, then, that Jesus preached. He travelled along the common country roads, proclaiming it to people he met. He found an audience of one, perhaps, as in the case of the woman who sat on the edge of the well at Samaria. He was thronged with people sometimes, as he sat on the side of one of the hills, or as, in the boat, he withdrew a little ways from the shore, that he might more easily address the audience as it gathered on the bank. Everywhere he proclaimed this good news. And he came, I have no doubt, towards the last of his ministry, to believe that he himself had been chosen as the expected Messiah, that it was through his ministry, his teaching, that God was to work out this magnificent purpose for his children. Jesus everywhere — you know the sweet story — showed his tenderness for human sin, his pity for the common weaknesses of mankind, his sympathy for those in sorrow, his care for the poor, his sense of the supreme worth and the supreme beauty of our common humanity, without any regard for its wealth, its culture, its social position, its political power. It was to men and women, the children of the one Father in heaven, that he spoke; and it was these that he gathered in the arms of his sympathy and his love.

And the secret and very heart of his teaching, perhaps, is no more beautifully displayed than in the scene where he takes a little child in his arms, and blesses it, and says, Of such — of such simplicity, of such purity, of such tenderness, of such trust as this — is the kingdom of heaven.

How long, now, was Jesus' public life and ministry? According to the first three Gospels, it is only about a year and a half. According to the very much later tradition embodied in the so-called Gospel of John, — which is an anonymous book and of no authority as history, — it was about three years and a half. If we care for the probabilities, we shall take the story of the synoptics, Mark and Matthew and Luke.

Jesus preached and taught, then, for something less than

two years. Then he goes up to Jerusalem to face the priesthood, the Pharisees, the men in power. He had won the poor and simple people of the provinces by thousands, undoubtedly, to a glad listening to his message. Now he would face the great representatives of his nation, and proclaim the truth, as he felt it and believed it, of this coming kingdom of God,—not through an enlarged and widened ceremonial, not through a greater devotion to the keeping of the law, but through becoming pure in heart and true and noble in life. He preached this gospel.

Note how straight it leads to the cross. He preaches a message which, if received by the people, will antiquate the temple,—and the temple was the centre of what the people believed to be the worship of God, as well as their national pride and life. He teaches a message which, if generally accepted, will antiquate the priesthood. He tells the people plainly that, if they expect to be fit for the kingdom of God, they must be holier and nobler than the Pharisees, but not necessarily in their way. Do you not see? Everything established, all the conservatism of his age, all that claimed itself to be infallible, the old-time revelation, that which the people believed had been given once for all to the saints,—this, if Jesus was received, must be outgrown and left behind.

Note the significance of it. Jesus was the great leading radical of his age. Everything that he was and said and did alienated and angered the conservatives, those that represented and stood for the established order of what they believed to be the fixed and final revelation of God.

Is it any wonder that they procured his death? They had no power to put him to death themselves; and so they stirred up the suspicions of the Roman authorities. They said to Pilate: Here is a man who is an enemy of Cæsar, who allows himself to be called a king; and, if you let him continue to live and preach, he will endanger Cæsar's authority. So threateningly, with a concealed warning,

they said, If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend. And, if the word got back there to Rome that Pilate was not Cæsar's friend, it meant an end of Pilate's power.

You see, then, how naturally he came to the cross. Those that hated him, on the part of the authorities, stirred these suspicions. And the common people,— Pilate did not care for one peasant more or less of the Jewish race, only to keep things quiet. To maintain the power of Rome, he issues the decree that leads him out on that Friday afternoon to the hill beyond the walls, to be lifted up as the spectacle which has fascinated the gaze of the civilized world from that day to this.

Jesus foresaw it. The moment that he put himself to the test in the presence of these old-time authorities he knew that they would not let him live. So he goes out, the shrinking, tender man he was, and has his hour of struggle, his night of suffering, and his conquest over himself in Gethsemane. Then he is ready to face his accusers. And, when put to death, he shrunk, as did other men, from pain, and prayed that, if it was possible, the cup might pass from him. And, then, in the last hour he wondered,— as the greatest and noblest men do in their hours of doubt,— he wondered if he had mistaken, if he had misread the signs of the times, if he had misinterpreted the purpose of his Father, if he had been wrong in thinking he was to be he who should redeem his people; and so he cried out in that moment of darkness and horrible agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Everybody else had; and now he wondered if God had let go his hold.

And yet, mark you, the wonder, the magnificence of it, in spite of the doubt, he never shrank from utter devotion to his truth, to the principle for which he stood. And so he swooned away into the arms, the enfolding arms, of the eternal Father, and died into immortality, passing through darkness into universal light, the illumination of the world.

The disciples, believing that some great miracle would happen to save him, when he did really die, gave up hope.

A little flash-light lets us into the thought of the time. You remember the two disciples walking on their way to Emmaus, discussing the question ; and one said to the other, We trusted this had been he who was to have redeemed Israel. The tone of the conversation was that they had given that all up. The disciples were scattered to the four winds.

But suddenly a tremendous change occurs. The report goes forth that Jesus has been seen,—seen alive ; and it passes from lip to lip, and hearts beat with eagerness and wonder, and the story grows.

Was it he? Friends, I do not for a moment believe that the body of Jesus was ever raised again from the dead. I do not know what he would have wanted of it, what he would have done with it, if it had been. There is absolutely no good reason for believing anything of the sort. But I do believe that he was seen, and seen alive, because I believe others have been seen both before and since whom we are accustomed to call dead.

And straightway there was that flash of light in the hearts of the disciples, that new voice on their lips, that eagerness to preach the glad gospel which conquered Rome and the world.

We owe the conquest of Christianity, in my judgment, to two things. First, to Paul. Christianity never would have been anything but a little Jewish sect if it had not been for Paul. Paul broke down the barriers erected by those who were devoted to the old law, and gave it to the world. And the other thing is what? The conquest over death. It was the abounding belief of the disciples that Jesus was alive, their leader still, though in the invisible, which made them laugh in the face of death, which made them fearless in the presence of the lions in the arena, which made them seek for the honor and glory of martyrdom, and which gave them such conquest over all fear, all sorrow, all toil, as can come only to those who believe that this life is merely a

training school, that death is nothing but a doorway, and that it leads out into the eternal glories and grandeurs beyond.

This was the faith that conquered Rome, and that has given us Christianity as the mightiest of all powers to shape the civilization of the world from that day to this.

Now right here, before I come to characterizing Jesus, I wish to make one or two remarks. I beg that you will try to understand me, not misinterpret what I mean; for I shall have no time to go into any of these statements at any great length; only I want to suggest them. I want to suggest one or two reasons why I cannot accept the belief that Jesus was the second person in the Trinity, or that he was born in any other way than any other child has ever been born.

Take the story of the virgin birth. It is a pagan story, to start with. It has been told of a dozen others in the history of the world. There is absolutely no way of proving that any such thing occurred or could occur. There is absolutely no good reason for supposing that it did occur then.

And let me make another suggestion right in here,—a moral suggestion. I have a moral objection to the doctrine which is mightier than any other. The one name next to God's,—even if we say that,—holiest on the face of the earth to the thought, the love, and reverence of every man who is fit to be called a man, is the word "mother." That means father; and it means natural birth. And this, remember, is God's method; and, if it is not essentially pure and true and noble, then who is to blame but him?

I think that the doctrine of the virgin birth as something higher, finer, sweeter, nobler, than ordinary motherhood, is a slur on all the natural motherhood of the world. I believe that millions of children have been as immaculately conceived, as purely born, as was the Nazarene. Why not?

Out of this doctrine, and that which is akin to it, have

sprung all the monasteries and the nunneries, the repressions and asceticisms of Christianity, which have disgraced and distorted and demoralized manhood and womanhood for two thousand years. I place beside the false, monkish, unnatural claim of the immaculate conception my mother, who was as holy in her motherhood as was Mary herself.

Another suggestion : This thought of Jesus as the second person of an incomprehensible Trinity, a being neither of heaven nor earth, but between the two ; a being having two natures and one will ; a being who was ignorant as a man and who suffered as a man, while he knew everything as God and could not suffer as God,—this conception is part of a scheme of the universe which represents humanity as ruined and lost and hopeless, God as unjust, and man as looking only to a fearful judgment in the ages that are to be.

You cannot separate this second person of the Trinity from the scheme of the universe. It came into existence with this scheme and on account of it, had no reason for existence in anything else, and, when that goes, it must ultimately follow.

One more suggestion concerning this necessity of thinking of Jesus as having been something more than man. The idea of the virgin birth, linked with all those loves of the gods and goddesses of the past of Greece and Rome, sprung out of the thought that, when there was anything wonderful in the world, it must be something above the level of the human. Why must? Simply because of a low and degraded ideal of what is possible for man, that is all. It goes a long way towards the vilifying and degrading of human nature.

Why cannot a being as good as Jesus be naturally born of this old humanity of ours? I believe that God is able to work out his will in accordance with his own methods, the natural law of development in the human life of the world, without breaking forcibly in like a burglar, and disturbing

and displacing all his own order, which has been established from the beginning of things, and which has been the expression of his own love and life.

I have had a good many letters asking me if Jesus came in the natural order of human development and under the law of evolution, how it happened he came two thousand years ago, and that nobody greater than he has appeared since.

On the same theory, if some one will explain to me how it happened that Homer, one of the greatest poets of the world, was born eight hundred years before Christ, and why Shakspeare was born hundreds of years ago, and we have no one as great as he to-day, I will answer the other question.

Why not ask another, and say, How is it that no other mountain as tall as Mont Blanc has been lifted in Europe since that was first heaved up to face the heaven?

I believe that thousands of people have lived since the time of Jesus as good, as tender, as loving, as true, as faithful as he. There is no more mystery in the one case than in the other; for it is all mystery.

But it would seem to me very strange if, after two thousand years of the influence of Jesus, nobody anywhere nearly as good as he had been born. Old Father Taylor, the famous Methodist Bethel preacher in Boston, was a Perfectionist; and, when he was asked if he thought anybody had since lived who was as good as Jesus, he said, Yes, millions of them! This is Methodist authority. Men have suffered more than Jesus did on the cross, so far as we can see,—suffered uncomplainingly, joyously, for his sake.

Let us believe a little more in the possibilities of our own humanity, and hold a higher and nobler conception of the divinity of man.

Now at the end, as rapidly as I may, I wish to indicate — I wish I had time to go into it more at length, but I have not

— some of the salient characteristics, as I conceive them, of Jesus, some of those which are the secret of his power.

What made Jesus the power he was of his time? In the first place there was an inexplicable charm about his personality which drew all the common people to him, as iron filings are drawn by a magnet. He loved the people, who instinctively felt it, and loved him.

Then there was his intellectual power of speech. Most of the sayings of Jesus are not original in the sense that nobody else ever uttered any similar truth before; but Jesus had an intellectual power of statement which has made these sayings of his ring in the memories and hearts of the ages since his day like strains of unforgettable music, so that, no matter who said them before, we always associate them in our minds with him. Confucius, six hundred years before Jesus, gave utterance to the Golden Rule; but we always think of Jesus in connection with it, because Jesus put it into more impressive form. Hillel said that all the law was summed up in the two commandments, love to God and love to man. It is this simplicity and force in his statements which has fixed the ideas of Jesus in the memories and hearts of the people.

And, then, there was the pity, the sympathy, the tenderness, of the man. One of his main characteristics was his pity for the poor, his sympathy for sinners, for those who were outcast, despised by his people. He got himself a bad name over and over again because he would eat and drink and associate on a level with people whom the Pharisees would not touch with one of their fingers. He loved the people, was tender towards them. The only people he was not tender towards were those who assumed to be respectable, but who were the oppressors of their fellow-men. Never a harsh word against the Magdalene, against the publican, only human pity, sympathy, and helpful love.

And, then, he had trust in God,— a trust in the simple fatherhood of God that never could be shaken. He did

not originate the idea of God being our Father; but he put a new meaning, a new power, a new force, a new beauty into it. So it is the Father of Jesus we always think of when we say, Our Father who art in heaven.

Then he had, which I have already touched on, that profound belief in our human brotherhood: all men,—Greek, Roman, barbarian, no matter where they were born or how they had lived,—all men to him were the children of the common Father, and to be treated lovingly and justly as brothers in this one divine family.

And, then, he had that grand, glorious belief in continued life, that made him look in the face of death without anything except that natural shrinking which the flesh feels when it is touched by the icy fingers; confidence in the future, which made him believe that life was dominant and supreme, that life controlled the world.

Jesus taught us, as no one else has ever done it, the humanness of God and the divineness of man. So that, standing there eighteen hundred years ago, he has naturally and infallibly attracted the eyes, the thought, the love, the reverence of the world. The natural product of this human nature of ours, none the less for that reason the supreme son of God, none the less for either reason the brother and friend of the poorest and meanest man that lives, he stands, our teacher, our comforter, our guide, our help, our inspiration,—all this in a purely natural and simple way, because of what he was and what he said and what he did.

When it is dark in the morning and before the sunrise, there are high peaks towards the east that catch the far-off rays, and begin to glow while the rest of the world still lies in shadow. So there are mountainous men, not supernatural, as natural as the mountains and the sun,—mountainous men, who catch the light before our common eyes on the plains and in the valleys can see it, who see and proclaim from their lofty heights far-off visions of truth and beauty that we as yet cannot discern. And we may reason-

ably believe what they tell us, though we have not been able to discover it for ourselves.

As when the valleys all in shadow lie,
 And shadowy shapes of fear still haunt the night,
 Some mountain peak reflects the coming light,
 And waiting lips break forth with joyful cry
 For gladness, that at last the day is nigh,—
 So, when some soul that towers afar is bright,
 The souls that sit in shadow, at the sight,
 Grow sudden glad to know *'tis light on high*.
 And when these mountain-towering men can say,
 “ *We see, though it be hidden from ybur eyes,*”
 We can believe in better things to be.
 So, though the shadows still obscure our way,
 We see the light, reflected from the skies,
 That crowns thy brows, O Man of Galilee !

Father, we thank Thee for him, our friend, our teacher,
 our brother, our lover ; and we thank Thee for all that have
 brought us new light since he lived and died, and we ask that
 we may take both that and this as divine, and follow Thee
 whithersoever Thou mayest lead. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>20 cents.</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatise. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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Some Ways of Looking Back

A SERMON OF THE OLD YEAR

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SOME WAYS OF LOOKING BACK.

A SERMON OF THE OLD YEAR.

THIS is the last Sunday in the year 1897. It seemed to me, then, that it might be fitting for us to take as our theme some ways of looking back; and for a text I have selected the words to be found in the ninetieth Psalm at the twelfth verse,—“So teach us to number our days that we may get us an heart of wisdom.”

We seem to begin life, as it were, in a valley. As we look away from the places where our childhood has been spent, we seem to be looking up and on towards the more or less high mountain peaks of ambition, of endeavor, of achievement. And far away, around those distant summits, seem to hover the romance, the wonder, of life. Where we are is always, or is apt to seem, commonplace. There is the ordinary treadmill round of occupations, of duties, tasks, which we would like to escape; but, beyond, the peaks are surrounded by that blue mantle of mystery and beauty which always haunts the distance and lures us up and on.

We have gone perhaps only a little way before we are weary. We seem to be in the midst of the dust and turmoil of the common, trodden ways of life; but still we are lured by the promise of something finer and grander that is to be. As we go, our feet sometimes grow weary, the burdens upon our shoulders press heavily, the companions that started with us begin to thin out and disappear. Some of them are overborne with the journey, and have

fallen asleep. Some of them, through interest in some other occupation, have taken another pathway. Some of them, who seemed bound to us by ties that no time could ever break, we have simply grown away from, we hardly know how. We do not think it is our fault: we do not think, perhaps, of charging them with any blame. But we have developed in one direction, and they have developed in another; and so our paths separate, and each of us, so far as this companionship is concerned, is alone.

As we climb and get nearer the summits, it becomes lonelier. There is a chill in the air; and then at times the mists gather round us, and hide our way, and it seems as though the skies were dripping tears of sympathy with our overwhelming sorrows. We are perforce compelled to stop now and again because we cannot see our way. We are afraid the next step may plunge us into a crevasse or over some precipice.

Again, there are sunny spots, places of outlook where we glance about us; and the sun shines upon us, and we sit down in the peaceful quiet for rest and meditation, looking forwards, perhaps, and estimating the days to come, looking back to see the pathway we have trodden.

Some of us have reached what we may well call the summit of our career; and henceforth there is at least a gentle sloping downward towards the end of the journey, where, as we sometimes think, we are to sleep, where, as I think, we are to pass through a temporary sleep into eternal light and waking.

We have reached, if we may use the figure, the summit of this year; and it may be well for us to pause for a little time, and look back, and consider some of the ways of looking back or estimating the past.

Look back first, and note some of the things we have left behind us,—some of the experiences through which we have passed, and which make up this experience of life that to-day either crushes us or inspires us.

If I draw from my own summed up memories, I shall not be talking of myself alone ; for there is so much which all of us who are human have in common that, if you can find an experience that touches closely one heart, you are very certain in your assumption that it will touch with equal closeness some other heart.

As I look back, I remember that blessed period of childhood. We all of us love to contemplate, to think of the time when we could never anticipate any evil, because father was with us, and mother was with us, and brothers were with us, and sisters were with us ; and we were surrounded by that magic charm of the old home. As we look back at it from this summit of life, as I said, being in the distance, that blue mantle of mystery hovers over it, and it seems an ideal time ; and I hear very frequently men and women sighing over the lost days of childhood, wishing they might be by father's side, or on mother's knee once more.

One of the most beautiful of Gray's poems deals with this conception. He is contemplating the boys at school, at Eton College, engaged in their games ; and he dilates upon the bliss and happiness of their thoughtless period, and breaks out, as you remember, in that familiar quotation,—

“ Where ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise.”

He pictures them as ignorant of their future, and congratulates them on the joys of that ignorance.

But let me suggest, friends, right in here, that I believe a large part of this is the same kind of illusion as that which leads us as children to glorify the period of our grown-up manly and womanly life. Children have their sorrows, which are as big for them as our grown-up sorrows are for us. The romance, the wonder, that is in that childhood time as we look back at it, is here, if we only had the eyes to see it. The children that are around our feet are living in the midst of that magic wonder still. But we look back

at that childhood, and glorify it, and sigh sometimes over the peace and beauty and glory that have been lost.

There is another tender, wonderful memory to me,—the time when I first started out in life for myself. I was leaving home. I expected to go back now and then; but it was to be the place of my permanent abode no longer. I remember, as I walked down the village road and came to the corner where, as I turned, I should soon leave the old country farm-house out of sight, I stopped for a little, and looked back and thought and dreamed. And yet all the pressure of youthful ambition and youthful hope were urging me on; and I took the step with eagerness that led me out into the wide world,—that unexplored world of marvels that all young people look forward to with so much interest and curiosity.

We remember these breakings of the old ties. We remember, perhaps,—and let no one ever remember such an experience except with tenderness, with reverence, with awe,—we remember the first dawning of love in our hearts. Do you know what that means? All the morality of the earth finds its root right there. It is the first time that the individual unit goes out of himself, and finds the secret of all that he cares for henceforth in the life, the look, the word, of another self. Right here is the birth of the world's unselfishness.

We remember these things. We remember our first success: the first book that we published; seeing our name in print, perhaps; the first picture we painted, and put upon the market; the first bit of music we composed, and heard somebody else sing. We remember the first success we made in business, when it seemed as though it was very easy to conquer and dominate the world. We remember the hours of joy.

Your lives must have had these experiences, however predominantly sad you may think of them as being this morning. I can remember minutes so full of delight that I

would take them again in payment for the pain of a year, — the thrill of looking into the eyes of one you love ; standing on a mountain side,— as I have done, thank God, over and over again,— with the world at your feet, ringed by the azure heaven, with such magnificence all about you as made you speechless for lack of words, and made you blind for a moment by the rush of grateful tears,— moments of ecstasy, of delight, of triumph.

You that are blessed enough to be fathers and mothers remember the first child,— the mystery, the awe, the wonder, of finding that you shared with God the power of creation ; that a human soul, through all the numberless ages of the future, should look to you as parent. Is there a more wondrous thing than that ?

But these are not all the experiences. There are terribly sad and trying ones that some of us note as we look back over the past. There is the man who, entering hopefully upon his business career, had seemed to gather around him the materials for a fine success, was building hopefully the structure that he thought was to shelter him in his old age, of which he was to be proud as the creator. And suddenly it begins to crumble and tumble about him in ruin ; and he is an old man, or at least he thinks so. He is in middle life. He does not have the courage, the energy, to begin his life over again ; and so, in some humbler way,— as a servant, perhaps, where he was a master,— he plods patiently on through what is left to him of his human career.

There are other losses sadder than those of the loss of money. There are fathers and mothers who have wondered over the birth of the child, and have seen this child develop, unfold, grow to all that was beautiful and fair in promise, and watched with breaking hearts while it has faded into the silence ; and the arms, even in sleep, would stretch out hungrily for the form that had become, whether it were day or night, only a remembrance and a dream.

There are husbands walking the way of life alone because

they can never love again, their lives widowed and broken and desolate. There are wives struggling against the world, without the care or support of the husband whom for years they leaned on and worshipped.

There are sadder losses than these. I have known, in my life, hundreds of cases of husbands or wives or sons or daughters who lived when death would have been so easy compared with the experience that was so much worse than death.

Then to all of us there are lost illusions, lost hopes. When we are young, it seems so easy to have our way. If we are engaged in the propagation of a certain set of ideas, what to us are vital truths and what the world needs, the case seems so clear. We imagined all we had to do was to offer it; and the world would accept, and be made over into the likeness of our own beautiful ideas. But we meet with snubbing, we meet with sneers, because people are busy and do not care to listen; and, if they do listen, they are not convinced, they look upon us as deluded, as off the main track of the world's advance. And we find that, even if we can do a little, the thousandth part of that which we dreamed we would be able to accomplish is beyond us; and so our hopes are broken and faded, and we wonder sometimes, though we still believe them as eagerly as we ever did ourselves, as to whether it is worth while to try to convince the world of great truths about which it seems to care so little.

So we look back over the past, the reminiscences made up of all these thousand varieties of experiences, glad or sad; and we stand considering them, remembering them, and compelled to do something with them. What? We cannot cease to remember. When we thus look back, and even when we are looking forward, the shadow of the things we have passed falls across our way, and determines our course of conduct for the years that remain.

I propose, then, now to ask you to consider with me for just a little while how it is best for us to look back, and to

deal with these things that are past,—the past of our lives, the past of the year that is just drawing to its close.

There are certain ways of looking back that hurt us, that cripple us, that take the sweetness and joy out of life, that take the spring out of our activities and endeavors, that make us less capable of serving and helping the world. For example, there are people who, because they have met with disastrous losses, look back day by day, and week by week, simply in the attitude of repining.

Do not think that I would speak one word that even seems to imply a lack of sympathy for the great sorrows and sufferings that come to the human heart. But, whatever the experience that we have gone through with may be, we are still alive. There are people around us on every side that we can help or hurt. We must do something with the time that remains. Now what shall we do with it? Shall we waste it? Shall we let the hours simply slip through our fingers, while we sit with our hands crossed in our laps, our head down, and our eyes full of tears, mourning over a past that cannot be changed?

Let me use, as an illustration of the different methods of treating these great losses, the case, very familiar to you, of Senator Stanford and his wife, of California. He had accumulated his millions. He had one boy, who was the apple of his eye, the light of his mother's life. Suddenly he died. Now there were two things that they could have done. One was simply to mourn, simply to bewail, simply to grow pessimistic, to lose heart, to lose courage, not to believe in God any more, not to care whether the world were helped or not, not to care for other people's boys, since they had one no longer themselves. But, instead of that, he dedicates his millions to the welfare, training, and culture of all these other boys,—the hundreds, the thousands, the tens of thousands in the years that are to come, that shall look back with gratitude to this wise, loving, manly service. And so the boy, passed into the invis-

ble, lives, and welcomes these thousands of other boys to cultivation and development through that which was to have been his.

And when the senator goes, and leaves the whole crushing burden of the double loss and the management of the property upon his widow, does she give out? I have known her personally,—known how womanly, how nobly, how truly, she has faced her great sorrow. She has simply renewed the consecration, giving up everything almost that people ordinarily care for, and, in financial straits that have come upon the institution, giving of her own personal and private means, that the work should not stop, so building a monument of service for the world, making this private grief a magnificent benefaction to mankind.

Which is the nobler thing to do? Selfishly to weep over that which nobody is to blame for, which nobody can change, and which even tears cannot help, or to make these tears springs, head-waters of streams that shall run to gladden the valleys of the future time?

There is another way of looking back, which I must glance at for just a moment. Now and then I find such a case. They are not common. So I need not spend a great deal of time upon it. Once in a while I find a man so self-satisfied, so contented with everything he has done in the past, with all that he has gained, all that he has achieved, that this becomes a clog, a hindrance to his future career. No man that is satisfied can by any possibility have a very lofty or magnificent ideal. The man who is contented with the books he has written, the pictures he has painted, the statues he has carved, the business he has achieved, with what he has done, with what he has become, is doing, what he has done for his family, his neighbors, his friends,—you may find in that very fact something that shall hinder his making a grander future for himself. So too high an estimate of the past may stand in the way of a man's future career.

There is a way of looking back upon the past of the world, upon the religious history, the political achievements of the past, finding all the glory, all the good, all the blessedness, all the happiness there, and so having no hope or heart for doing something grander, or believing that anything is grander that is possible in the years that are to come.

With this glance, rapid, but perhaps suggestive enough, of a hurtful way of regarding the past, let us turn, and note some of the ways of looking back that ought to comfort, to help, to cheer, to inspire.

And, first, suppose we have not had all the good that we could desire. Suppose we have not been physically what we would have liked. We have not been mentally endowed as would have pleased us. We have not had the money that we should have desired. Suppose we have not had a large circle of friends, we have not had the kind of society that seemed to us so attractive. Whatever may have been your dreams of what you would like to be or achieve or accomplish, I ask you to stop and consider for a moment as to whether your past has not been much fuller of good than you have deserved.

Consider, for example, when and where and how you were born ; and then ask the question, What claims had I as a child on the universe? Had I any right to demand that I should be rich, and make myself unhappy if I am not? Had I any right to expect that I should be great? Was there anybody under any obligation to make me great? Was there anybody under any obligation to give me the ten thousand things that I thought I would like to have?

Consider for a moment that side of it. I think, if you read Emerson, you will find he has dwelt upon this at some length and in a variety of ways, and has challenged us to consider that we have very few claims on the universe, and that, if we do not get all we desire, we have no right to find any serious fault about it.

And then, to take the next step, remember another thing. The things that have come to you, that you have loved, have been positive gifts of good, although they may now have passed away. Here is another fallacy, it seems to me, as we reason about these things. We have had some blessed, beautiful thing. We had it a year. We had it ten years, twenty, thirty; but it is gone, and, instead of pouring out our hearts in gratitude that we had it, we are apt to find grievous fault because the gift was not a permanent one. Who ever promised you that it should be permanent? What right have you to claim permanence? Against whom will you lodge your indictment of unkindness or injustice?

A man gives me ten dollars. I spend it. Shall I thank him for giving it to me, or grumble at him because it is gone? Shall I find fault with him because he does not keep on giving me dollars just as fast as I can spend them? I had no claim on him for the first ten.

You had a child. You loved it better than you loved your own life. It was yours ten years; and now it is a memory and a hope. Those ten years were a positive gift of good on the part of God. And remember this,—see if I am not correct in my statement,—however great a grief there is in your heart to-day over the loss, you would not have the fact that she was yours blotted out, even to lose the grief. You are glad, you are rich, in the memory, and in the fact that all this love was lavished upon you so long. You are rich and glad and grateful for that. So remember what Tennyson has so finely uttered:—

“’Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.”

Remember, then, that the good things of life are positive gifts, are wealth and joy while you have them, though you have no right to expect perhaps to have them always.

Then there is another point. It is hard for us to think of it, I know, concerning some things that touch us very

closely; but, if you will analyze human nature a little, and the possibilities of our existence, you will find that this very change, this very vicissitude of life, is absolutely essential to its joy. For example, I love the fragrance of a rose. But suppose some one by main force should bury my head in roses, and keep me there for an hour. It would be torture before the hour was through. There is such a thing as surfeit of those things a whiff of which is exquisite. I go to a concert. I hear some wondrous singer. I note the varying tones as they rise and fall and ascend; and I feel my whole soul ascending as at last the final note is struck, and I thrill with delight in response to the marvelous music. But, if that one highest note were prolonged for an hour, I should press my fingers in my ears, and run to escape the torture.

Apply the principle, if you will, to any experience of life whatsoever. There can be a torture, a monotony of joy as well as a monotony of pain. An artificial rose can be made so beautiful to-day that a little distance away, by sight alone, you cannot detect the difference; but very few people care to fill their vases or their houses with artificial roses. It is the very touch of frailty, the passing quality in these most exquisite things, that makes them so very dear to us. It is quite possible that the thought of the shadow, the overhanging of suffering, of separation, of death, may be an integral part of some of the sweetest experiences of our lives.

Then another thing. If you analyze the experiences of the past carefully, I believe that the logic of it ought to be something like this: This past has been so lavish, so infinite, in the variety of its bestowal, as to have given us a glimpse of what are the possibilities of this exhaustless universe of ours. That which has done so much for us in the past, shall it not do something for us in the future?

I remember a saying of Thomas Paine's which always seemed to me wonderfully beautiful. He says,—I can only

quote the idea, not the words,—That power which gave me life before I was in existence at all is amply able to continue that gift in any place and under whatever conditions he may choose. And so I hold this trust with a faith which makes it a practical certainty. Out of the experience of the past is born a great confidence in the future. The universe has done so much, and has been so lavish, so bountiful, in the years that have been, that I believe there is nothing so extravagant, nothing so wonderful, nothing so fine, that we may not reasonably expect it in the ages that are to be. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love him."

Then we talk of our losses. In the deepest sense of the word, there are no losses. All the experiences of the past live in us. They have become wrought into the fibre of our brain, the structure of our hearts. They are the inspirations of our souls. And the people that we have loved, the husband, the wife, the child, passed into the shadow. I do not believe for one moment that there is any love which is necessary to us, which is a part of us, from which we shall ever be permanently separated in this world or in any other world.

And then the past experience of the race. People sometimes talk to us about lost arts. There are no lost arts that are worth keeping. Nothing of the past history of the world that is worth having is lost. I believe rather that Whittier spoke a magnificent truth when he said,—

"For all the good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad."

I believe that Emerson spoke the truth when he said,—

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

I want to read you a verse or two of Lowell's, also, who

sings so magnificently in a similar strain. It is in his poem "To the Past":—

Whatever of true life there was in thee
 Leaps in our age's veins;
 Wield still thy bent and wrinkled empery,
 And shake thine idle chains?—
 To thee thy dross is clinging,
 For us thy martyrs die, thy prophets see,
 Thy poets still are singing.

Here, 'mid the bleak waves of our strife and care,
 Float the green Fortunate Isles
 Where all thy hero-spirits dwell, and share
 Our martyrdoms and toils;
 The present moves attended
 With all of brave and excellent and fair
 That made the old time splendid.

So, friends, as we stand here looking back, suppose for the time we are bereft, suppose for the time we are sad, suppose it seems to us this year as though nothing good can ever come to us again, at least this we can do: we can use the opportunity that is around us to wipe the tears from the face of some one else; to remove an obstacle from somebody's pathway, so he will be a little less likely to stumble; to be light and guidance for somebody bewildered; to take some one who has fallen by the hand, and lift him up. If there is no good for us, as it seems to us, we can be good to somebody else; and, before we know it, we shall find ourselves glad because we have helped another soul.

I think no joys have ever come to me greater than those that some letters have brought,—letters that, as I read, it seemed to me I could feel the drip of the tears, thanking me for solving some problem, for making the way clear, for giving hope to one in despair, light to one sitting in darkness.

We can help others, whether there is any help left for us or not; and, in helping others, we shall find that there is help for us, too.

Let us remember, then, that the object of life, after all, is not what we can do, it is not what we can get, it is not enjoyment simply, it is not achievement simply, it is not success simply. The one grand thing that justifies the process, the outcome, of this life is, as Browning phrases it,

“The culture of a soul.”

These experiences of ours are like the leaves of a tree that come out and make the tree beautiful. They serve to feed the tree during their little life. They fall; but the tree has grown. So, although I do not accept it in its entirety, there is a hint of the truth in a verse of Tennyson's: —

“God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.”

A fragment, a hint, of the truth here, I say, though I do not accept it in its entirety.

The object of life is life. The thing we are living for is to grow into the stature of sons and daughters of God; and the experiences of life are of value as they help us on to this end.

There is one thing that we ought to remember; and that is that, if the things we want are not lasting, neither are the things we do not want. It is said that an Oriental king used to have a courtier whose business it was to attend him on all occasions; and, when he found him in an exalted state of mind, in a sense of triumph over some great victory or achievement, and thought that pride was likely to swell in his heart, he was to whisper to him, and say, “This, too, shall pass away.”

I grant it. But, when we are in hours of sorrow, when pain has us in its grip, when loss overwhelms us, the heavens are draped in cloud and the earth is dark, and

we cannot see our way, let us remember that it is just as true of these experiences. This, too, shall pass away. Sorrows are no more abiding than joys. "Weeping may endure for a night," says the old Psalmist; "but joy cometh in the morning." And I believe that there is a morning in which all joy shall come; and, when that dawn breaks, the shadows shall flee away.

So, as we stand here on this summit, using the figure of speech with which I began, and looking for a moment towards the sunset, the end that is to come to our life, let it not disturb us. There is a cloud down there, bathed and glorious in the light of the setting sun. But watch it a minute; and, just as the glow fades, right at the edge of the gold a star comes out,—the evening star, the first hint of the countless thousands of worlds that the daylight hid, and which darkness alone reveals. And there is a hint that through the sunset, the coming of the night, we shall go out, no longer imprisoned on one little planet,—citizens of the universe, where we shall enter into the inheritance of good that God is laying up for all those who, in the midst of their weeping and their laughing, in the midst of their sorrows and their joys, are striving to do what good they can as they pass along the way, and are building themselves up into the likeness of the Divine.

Father, we thank Thee for the significance, the beauty, the glory, the wonder of these lives of ours. We are glad that we are alive. We ask Thee to lead us and help us,—help us to do faithfully the task assigned to us each day, whether we are laughing with gladness or crying with sorrow, to see to it that the task is done, at any rate; for, though the moods in which we labor have passed, the work abides, and remains forevermore. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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THE PRIMAL LOVE OF GOD

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

GEO. H. ELLIS

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

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THE PRIMAL LOVE OF GOD.

"We love Him because he first loved us."—1 JOHN iv. 19.

So this must be the truth which lies within the brief and pregnant sentence, that what the sun is to the seed, and the light to the eye, the love of God is to you and me. It is the love of God to man we must be sure about before we can say anything to a true purpose touching the love of man to God, because, when we leave this out, the other can be no more at the best than a grain of wheat on an iceberg, or the faculty for seeing in the fishes of the Mammoth Cave. So essential, indeed, as the truth opens to my own mind and heart, that, if it could be proven there is one man in the whole wide world who has no part or lot in this primal love, then it would surely follow that there is one man in the world who is in no wise to blame because he cannot love Him in return.

Moreover, it is no great trouble to realize the truth the apostle opens touching the true reason for this love toward God, when we note the springs and sources of it in ourselves toward those who stand to us, in some fair measure, in his stead.

Because this is a cardinal truth in our own life,—that, when the lower nature loves the higher, there is some such reason within it all as this the soul of man has for loving God. It may be only as the love of the ox for his owner and the ass for his master's crib, the dog for the shepherd who companions with him on the hills and moors, or the white child we used to hear of for the black nurse who had taken it into her great, sunny African heart.

But, if it is a real love, true and sweet as life and strong as death, then this rises in the deeps of our nature, where we are first touched by the love of the one who is above us. It is as the sun to the seed, then, the light to the eye, the sweet fresh air to the breathing, the active to the latent life, and the inspiration to any true and good aspiration of which we are capable in this direction always.

So we touch through our own nature the simplest meaning of these words, "We love Him because he first loved us"; while, wherever you find a man bare of this love, you have to make up your mind to one of two conclusions,—either the man is outside the circle of the love of God or, being within the circle, he has not taken the truth home to his heart in any true and worthy way.

And, in speaking to you about this great matter, may I not say, first of all, that it is no special wonder so many men and women cannot believe in this primal love? and no great blame to them, if what is still held for the truth in so many quarters is indeed true,—that the God and Father of us all only loves those for good and all, as we say, whom he elects from the vast hordes of men and predestines to the eternal life here and in the world to come.

For just as we should feel bound to say to the sons of a father who gave them no fair chance in life, and no fair share in his fortune, that he might pile the whole wealth of it on one or two especial favorites, "You are not bound to love your father or even to respect him, because he is not acting the true part of a father toward you, while, if, after all, you do love him, you are both greater and better than he can ever be." So, if it could be proven true that, for some reason of which he will give no account, he loves all the Jacobs, but hates all the Esaus, and enriches all the Isaacs at the expense of all the Ishmaels, then the Ishmaels and Esaus have a perfect right to say he shall not reap where he has not sown or gather where he has not strawed, while there is an eternal justice and right in the universe.

Now this, if I understand the question, is the doctrine still held by the majority of our religious teachers ; while some of them will go farther than this, and tell you that there are a hundred or a thousand Esaus to one Jacob. And so I ask, Where is the true man? If this be true, who will lay anything to the charge of God's *non*-elect, because they do not and cannot love him? Or who will not say that, when men are compelled to accept such teaching, and to think of themselves as predestined to eternal despair, if there is a grain of love for him after all in their hearts, are they not grander and greater through that poor little grain of unslain regard than the loftiest saint whose soul has ever soared and flamed heavenward through the conviction that "the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded"?

We only shift the trouble again, but do not remove it, when we consider the teaching which makes his love toward us turn on the satisfaction drawn from the slaying of his best beloved Son for our sin, and in our acceptance of his favor on these terms; while we may have such a sense of the high conditions of a true love as to be compelled to reject the thought, because it is utterly unworthy a man even, how much more of our Father in whose image we are made.

Yet for this rejection, and for reasons as pure and noble as the heart can conceive, we are told there can be no such love for us as there is for those who accept the doctrine, and so we may count ourselves fortunate if we attain to the everlasting life through the uncovenanted mercies of the Most High.

I said this was but little better than the old doctrine of Election. It is only better to me in this,—that we are told the infinite love broods over us all, and has room for us all, but we must accept it on these terms, or there is no hope for us. Neither is the love of God manifested in us, if we reject the terms.

Now, when I notice that, as our humanity rises into finer

forms, becomes truer in its thought, has a clearer conception of what is most worthy, sees wider, thinks deeper, and ripens to the more perfect soul, there is sure to be a vaster average of those who cannot and will not believe this primal and essential love can ever be bought in this way, I seem to strike the doctrine of Election again. But this time I find that those who are told they have no claim on this love are not your Esaus and Ishmaels. They are men very often of the largest thought, the devoutest heart, and the purest life.

They cannot consent to be loved for such a reason, neither for such a reason can they love. They could not consent to love a man at such a price as that, or have him love them. So they cannot twist and wrench their nature, and try to make themselves believe that on such ground as this they can win the love of God or give him theirs in return. So this doctrine of a satisfaction for sin leaves such men entirely outside the blessed life.

And, if there were no greater and better truth than this which has met with such general acceptance in the Christian Church, they would be doomed and lost through the very pureness and nobility of their nature, and for being most God-like be banished forever from God.

I have ventured to sketch these doctrines in sharp outline again, because I think they stand directly in the way of the truest love of man toward God, though of course they cannot interfere for an instant with his love for man. And, then, because I believe there is a way through which we can all be aware of this love to every one of us, which, once touched on our part with a true heart and a right spirit, will leave us in no doubt as to whether we love him in return.

I say a true heart and a right spirit, because I think that just here we come across the awful gift of a *free will* through which one man will elect to find for himself in this world and life the purest revelations of the divine love,

where another will see only and everywhere a stern and cruel fate. Wordsworth said of a great, sad soul, "He looks on all things with an evil eye"; and this must be where you touch the line which divides such a man from Wordsworth himself, who, wherever he wandered, felt this love gleaming on him through nature and life, and sang of it in the sweetest strains. While the other man, of almost an equal genius, or, as some think, a higher, found only the things in the main which stir the baser deeps of our common nature,—passion, lust, evil thoughts of men and women, and a devouring unbelief.

So it may be with us as we turn toward God or turn from him in this great sacred quest after his love. It may turn to milk and honey in one man or to gall and wormwood in another, as they walk down the same world and watch the same movements of Providence and life. I think no one thing is capable of a surer proof than this, or more essential to be understood, that we find what we seek; while to men and women with our endowments there comes a time when we elect our own seeking, and of our own intention pluck the thistle or the rose, when an evil heart of unbelief is the main factor, or a heart with the loving glance in it, and when a devil does indeed enter into us, or an angel.

Here, then, is the truth as it comes home to my own heart. It is primal, I said, preceding my love as the light precedes my seeing, impartial as the shining of the sun on a garden mingled of sweet and bitter, and free as the roll of the ocean to my boat. And yet it is still subject to this heart of grace within me, which can answer to its invasion, or to the evil heart which waits on the evil eye, and can find no love of God anywhere in the universe, but only the stern and ruthless law of life and of death.

Once more, if this heart is in us I would possess and plead for, I, for one, find I am not troubled about these heresies — so branded — touching the origin and ascent of our human race. Because, admitting this to be the truth

of the new time, that we were protoplasm once, and monads, I will affirm, then, there were monads, in the vast, seething, uncouth mass of them, in which something stirred which could never rest again until there was a man, and then a manhood which could never rest until he was born, over whose cradle the heart of our common Christendom bends on our Christmas morning; while, when Science whispers, I cannot tell whence the spark came, and Reason folds her wings and waits, Faith sings, That divine spark came from God.

They were all alike once; and in the nature of things, apart from this primal love, they must have stayed so. But he looked on these whence we sprang, and loved them, pricked them with a divine pain, so that they began to feel some faint pulse in the life that then was beating toward that which was to come, found their way to something better than monads, and held on, toiling upward always, curiously formed in the lower parts of the earth, fearfully and wonderfully made, as the Psalmist sings, from the monad to the man.

So within this selection of species I find the selecting God, who, as my heart's sight tells me, could not rest with monads, but for pure love's sake must find his image in the dear Son, who could love him with a love answering to his own.

And, again, in accepting these revelations of the new time for the truth, if we scan the conditions of our human life while the man is so painfully finding his way upward from the caves to the homes and temples of this New Year's morning, we shall hardly fail to find this primal love again, touching our whole human family, in the adaptation of the man to what we call his environment, through which every nation and tribe has found about as much bounty as it could bear in any given time and place.

For we must never forget the vast difference between the way we look at those who are far below us in the scale of

life and the way they look at themselves, deeming much ecstasy we should deem mere misery, so that, if you take the savage as you find him in his wilderness, you are almost sure to find that the last thing in the world he would do is to change places with you.

"The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own,
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease.
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave."

The outcries about the squalor and misery of the lower races of men come from those above them; but, so long as they are left alone, the love of God touches them in this essential way, of a fair balance between the outward conditions and the inward satisfactions. There is not an Indian on the plains, with room and verge enough for such a life as he wants to live, who does not this instant prefer his wild home to the best house on our best avenue, with all the amenities and luxuries we could give him. Nothing has ever impressed me more wonderfully, as I have found these people in some fair measure clean from our vices, than the fine blending of their life with that of the great mother.

Then, in tracing the upward march of man, we find this primal love of God again, as we see how he has taken hold with us in all our strivings, no matter about our deserving. For, while there is a school which steadily insists that the innermost reason for the progress of the race lies in the man and in nature, this can never be the teaching of those who would satisfy the heart as well as the mind, and so will watch through the vast ranges of history and life for those proofs of the divine power and grace but for which there would have been no progress in that life of the soul which is the key to the whole problem.

We may leave the Bible for a moment out of the question, with the testimonies of those who have done most for the world's blessing, and only watch how these men came out of the eternal mystery to help us fight our battles, to teach and inspire us and lead us on, not because we deserved such men, but simply because we needed them and must have them, or fail utterly to rise; and then I can see only one way to account for them. They came at God's bidding,—not that we loved him, but that he first loved us; and the divine purpose preceded the human, as the sun precedes the springing of the seed.

It has cut through our very hate and overborne our refusal. It is the wonder which touches the best gift he ever gave us. "He was despised and rejected." He was led from the prison to the judgment. He was smitten, spit upon, crowned with thorns, and crucified. No fatality of crime could be more conclusive, no argument we could make more terrible, that the love of God *cannot* come first, than the blind and ruthless work we made, ending on the cross.

It was love's turn again, when we had done our worst, and out of that torn body this mighty spirit sprang which is forever quickening the world into a new life and compelling us to confess that this primal love of God is, after all, the greatest factor in the universe. Cause and consequence, with this masterful love left out, would have left us to our woe; but there, as everywhere, we find our hate cannot hinder this perfect love of God. We stone the prophets, and slay those he sends us; and, lo! new harvests of blessing spring for the lands enriched by the shedding of their blood.

We know he loves us first, again, because the great souls say so who are most God-like. It is the burden of all Jesus ever said, and the quickening spirit in all he ever did. Take this love of God to us, which precedes our love to him, out of the Gospels, and you take the very soul out of

them, and leave nothing but a shell. It is the sweet, true strain which runs through all the limitations of the prophets also, and the seers and saints and apostles, though they very often fail to see its wide sweep and perfect potency, and so are beaten down in their soaring by the fear that, after all, the vast majorities of men must live and die outside its pale; but that God loves us, and this is the secret of *our* loving, the saints and seers never doubt whose words touch us like fire, feed us as with fine wheat, and heal us as with oil. It is forever the truth with them,—“We love Him because he first loved us.”

And so I would take these lessons home to my own heart always, and say, If He loves us, he loves me and mine, and thee and thine, now and forever, while, if he has never let go of the race, he will never let go of any soul: that my free will is just as far as my tether reaches, and then his love is the power which locks us all into the eternal life. He knows the wilderness as well as he knows the fold; and, if we break away, he can bring us back, *he can* bring us back. And *can* and *will* with him are exact equivalents.

Again, if he first loves me, he also loves me from the first,—through all my sin and shame, my sorrowing and suffering, and when the evil heart of unbelief is in me, as when I sit clothed and in my right mind. The stroke, then, which turned my fortune to misfortune found his love standing guard; and the guard was not broken when the stroke fell. While the great shadow which came like the blackness of darkness forever on you, if you could but know now what you will know hereafter, was the folding about you of the wings of his angels.

Very sad it is to me, therefore, to hear men doubt this perfect love, or try to limit it to here and there a man and woman, or to a line drawn between life and death, as if this mighty love could only take these souls of ours within its clasp, while we have these poor, perverse bodies in tow, which at times with us all, and with so many always, would drag the diviner manhood down toward the pit.

No, *no*, I say: this cannot be true. The love of God can no more be stayed by the lines drawn about it in our creeds and systems than June can be stayed by January or the light by the midnight darkness. This scripture is of no private interpretation now. It is wide as the world, high as heaven, and deep as hell. And so, at some loss touching what I should say to you this New Year's morning, when there were so many truths on which I would love to dwell these moments, my heart responded to this as the watchword for the New Year.

I said, I will speak once more, as so often in all these years I have tried in some poor fashion to dwell, on our own gospel of the love of God. Here we cannot be mistaken. Here we can never fail. Here is the seed that shall spring up to the everlasting life. So here, and in our own homes, and everywhere, let this be the watchword and the heart of our endeavor to make good this truth, which welled up out of the heart of the good apostle,—
“We love Him because he first loved us.”

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GEO. H. ELLIS
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THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION.

My text is from the eighth chapter of the Gospel according to John, the thirty-second verse: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Science tells us that the law of growth is embodied in the phrase, "the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest." As we look beneath the surface in any department of human endeavor, analyze things a little carefully, we discover that this contest is going on. We know that it is not confined to the lower forms of life or the order of the inanimate world. It is a universal law. We are not always conscious of it; but, when we do think and study, we discover it as an unescapable fact.

In the religious world, for example, between the different thoughts and theories which are held among men as solutions of the problems of life we find this contest going on. Here, again, it is not always apparent; but in the mind of any man who thinks, who reads, who reflects, this process is apparent. This view is considered, another view mentioned by somebody else is set over against it, and the claims of the two theories are brought up for judgment. And so there goes on perpetually this debate. Now and again it comes to the surface, and attracts popular attention. We have been in the midst of an experience of this kind for the last two or three weeks here in New York City.

But the thing I want you to note is -- and that is the great lesson I have in mind this morning -- that all of this superficial discussion of one point or another is only an indication of a larger, deeper contest. When, for example,

men are debating as to the infallibility or inerrancy of the Old Testament,—as to the story of the creation as told in Genesis, as to the nature and work of Jesus, as to the future destiny of the race,—when they are discussing any one of these particular problems, they are only dealing with matters that are really superficial. Underneath these there is a larger problem; and to this problem and its probable issues I wish to call your attention this morning.

There are two great world theories, complete each in itself, both of them thinkable, mutually exclusive, one of which only can be true, and one of which must finally become dominant in the educated and free thought of the world. These two theories I wish to place face to face before you this morning, call your attention to some of their special features and note the claims they have on our acceptance.

Before doing this, however, I wish you to note that there are indications of a dual tendency on the part of the human mind which has not been manifested in the development of these two theories alone, but which has had manifestations in other directions and in other times.

In the early traditions of Greece and Rome you find two tendencies on the part of the mind of man. There was, first, an old-time tradition which placed the Golden Age of humanity away back in the past. The people dreamed of a time when Saturn, the father of gods and men, lived on the earth, and governed directly his children and his people. In that happy time there was no disease, no pain, no poverty. There were no class distinctions. There were no wars. The evil of the world was unknown. That was the Golden Age which a certain set of thinkers then placed far back in the past. They told how that age was succeeded by a bronze age,—a poorer condition of affairs,—how the gods left the earth, and all contentions and evils of every kind began to afflict the world. This was succeeded by the age of brass, that by the age of iron; and so the poor old

world was supposed to be getting worse and worse, lower and lower, from one epoch of time to another.

But also among these same people there were another set of traditions, illustrated sufficiently for our purpose by the story of Prometheus. According to this the first age of humanity was its worst and poorest and lowest age. The people lived in abject poverty and misery. They were even neglected on the part of the gods, who did not seem to care for them, but treated them with contempt. Prometheus is represented as pitying their evil estate, caring more for them than the gods did; and so he steals the celestial fire, and comes down to the world and presents it to men, and so helps them to begin civilization,—a period of prosperity and progress. For this he is punished by the gods.

The point I wish you to note is that even among the Greeks and the Romans there were two types of mind, one of which placed the Golden Age in the past, and the other of which placed it in the future as the goal of man's endeavor and growth.

A precisely similar thing we find in the Old Testament, so that these two types of mind appear among the Hebrews. In one of these we find again the Golden Age, the perfect condition of things, placed at the beginning. There was a garden, and man and woman were perfect in it. There was no labor, no toil, no pain, no sorrow, no fear, no trouble of any kind. But that was followed by sin, evil, entering the world, by their being driven out; and so the world has again been going from bad to worse, as the ages have passed by.

On the other hand, among the Hebrews, as illustrated in the writings of the great prophets, the master minds of the Hebrew race, there is the opposite belief manifested. There is no fall of man, no perfect condition of things, no Golden Age at the beginning, in the prophets. There is none in the teaching of Jesus. Rather do they look forward with kindling eye and beating heart to some grander thing that is to be.

Here is this dual tradition, then, in the world, in different parts of the world,—this dual way of looking at the problem of life.

Now I wish to place before you the two great contrasted theories of the universe. In presenting that which has been dominant for the last two or three thousand years,—two thousand, perhaps, speaking roughly,—I am quite well aware that I shall have to seem to tell you what you perfectly well know, what I have said on other occasions; but it is necessary for me to run over it, and I will do so as briefly as I can, setting it before you in outline as a whole, so that you may see it in contrast with the other theory which I shall then endeavor to set forth also as a whole.

According to that theory of the world, then, which lies at the foundation, the old-time and still generally accepted theory of Christendom, the world was created in the year 4004 B.C. It was created in a week's time. This was the general teaching until thinkers were compelled to accept another theory by the advances of modern investigation. The world was created inside of a week. God got through, pronounced it good, and rested. Then in a short period of time—we do not know how long—evil entered this world which God had pronounced perfect. Satan, a real being, the leader of the hosts of the fallen angels, the traditional enemy of God, who had fought him even in his own heaven and been cast out, invades this fair earth. He seduces our first parents, gets them to commit a sin against God which makes them his enemies, turns them into rebels against his just and holy government. The world, then, is fallen. Now from that day to this the one effort on the part of God, according to this theory, has been to deliver the world from this lost condition. Jonathan Edwards, for example, published a book called "The History of Redemption." He conceived the entire history of the world under that title, because the history of the world, according to this theory, has been the history of the effort of God to deliver man from the effects of the fall.

Now let us note the story as it proceeds a little farther. The world exists for—I think I have a date here which may interest you—1,656 years, God meantime doing everything he could, by sending angels and special messengers and teaching the people; and he had accomplished so little that the world was in such a condition that he was compelled to drown it. So came the flood. After that, he chooses one family, one little family and the descendants of that family, one little people, and bends all his energies to the education and training of that people,—a small people inhabiting a country on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean Sea just about as large as the State of Massachusetts.

For more than two thousand years he devotes himself to the training of this people. How does he succeed here? He sends his messengers again, his angels, his prophets, one after another. He inspires a certain number of men to write a book to deliver his will to the people, fallen into such condition that they are incapable of discovering the truth for themselves. But, after all his efforts, they are so far from the truth that, when the second person of the Trinity appears, they have nothing to do with him except to put him to death. After that, God sends the third person of the Trinity, the Holy Spirit, to organize his Church, spread his truth, convert men, bring them into the Church, and so fit them to be saved. And, after two thousand years of that kind of effort, what is the result? They tell us that not more than a third part of the inhabitants of the world have heard anything about it, that the majority of those who have heard about it reject it. Mr. Moody told us last year that in this country, which we love to think of as the most favored and highly civilized and intelligent country in the world, out of seventy millions of inhabitants, not more than thirty millions ever see the inside of any kind of church. I do not vouch for the accuracy of the statistics. I wish to impress upon you the result of this theory of this

six thousand years of endeavor on the part of God to bring his own children to a knowledge of his own truth. The upshot of it on this theory is that the few, the minority, will be saved, and the great majority eternally lost.

Now here is one world theory, one scheme of world history which I wish you to hold clearly and as definitely as possible in your minds, while I place alongside of it another theory.

According to this other, God did not suddenly create the world in a week or in a hundred thousand years. It is a story of continuous and eternal creation. As Jesus said, with fine and noble insight, "My father worketh hitherto." He did not recognize that God was resting on any day or through any period of time.

The world, then, has always been in process of creation. The same forces at work in accordance with substantially the same laws. The world has been millions of years in this process; and the process all around us, if we choose to open our eyes and note it, is still going on with all its wonder and divinity. And we know, as we study the heavens above us, or around us rather, with our telescopes, that there are worlds and systems of worlds in process of creation on every hand. We are permitted to look into the divine workshop and observe the divine method.

The world, then, is always in process of creation. This is the first point in the new theory. It follows, of course, from this that we are to hold the story of the antiquity of the earth, the earth millions of years old, instead of six thousand or ten thousand.

And then, in the third place, it tells us the story of the antiquity of the human race.

All scholars, for example,—as bearing on this I will give you just this one illustration,—know that there was a civilization in Egypt, wide-spread, highly developed, with nobody knows how many ages of growth behind it,—there was this civilization in Egypt before the world was created according

to the popular chronology that has been generally received until within a few years.

We know that man has been on the earth hundreds of thousands of years. This is the next point in that story.

In the next place, they tell us a wondrous tale of the origin and nature of man, tracing his natural development from lower forms of life. When I say "natural," I do not wish you to think for one moment that I leave out the divinity; for, according to this story of the world which I am hinting and outlining now, God is infinitely nearer, more wonderfully in contact with us, than he ever was in the old. Natural, then, but divine at every step, so that we are seeing God face to face, if we but think of it, and are feeling his touch every moment of our lives.

No fall of man, then, on this theory. No invasion of this world by any form of evil or any evil person from without. This story of the fall of man came into the world undoubtedly to account in some philosophical fashion for the existence of pain, of evil, and of death. We account for it on this 'new theory much more naturally, rationally, more honorably for God, more hopefully for man.

The history of the world, then, since man began has not been by any means a history of universal progression. Evolution, however much it may be misunderstood and misrepresented, does not mean the necessity of progress on the part of any one person or any one people, any more, for example, than the growth of the human body is inconsistent with the fact that cells and composite parts of the body are in process of decay and dissolution every hour, every moment of our lives.

Nations grow, advance, if they comply with the laws, the conditions, of growth and advance; and, if not, they die out and disappear. And so is it of individuals. But, on the other hand, in the presence of the loving, lifting, leading God, humanity in the larger sense has been advancing from the beginning of human history until to-day; and the grade,

dim glimpses, which we gain as we look out toward the future, are still up and still on.

According to this theory of the universe, there does not need to be any stupendous breaking in of God into his own world after any miraculous fashion. We do not need an infallible guide in religion any more than anywhere else, unless we are in danger of eternal loss because of an intellectual mistake. We do not need any stupendous miracle to reconcile God to his own world; for he has always been reconciled. We do not need any miraculous bridging of any mythical gulf; for there never has been any gulf. And the outcome,—not as we look forward are we haunted by fearful anticipations of darkness and evil; as we listen, we do not ever hear the clanking of chains; as we look, we know that the dimness that hangs over the coming time is not caused by “the smoke of the torment that ascendeth up forever and ever.” It is a story of eternal hope for every race, for every child of man and child of God.

Here are these two theories, then,—two schemes of the universe and of human history. Which of them shall we accept?

I wish you to note now, and to note with a little care, that you cannot rationally accept a part of one theory and a part of the other, and so make up a patchwork to suit yourselves. Take, for example, the one question, Is man lost or is he not? He is not half lost or sort of lost: he is either lost or he is not lost. Which is true? If he is not “lost,” then he does not need to be “saved.” He may need something else; but he does not need that, for the two correspond and match each other. Let us think, then, a little clearly in regard to this matter, and remember that the outcome of the conflict between these two theories must be the supremacy of either one or the other.

Now, before I come to any more fundamental and earnest treatment of the subject, let me call your attention to certain things that are happening to the old theory.

How much of that old theory is intact to-day? How much of it is held even by those who, being scholars and thinkers, still hold their allegiance to the old-time theology? Let us see. The story of the sudden and finite creation of the world is completely gone. Nobody holds that now who gives it any attention. They have stretched the six days of the week, even those who hold the accuracy of the Genesis account, into uncounted periods of time. So that is gone. The antiquity of man is conceded by everybody who has a right to have and express an opinion; that is, by everybody who has given it any study. Every competent and free scholar knows to-day that the story of the fall of man and the whole Eden story, is a Babylonian or a Persian legend that came into the life of the Jews about the time of their captivity, and was not known of till then among them, and did not take hold on the leading and highest minds of their own people. And there are, as you know, hundreds, if not thousands of clergymen in all the churches to-day who are ready to concede that the story of Eden is poetry or legend or tradition: they no longer treat it as serious history. And yet, as I have said a good many times, they go on as though nothing had happened, although the foundation of their house has been removed. Only theories which stand in the air can thus defy the law of gravitation.

Nobody to-day who has a right to have an opinion believes that God ever drowned the world. That is gone. As to the question as to whether we have an infallible book to guide us in religious matters, there are very few scholars in any church to-day, so far as my investigations have led, who hold any such opinion. That is gone; and the Bible—the Old Testament, at any rate—is coming to be recognized, not as infallible revelation, but as ancient literature,—immensely interesting, full of instruction, but not as an unquestioned guide in any department of life.

There are many among the nominally old churches who are coming to hold a very different theory concerning Jesus,—

his life, his death, and the effect of his death on the salvation of man. More reasonable ideas are prevailing here. In every direction also there are thousands on thousands who are becoming freed from that horrible incubus of fear as they look out towards the future.

As you note then, point after point of this old scheme of the universe is disappearing, being superseded by something else; until I am astonished, as I converse with friends in the other churches, to find how little of it is really left, how little of it men are ready, out and out, to defend. In conversation with an Episcopal clergyman a short time ago on theological questions, we agreed so well that I laughingly said I saw no reason why I should not become a clergyman in the Episcopal Church.

Now, friends, what I wish you to note is this: that there is not one single point in this old scheme of the universe that can be reasonably defended to-day. It is passing away from intelligent, cultivated human thought.

And note another thing: it is a scheme which is a discredit to the thought of God. It is unjust. It is dishonorable in its moral and religious implications. It is pessimistic and hopeless in its outlook for the race. It does not explain the problems of human nature and human experience half as well as the other theory does, even if it could be demonstrated as truth.

Now let us look at the other. The other theory is magnificent in its proportions. It is grand in its conception and in its age-long sweep and range. It is worthy of the grandest thought of God we can frame; and we cannot imagine any increase or heightening or deepening of that thought which would reach beyond the limits of this conception of the universe,—magnificent in its thought of God. And, instead of being pessimistic and hopeless in its outlook for man, it is full of hope, of life, of inspiration, of cheer, something for which we well may break out into songs of gladness as we contemplate.

And, then, it is truth. There is not one single feature of it, or point in it, that has not in the main been scientifically demonstrated to be God's truth. I make this statement, and challenge the contradiction of the world. Whatever breaks there may be in the evidence for this second theory that I have outlined, every single scrap and particle of evidence that there is in the universe is in its favor; and there is not one single scrap or particle of evidence in favor of the other. As I say, I challenge the contradiction of the scholarly world to that statement.

It is true then. Being true, it is God's truth, God's theory of things, the outline of human history as God has laid it down for us; and, as we trace it, like Kepler, we may say, "O God, I think over again thy thoughts after Thee."

Now I wish you to note one or two things concerning this a little further. There are a great many persons who shrink from accepting new ideas because they are haunted with the fear that in some way something precious, something sweet, something noble, something inspiring that they have associated with the past, is going to be lost. But think, friends. When the Ptolemaic theory of the universe gave way to the Copernican, not only did the Copernican have the advantage of being true, but not one single star in heaven was put out or even dimmed its light. All of them looked down upon us with an added magnificence and a fresher glow, because we felt at last we were standing face to face with the truth of things, and not with a fallible theory of man.

Do not be afraid, then, that any of the sanctities, any of the devoutness, any of the tenderness, any of the sweet sentiments, any of the loves, any of the charities, any of the worships of the past, are in danger of being lost. Why, these, friends, are the summed-up result of all the world's finest and sweetest achievement up to this hour; and our theories are only vessels in which we carry the precious treasure.

I am interested in having you see the truth of this universe, because I believe you will worship God more devoutly and love man more truly and consecrate yourselves more unreservedly to the highest and noblest ends, when you can think thoughts of God that kindle aspiration and worship, and thoughts of men as children of God that make it grandly worth your while to live and die for them.

Do you think there is going to be a poorer religion than there has been in the past? I look to the time when we shall have a church as wide as the horizon, domed by the blue, lighted by the sun, the Sun of Righteousness, the Eternal Truth of the Father; a church in which all men shall be recognized as brothers, of whatever sect or whatever religion, in which all shall kneel and chant or lisp their worship according as they are able,—the worship of the one Father, cheered and inspired by the one universal and eternal hope for man.

Do not be afraid of the truth, then, for fear something precious is going to be lost out of human life. Evolution never gives up anything of the past that is worth keeping. It simply carries it on, and moulds it into ever higher and finer shapes for the service of man.

I intimated a moment ago — I wish to touch on this briefly for the sake of clearness — that man, according to this new theory, does not need to be saved,— in the theological sense, of course, I mean,— because he is not lost. He has never been far away from the Father, never been beyond the reach of his hand, never been beyond the touch of his love and care. What does he need? He needs to be trained, he needs to be educated, he needs to be developed; for man is just as naturally religious as he is musical or artistic, as he is interested in problems of government or economics, or any of the great problems that touch the welfare of the world.

Man needs churches, then, or societies of those interested in the higher life of the time, needs services, needs all

these things that kindle and train and develop and lift him up out of the animal into the spiritual and divine nature which is in every one of us. So that none of the worships, none of the religious forms of the world that are of any value, are ever going to be cast aside or left behind.

But there is one very important point that I must deal with for just a little while. I will be as brief as I can.

I have been very much surprised to note certain things that have come out in the recent religious discussions. The editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, for example, has deprecated all talk in regard to matters of this sort, saying, in effect: What difference does it make? What is involved that is of any importance? Why not let everybody worship and believe as he pleases? A writer in the *New York Times* — I think perhaps more than one, but one specially I have in mind — has said substantially the same thing. It does not make any difference. Let people worship as they please, let them believe as they please, let them go their own way. What difference does it make?

Friends, it makes no difference at all, provided there is no such thing in the world as religious truth. If there is, it makes all difference. Let us take this "Don't care" and "No matter" theory for a moment, and in the light of it consider a few of the grandest lives of the world.

If it makes no difference what a man believes in religion or how he worships or what he tries to do, how does it happen that we Unitarians, for example, glorify Theodore Parker, and count him a great moral and intellectual hero? Why should he have made himself so unpopular as to be cast out even of the Unitarian fellowship? Was he contending for nothing? Was he a fool? Was he making himself uncomfortable over imaginary distinctions? Perhaps; but, then, why are we foolish enough to honor him?

Why is it that we glorify Channing, who at an earlier period was cast out of the best religious society of the world for what he believed to be a great principle? Why

is it to-day that we lift John Wesley on such a lofty pedestal of admiration? He left the Church of England, or was cast out of it, went among the poor, preached a great religious reform, led a magnificent crusade, teaching a higher and grander spiritual religion,—a religion of heart, of life, of character, against the mere formalism of the Church of his time. Was he contending about airy nothings without local habitation or a name? If so, why are we so foolish as to admire him?

Go back further to Martin Luther, putting himself in danger of his life, standing against banded Europe, and saying, "Here I stand: God help me, I can do no otherwise!" What is the use? What did he do it for? If it made no difference whether a man worshipped God intelligently or according to the things Luther thought all wrong, what was the difference? What was he contending about, and why does the world bow down to him with reverence and honor?

Why are we fools enough to honor the men who were burned at Oxford? Why do we honor to-day the line of saints and martyrs? Why do we look upon Savonarola with such admiration?

To go back still farther, why was it that the early Christians were ready to suffer torture, to be racked, to be persecuted, to be thrown into kettles of boiling oil, to be cast to the wild beasts in the arena? Were they contending for nothing at all? If it makes no difference, why were they casting themselves away in this Quixotic and foolish fashion? and, if there was nothing involved, how is it that these names shine as stars in the religious firmament of the world's worship?

Go to the time of Jesus himself. A young Nazarene, he leaves his home in Nazareth, joins the fortunes of John the Baptist. After John the Baptist had been fool enough to get his head cut off contending for his theory, Jesus takes up his work, dares to speak against the temple, dares to challenge the righteousness of the most righteous men of

their time, dares at last to stand so firmly that he is taken out one afternoon and hung upon a tree on the hill beyond the walls of the city,—the one supreme piece of folly in the history of the world from the “Does not make any difference” point of view.

Is there any truth involved? Does it touch the living or the welfare of the world? If not, why, then, are these looked upon as the grandest figures since the world began? Are all men fools for admiring them,—except these wiseacres who stand for the theory that it makes no difference and who ought not to admire them at all?

Suppose you apply the principle in other departments of life. We had a tremendous issue in this city and country last fall over the financial question. Would it have made any difference which side won? If it was just as well one way as the other, why not let the people who clamored for silver have silver, those who wanted greenbacks have greenbacks, and those who desired gold have gold? What was the use of troubling about it? We thought there were principles involved.

Take it in the economic world,—the individualist here with his theory, the socialist here with his; theories outlined like those in Edward Bellamy’s “Looking Backward”; a hundred advancers of these different schemes, each contending for mastery. And we feel that the welfare of civilization is at stake; and we stand for these great principles. Take it in politics. What difference does it make whether the theories embodied in the reign of the Czar of Russia prevail, or these here in the United States which we are as foolish as to laud and pride ourselves so much about? What did we have a Civil War for, wasting billions of money and hundreds of thousands of lives? Are these great human contests about nothing at all?

Friends, think one moment. Either man is a child of God or he is not. Man fell at the beginning of his history, and came under the wrath and curse of God, or he did not.

God has sent angels, breaking into his natural order of the world, or he has not. He has created an infallible book or he has not. He has organized an infallible church that has authority to guide and teach the world or he has not. He himself came down to earth in the form of a man once and for all, and was crucified, dead and buried and ascended into heaven, or he did not.

These are questions of historic fact. Does it make no difference what we believe about them? If man is a fallen being, condemned to eternal death, and God has provided only one way for his escape and salvation, then it makes an infinite and eternal difference as to whether we know it or believe it or act on it or not. If the majority of the human race is doomed to eternal torture unless it escapes through certain prescribed conditions, does it make any difference whether we know it or not?

And, if he is not so doomed, does it make no difference to the heart and hope, the life, the cheer, the courage and inspiration of man, whether or not we lift from the brain and the heart this horrible incubus of dread and fear?

Here are all these churches with their wealth, their intelligence, their enthusiasm, their inspiration, ready to do something for humanity. Does it make any difference whether they are doing the right thing for it or not? We could revolutionize the world if we could be guided by intelligence, and find out what man really needs, and devote ourselves to the accomplishment of what that is. The waste, the waste, the waste of money and thought and energy and time and inspiration poured into wrong channels, unguided by intelligence, directed towards things that do not need to be done, and away from things that do need to be done!

These are the questions involved in discussions as to what God is and has done and is going to do with his world.

The one thing we need, then, almost more than all others just now, is to be led by the truth, and have the truth make

us free from the errors and the burdens of the past, so that we may place ourselves truly at the disposal of God for the service of our fellows.

O star of truth down-shining,
Through clouds of doubt and fear,
I ask but 'neath your guidance
My pathway may appear.
However long the journey,
How hard soe'er it be,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow thee.

I know thy blessed radiance
Can never lead astray,
However ancient custom
May tread some other way.
E'en if through untrod deserts
Or over trackless sea,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow thee.

The bleeding feet of martyrs
Thy toilsome road have trod ;
But fires of human passion
May lead the way to God.
Then, though my feet should falter,
While I thy beams can see,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow thee.

Though loving friends forsake me
Or plead with me in tears,
Though angry foes may threaten
To shake my soul with fears,
Still to my high allegiance
I must not faithless be,
Through life or death, forever
Lead on, I'll follow thee.

Father, we consecrate ourselves to Thee and Thy truth
evermore. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>20 cents.</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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DOUBT AND FAITH—BOTH HOLY.

THE object of all thinking is the discovery of truth. And truth for us,—what is that? It is the reality of things as related to us. There has been a good deal of metaphysical discussion first and last as to what things are in “themselves.” It seems to me that this, if it were possible to find it out, might be an interesting matter, might satisfy our curiosity, but is of absolutely no practical importance to us. I do not believe that we can find out what things are in themselves, in the first place; and I do not believe that, if we could, it would be of any service to us. What we want to know is what things are as related to us, as touching us, as bearing upon our life, upon our practical affairs.

Once more: there has been a good deal of discussion as to whether the universe is really what it appears to be to us. They tell us that it is quite another thing from the point of view of other creatures, to beings differently constituted from ourselves. Again, all this may be. It might be interesting to me, for example, to look at the world from the point of view of the fly or of the bird or some one of the animals; but, again, while it might satisfy my curiosity, it could be of no practical importance to me. It might be very interesting to me to know how the universe looks from the point of view of an angel. But, so long as I am not an angel, but a man, what I need to know is what the universe is as related to man.

So truth, I say, then, is the reality of things as related to us.

I must make another remark here, in order perfectly to clear the way. Philosophers and scientific men, a certain class of them, are perpetually warning us of the dangers of

being anthropomorphic. Some one has said, "Man never knows how anthropomorphic he is." This means, as you know, that we look at things from the point of view of ourselves. We see things as man, as *anthropoi*. This has been erected in certain quarters into a good deal of a bugbear in the way of thinking. We are told we can never know the universe really, because we shape everything into our own likeness, we are anthropomorphic, we look at everything from the point of view of men.

I grant the charge; but, instead of being frightened by it, I accept it with content. How else should we look at things except from the point of view of men, since we are men? We cannot look at them in any other way. Let us be, then, anthropomorphic. The only thing we need to guard against is this: we must not assume that we have exhausted the universe, and that we know it all. This is the evil of a certain type of anthropomorphism. But I cannot understand why it is important for us to be anything else but anthropomorphic. I want to know how things look to a man, what things are to a man, how things affect a man, how I am to deal with things, being a man.

This is the only matter, let me repeat again, which is of any practical importance to us, until we become something other than men.

Truth, then, the truth that we desire to find, is the reality of things as related to us. Now doubt and faith are attitudes of mind, and are neither good nor bad in themselves, either of them. They are of value only as they help us in the discovery of this reality about which I have been speaking. If a certain type of doubt stands in our way in seeking for truth, then that doubt so far is evil. If a certain something, called faith, stands in the way of our seeking frankly and fearlessly for the truth, that is evil. If doubt helps us to find truth, it is good: if faith helps us to find truth, it is good. But the only use of either of them is to help us discover and live the truth.

The attitude of the Church — and by the Church I mean the historic Church of the past — towards doubt and faith is well known to us. It has condemned doubt almost universally as something evil, sinful. It has extolled faith as something almost universally good. But in my judgment — and I will ask you when I get through, perhaps, to consider as to whether you do not agree with me — the trouble with the human mind up to the present time has not been a too great readiness to doubt: it has been a too great inclination to believe. There has been too much of what has been called — perhaps by the time I am through you will think miscalled — faith; and there has been too little of honest, fearless, earnest doubt. This is perfectly natural, when you consider how the world begins, and the steps by which it advances.

Let us take as an illustration the state of mind of a child. A child at first does not doubt,— does not doubt anything. It is ready to believe almost anything that father, mother, nurse, playmate, may say to it. And why? In the first place it has had no experience yet of anything but the truth being told it; and in the next place it lives in a world where there are no canons or standards of probability. In the child-world there are no laws, there are no impossibilities, there is nothing in the way of anything happening. The child mind does not say, in answer to some statement, Why, this does not seem reasonable. The child's reason is not yet developed into any practical activity. The child does not say, Why, this cannot be, because there is such a force or such a law that would be contravened by it. The child knows nothing about these forces or laws: it is a sort of a Jack-and-the-Beanstalk world. The beanstalk can grow any number of feet over night in the world in which the child lives. Anything is possible. If father and mother and nurse tell the child about Santa Claus coming down the chimney with a pack of toys on his back, it does not occur to the child to note the fact that the chimney

flue is no more than six inches in diameter, and that Santa Claus and his pack could not possibly pass through such an opening. All this is beyond the range or thought of the stage of development at which the child has arrived.

So in the childhood world. As I said, anything may happen. But you will note, beautiful, sunny, lovely as this childhood world is as a phase of experience, as a stage of development, sweet as may be the memory of it, yet, if the child is ever to grow to manhood, is ever to be anything, ever to do anything, it must outgrow this Jack-and-the-Beanstalk world, this Santa Claus world, this world in which anything may happen, and must begin to doubt, begin to question, begin to test things, to prove things, find out what is real and what is unreal, what is true and what is untrue, must measure itself against the realities of things, learn to recognize the real forces and the laws according to which they operate, so as to deal with them, obey them, make them serve him, enable him to create character and to create a new type of civilization, new things on the face of the earth.

Now what is true of each individual child has been true of the race. The world started in childhood ; and for thousands of years it believed very easily, it believed altogether too much for its good, it believed altogether too readily. Naturally, perhaps, necessary in that stage of its development ; but so long as it remained in that stage there was no possibility of its becoming anything great or noble.

Note, for example, the state of mind of the old Hebrews. I use them merely as an illustration, because you are familiar with their story as told in the Old Testament. Similar things are true of every race on the face of the earth. They knew nothing about the real nature of this universe. They knew nothing about natural forces working in accordance with what we call natural laws. Consequently, they lived in a child-world, a world of magic and miracle, a world in which anything might happen. It did not trouble one of the people of that time to be told that, in answer to the prayer

of one of the prophets, an axe-head which had sunk in the water rose and floated on the surface. There were no natural laws in his mind contradicted by an asserted fact like that. It never occurred to him to be troubled about it. There was nothing very startling to him in being told that the sun stood still for an hour or two to enable a general to finish a battle in which he was engaged. He did not know enough about the universe to see what tremendous consequences would be involved in the possibility of a thing like that. He was not troubled when you told him that a man had been swallowed by a great fish, and had lived for three days and three nights in its stomach, and had come out uninjured. There was no improbability in it to him. Simply, a question as to whether God had chosen to have the fish large enough so that it could swallow him. To be told again that a human body that could eat food and digest it, a body like ours, might rise into the air and pass out of sight into some invisible heaven, not very far away,—there was nothing incredible about it. He knew nothing about the atmosphere, limited in its range so that it would be impossible to breathe beyond a certain distance from the planet. He knew nothing about the intense cold that would make life impossible just a little way above the surface.

The world in which our forefathers lived until modern times was just this magic, Jack-and-the-Beanstalk world,—a world without any impossibilities in it, without any improbabilities in it. All this thought of the true and the untrue, the possible and the impossible, the probable and the improbable, is the result of the fact that man has grown up, has left his childhood behind him, has begun to think, has begun to study, has begun to search for reality, to find out the nature of the world in which he lives, the forces with which he must deal, to understand the universe at least in some narrow range, measured by his so-far experience.

The world, then, until modern times has believed too readily, has accepted things too easily. Let us note, for

example, what have been called by way of pre-eminence the Ages of Faith, the Middle Ages, the age, say, from the seventh or eighth century until the thirteenth or fourteenth. What was characteristic of those ages? Were they grand, noble? They were ages of ignorance, of superstition, of cruelty, of immorality, of poverty, of tyranny, of degradation. Almost everything existed that men would no longer bear to-day; and hardly any of the grand things that characterize modern civilization had then been heard of.

Where did this modern civilization of ours begin? Did it ever occur to you that it began when men began to doubt? It began, we say, with the Renaissance. What was the Renaissance? The Renaissance was the birth of doubt, the birth of question, the demand on the part of men, who began to wake up and think, for evidence. It was the beginning of the scientific age, the birth of the scientific spirit which has renovated, re-created, uplifted the world. Men began to think, to look about them, and to prove all things. And instead of holding fast all things, as they had been doing in the past, they began to hold fast only the things which they found by experience, and after testing and trial, to be good.

Here began, then, the civilization of the world; and all that is finest and highest in industry, in education, in discovery, in the whole external civilization of the world, came in with the coming of this spirit that questions and that asks for proof.

I do not wish you to understand me as supposing that all kinds of doubt are good, equally good. The Church, as I said a little while ago, has been accustomed to teach us that doubt was wrong; and there are certain kinds of doubt that are morally wrong, certain kinds of doubt that are disastrous to the highest and finest life of the world.

I wish now to analyze a little and define and make clear these distinctions, that you may see the kind of doubt which is evil and the kind of doubt which is good.

There are doubts which spring out of the fact that men, under the influence of personal interest, as they suppose, or strong desire, wish to follow certain courses, wish to walk in certain paths; and they doubt and question the laws, moral or mental, religious or what not, which stand in their way, which would prohibit their having their will. As an illustration of what I mean, suppose a man is engaged in a certain kind of business, or wishes to manage his business in a certain kind of way. He suspects, if he stops and thinks about it, that the interests of other people may be involved, that the way in which he wants to conduct his business is a selfish way, that the interests of other people may be injured, that the world as a whole may not be as well off; but it seems to be for his own advantage.

Now it is very difficult, indeed, for you to persuade a man that he ought to do right under such circumstances. He is ready to doubt and question as to whether these laws of right are imperative, whether they are divine, whether they may not be waived one side in the interest of the thing which he desires to do. So you must guard yourself very carefully, no matter what the department of life may be that you are facing, if you find yourself doubting under the impulse of your own wishes, if you are trying to argue yourself into the belief that you may be permitted to do something which you very much want to do.

Be suspicious of your doubts, then, and remember that probably they are wrong. Great moral questions may be involved, and doubt may mean wreck here.

There is another field where doubt is dangerous and presumably an evil. You will find most people, in regard to any question which they have considered or which has touched them seriously, with their minds already made up. They have some sort of a persuasion about it, they have a theory which they have accepted; and, if you bring them a truth with ever such overwhelming credentials which clashes with this preconceived idea or prejudice, the chances are

that it would be met with doubt, with denial,—not a clear-cut, intelligent, well-balanced doubt, but a doubt that springs out of the unwillingness that a man feels to reconstruct his theory.

Let me give you an illustration of what I mean, and this away off in another department of life from our own, so that it will not clash with any of your particular prejudices. Sir Isaac Newton won a great and world-wide renown, and magnificently deserved, by his grand discovery of the law of gravity. You will see, then, how natural it was for people to pay deference to his opinion, to be prejudiced in favor of his conclusions. It was perfectly natural and, within certain lengths, perfectly right. Sir Isaac Newton not only propounded this law of gravity, but he propounded a theory of light which the world has since discovered to be wrong. But it was universally accepted because it was his. It became the accepted scientific theory of the time. By and by a man, unknown up to that time, by the name of Young, studied Newton's theory, and became convinced that it was wrong; and he propounded another theory, the one which to-day is universally accepted through the civilized world. But it was years before it could gain anything like adequate or fair consideration, because the preconception in favor of Newton's theory stood in the way of any adequate consideration of the one which was subsequently universally adopted.

So you will find scientific men,—I know any quantity of them,—grand in their fields, doing fine work, who are not willing to consider anything which would compel a reconstruction of their theories and ideas. This is true not only in the scientific field, but it is true everywhere: it is true in politics. How many men can you get fairly to consider the political position of his opponent? He not only doubts the rightness and the sense of it, but he is ready to deny it. How many people can you get fairly to weigh the position of one who occupies a religious home different from their own? And these religious prejudices, being bound

up with the tenderest and noblest sentiments, feelings, and traditions of the human heart, become the strongest of all, and so are in more danger of standing in the way of human progress than anything else in all the world.

People identify their theories of religion with religion itself, with the honor of God, with the worship and the love of God, and feel that somehow it is impious for them to consider the question whether their intellectual theories are correct or not; and so the world stands by the ideas of the past, and opposes anything like finer and nobler ideas that offer themselves for consideration. And not only in the religious field; but these religious prejudices stand in the way of accepting truths outside the sphere of religion. For example, when Darwin published his book, "The Origin of Species," the greatest opposition it met with was from the religious world. Why? Had they considered Darwin's arguments to find out whether they were true? Nothing of the kind. But they flew to the sudden conclusion that somehow or other the religion of the world was in danger, if Darwinism should prove to be true. And it is very curious to note — I wonder how long the world will keep on repeating that serio-comic blunder — from the very beginning it has been the same; almost every single step that the world proposes to take in advance is opposed by the constituted religious authorities of the time because they assume at the outset that the theories which they have been holding are divinely authorized and infallible, and that it is not only untrue,—this other statement,—but that it is impious as well.

The doubt, then, that springs from preconceived ideas is not only unjustifiable, but may be dangerous and wrong.

Then there is another kind of doubt against which you should beware. There are certain doubts that, if accepted and acted on, stand in the way of the creation of the most magnificent facts in the world. Take as an illustration of what I mean: when Napoleon, a young man in Paris, was asked to

take command of the guard of the city, suppose he had doubted, questioned, distrusted, his own ability; suppose he had been timid and afraid,—the history of the world would have been changed by that one doubt. Take another illustration. At the opening of our war or in the months just preceding the beginning of active hostilities the man then occupying the presidential chair had no faith,—no faith in himself, no faith in the perpetuity of our institutions, no faith in the people; and so he sat doubting, while everything crumbled in pieces around him. And then appeared a man in whom the people had little faith at first, and who had no great faith perhaps in his own ability; but he had infinite faith in God, faith in right, faith in the people, faith in the possibilities of freedom trusted in the hands of the people. And this faith created a new nation.

If there had been doubt in the heart of Abraham Lincoln, again the history of the world would have been changed. He believed that

“Right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win:
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.”

You see, then, here is another field where you had better be wary of doubt. Do not doubt yourself, do not doubt the possibilities of noble action, noble character, of achievement. We say of a young man entering life, brimful of enthusiasm, that all this will be toned down by and by; and we speak of it as though the enthusiasm itself somehow was a fault or a folly. And yet it is just this enthusiasm of the young men that moves and lifts the world. It is this faith in themselves and in the possibility of great things,—it is this faith that lies at the heart of every invention, of every great discovery, of every magnificent achievement. Read the history of invention. The world is full of stories of men who got a new idea. They were laughed at, they were told it was im-

practicable; and, if they had been laughed out of it, it would have been impracticable. It was their faith in the possibility of some great new thing, their faith in the resources of the universe, their faith in themselves as able to discover some new truth and make it applicable to the needs of the world, — it is this faith which has been at the root of the grandest things that have ever been done.

It is this which was in the heart of Columbus as he sailed out towards the West. It is this which was in the heart of Magellan as he studied the shadow of the earth across the face of the moon, and believed in the story that shadow told him against the constituted authorities of the world.

But now let us turn sharply, and find out where doubt does come in, and where it is as honorable, as noble, as necessary, as faith.

People misuse this word "faith." Doubt applies to all questions of fact that may be investigated, to all questions of history, to all questions open to the exercise of the critical faculty. For example, if I am told that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, and I say I accept that statement on faith, I am abusing the dictionary. I have no business to accept it on faith. Faith has nothing whatever to do with it. It is a pure matter of scholarship. It is a matter of study, of investigation, a matter of clear and hard intelligence, and nothing more.

Suppose I am told that the Catholic Church is infallible, and I am asked to accept it as an article of faith. Here, again, the introduction of the word "faith" into a domain like that is an impertinence. Faith has nothing whatever to do with it. That is a question of fact. We can read history for the last eighteen hundred years. We can find out what the Catholic Church has said and what the Catholic Church has done, as to whether it has proved itself absolutely infallible or not. It is a matter of study and decision intellectually; and it is my duty to doubt that which does not bring authentic credentials in a field like this.

Take the question of the authorship of the Gospel of John. Was it written by the apostle John, who lay in the bosom of Jesus, and was called the beloved disciple? Have I any business to say I have faith that it was written by him, and let it rest there? Faith has nothing to do with it. We can trace the history of that book, find out when first it was referred to, follow it back as far as possible, find out whether it was in existence before the apostle John had died or not. It is a pure matter of criticism, a matter of study; and I have no business to accept it as a matter of faith, because, if I do, I am in danger not only of deceiving myself, but of misleading the world. And truth,—we cannot say it too often or too emphatically,—truth is the only thing that is holy in investigations of this kind. Men's beliefs and mistakes, old, venerable, revered though they may have been by millions and for hundreds of years, are no less unworthy longer to delude the minds of men. Truth is divine, truth is the one object of our search.

Now let us come to consider for a moment the nature of faith. I said a little while ago that the word is very frequently misused. Nine times out of ten, when I hear people using the word "faith" and I see the connection in which they use it, I discover they do not know the meaning of the word. That which has favor generally under the name of faith is simple credulity. It is closing the eyes and accepting something on somebody's authority without any investigation. That, remember, is not faith.

Let us see now if I can give you a clear idea of what faith really is; and now I have the Bible — and I am glad to say it — behind me. This magnificent chapter,* a portion of which I read as our lesson this morning, gives precisely the same idea of faith as that which I am going to outline. What is faith? Faith is a purely rational faculty. It is not irrational, but it is perfectly understandable. Suppose there is a man suddenly accused of a crime, and I never saw him before, I

* Heb. xi.

do not even know his name ; but I go into court when he is brought up for trial, and I say that I have faith in that man, and I do not believe that he committed the crime. Do you not see that I am talking nonsense? I have no business to have faith in him, there is no ground for faith, it is an entire misuse of the word. But now take another case. Here is a man that I have known for twenty years. I have seen him in business. I have seen him in his home, among his neighbors and friends, and in the street. I have met him in all sorts of relations. I have talked with him, I have tested him. I have been intimate with him. He is suddenly accused of crime, and is brought into court. I appear, and say I have faith in that man, I do not believe that he committed the crime. I do not know that he did not commit it ; but I have grounds here for faith. In the light of his past life, of his experience, of his temptations, of his opportunities to go wrong, and of his having gone right,— in the light of all this past experience of years, I have faith in this man ; and I say it, and I am talking reason and sense. In the other case I am talking folly.

Faith, you see, is a rational faculty. Let me give you another illustration. Suppose I am driving along through the country some morning when there is a very thick fog hanging over the landscape. The fog is so thick that I can see no more than ten or fifteen feet ahead of me ; but I discover that I am near the bank of a river, and I come to the entrance to a bridge. I can see enough to know that here is an abutment of a bridge and an arch springing out into the fog. I drive on to that bridge with simple confidence. I do not know that there is any other end to the bridge. I have never seen it before. I have seen other bridges, however ; and I know that, generally, bridges not only begin somewhere, but end somewhere. So, though I do not know for certain that the bridge ends on the other side of the river,— for aught I know there may be a break in it, the bridge may not be completed, something may have hap-

pened to it,— I confidently drive on ; and in ninety-nine times out of a hundred my faith is justified by the result. This is a pure act of faith, but faith, do you not see, based in reality, springing out of experience, and so a purely rational act of the mind.

Let me give you one illustration of the scientific use of faith, very striking, beautiful, as it seems to me. The only time Mr. Huxley was in this country, I happened to be in New York, and heard him give the opening one of a brief course of three lectures in Chickering Hall. He was very much interested then in the ancestry of the horse. Most of you are probably aware of the fact that they have traced its ancestry to a little creature having five toes, like ordinary animals. At the time that Mr. Huxley was here, one link in this chain was missing ; that is, one of the forms in the line of the horse's ancestors had not been discovered.

But here, for example, was the first one and the second one, we say, and the third one was missing, and here was the fourth one, and here was the horse itself. Now, in the light of the presumable uniformity of nature, Mr. Huxley went on to describe this missing animal. He said, if the remains of this creature are ever found, they will be so and so ; and he went into an accurate detailed explanation as to what sort of creature it would be. He had not been at his home in England a year before Professor Marsh, of Yale College, discovered this missing link in Colorado, and it answered precisely to the description which Professor Huxley had beforehand given of it.

Now here is a case of scientific prophecy, scientific faith,— a faith based on previous scientific observations, based on the experienced uniformity of nature. Mr. Huxley did not know, he could not have known ; but he believed. He believed in the universe, he believed in the sanity of the universe, he believed in the uniformity, the order, the beauty, of the universe ; and the result justified his faith.

Faith, then, is a purely rational faculty. It has nothing

to do with the past, but is always the evidence of things hoped for, the substance of something not yet seen. It is always looking along the lines of possible experience for something as possibly or probably to be.

Now at the end I wish to suggest a few things that are in the rightful province and field of faith,—fields where we can fearlessly exercise this grand faculty, where indeed we must exercise it if we are to achieve the highest and finest results in the world.

And, in the first place, quoting the words of the old writer, let me say, "Have faith in God." I do not mean by this, accept certain intellectual statements or propositions about him, though they may be mine, and though I may thoroughly accept and believe them.

You may doubt the representation of God that is made in any one of the theologies of the world as to whether the statements made about him are accurate. It is not this intellectual belief that I am talking about at this minute. Have faith in God! You may not even use the name. I am no such stickler for phrases as to condemn a man who cannot say "God." I have known a good many men, who have hesitated to pronounce the name, who were infinitely more divine in their life and character than those who are glibly uttering it every hour of their lives. It is not this I mean. It is something deeper, higher, grander, than that. As you look along the lines of history from the far-off time where we begin to trace it until to-day, and see the magnificent march of advance,—an orderly universe lightening and glorifying as it advances, becoming ever finer and higher and better; as you observe the order and truth and beauty and good dominant, and ever coming to be more and more dominant as the years advance,—believe in this and trust this, trust to all possibilities of something finer and grander by way of outcome in the future. Have faith in God!

And, then, have faith in truth. I meet only a few people that seem to me to have utter faith in truth, who really

believe that it is safe to tell the truth, always tell it. I talk with a great many people — I wish to mention this as an illustration of what I mean — who speak in the greatest commendation of the Roman Catholic Church. They say, We do not know what we should do in this country if we had not the Roman Catholic Church to keep a certain section of the people down, to keep them in order. I wonder if people ever realize just what this means. It means a lack of faith in God and faith in truth and faith in humanity, all three. If it is not safe to tell the truth, then I am not responsible for it. I propose to say it, although people tell me that there is danger of the explosion of the universe on account of it. If there is, I am not responsible for making it true. Oh, I get so tired of this kind of timidity, this playing hide-and-seek with people! I have had a minister tell me that he wished he was free to tell the truth in his pulpit as I am; and then I have had people in his congregation tell me afterwards that they wished their minister would preach the truth plainly, as I did. Simply playing hide-and-seek with each other!

You remember the story of the man in Italy, who asked the priest if he really believed the religion of the country; and the priest said, "Oh, no! we have to go slowly on account of the people; they believe it." And when the people were asked if they believed it, they said, "Oh, no, we are not such fools; but the priests believe it." And so people play hide-and-seek with each other, not daring to tell the magnificent, clear truth of things.

Have faith in the truth. It is feared that it is not quite safe to tell people the truth, because they are not quite ready for it; and I have had no end of conversations during the religious discussion of the last two or three weeks right in this line. It seems to me very much like saying that, because a man has been shut up in a dark prison for a long time, you had better keep him there, because it would be such a shock to him suddenly to face the light. Un-

doubtedly, it would be a shock. Undoubtedly, it would trouble and stagger people for a little while to be told the simple truth; but how is the world ever to get ahead, if you keep on, as a matter of policy, lying to it for ages? How is it ever going to find the truth? Shall I lie for the glory of God, the supposed honor of God? I will take no such responsibility.

Let us have faith in the truth, then. Tell it fearlessly, simply, utterly; and, if God is not able to take care of his own world, why, the sooner it ends and we get into a stage of existence where it is safe to tell the truth, the better.

Have faith in men. Have faith in the people. This it is that we trust to in all our hopes of progress for the future. This it is which distinguished Lincoln among our statesmen. You remember that grand saying of his, true and humorous, so that it sticks in our memory, and we can never forget it,—“You can fool all the people a part of the time, you can fool a part of the people all the time; but you can’t fool all the people all of the time.” Here is the basis on which we rest our republic. Our republic is fallen unless the people are really to be trusted:

Have faith, then, in the people,—faith in their healthy instincts, faith in their general sanity, faith in their desire for the right and the true; and this is a genuine exercise of faith, for the past history of the world justifies it.

And, then, have faith in yourself as a child of God. I do not mean conceit now. I do not mean an overestimate of your ability, but belief that you can do great, grand, noble things,—belief that you can become something great, noble, grand; belief in the possibility in this life or in some other life of unfolding all that is highest, truest, sweetest, in manhood and womanhood. It is this faith that is able to create the fact and make that which it trusts in.

Let us then believe in God, believe in truth, believe in humanity, believe in ourselves; and then we may work towards

the coming of that far, grand time when the dreams of the world shall be realized and its faith shall become reality.

Father, we do believe in Thee. Help Thou our unbelief. And let us, as we look forward towards the coming time, trust so in the possibilities of grand and noble things that we shall consecrate ourselves to bringing them to pass. Amen.

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IS LIFE A PROBATION ENDED BY DEATH?

My subject this morning is an attempted answer to the question, "Is Life a Probation ended by Death?" It will broaden itself naturally, if we cannot accept that theory of it, into the further question, What is the main end and purpose of our life? I take my text from the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, the fifteenth and the sixteenth verses. I will read them as they appear in the Old Version: "See, then, that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time."

The idea of the writer is that, as we pass through the world, we should do it with our eyes kept intelligently open, looking about us on every hand, trying to comprehend the situation, to see what things are, and what we ought to do to play our part in the midst of them. Not heedlessly, not unwisely, he says,—perhaps hardly the harsh word "fools,"—but as wise, as persons intelligently ready to take advantage of the situation and make the most of the condition in which one finds himself; redeeming the time, or, as the Revised Version has it, "buying up the opportunity"; being ready, that is, to pay whatever price is necessary, in order to make the most of the situation.

This, then, is the spirit according to our text in which we should look over the problem of life; and this is the method by which we should attempt to guide its practical affairs.

That which people regard as the matter of most importance, any particular theory or plan of life which they may hold to be for them the most desirable,—this, of course, is that to which they will direct their chief attention, on which they will lavish their thought, on which they will pour out

their care, to which they will consecrate their energies. If now the theory or plan of life be false, if it be inadequate, if one is looking in the wrong direction for the success that he desires, or if he expects to achieve the great end and object of living by means which are not real, which do not match the actual facts of the world and of human life, then of course his effort is so far thrown away. He wastes energies, power, time, enthusiasm on wrong ends which might be used to the attainment of things which are real and fine and high.

Is it not then of the utmost importance that our conception of life, what it is for, what we ought to attempt to reach, and how we should make this attempt, should be an accurate one? Any young man starting out in life, if he sets up for himself a goal which is unworthy, which does not match his faculties and powers, and if he proposes to reach it by means which are not adequate to the attainment of his desires, — do you not see how he wrecks and wastes his life? His opportunity is gone; and by and by he wakes up to find that the years have been dissipated, and he has not attained any worthy or noble end.

If this be true of a young man as he looks forward to a scheme or plan of life here during these few short years, how much more is a similar thing true, when we are contemplating not merely the question of a business, or professional or social failure and success, but are looking at the grander and more inclusive theme of the beginning and aim and outcome of life itself! We have inherited from the past the idea that this life here, under the blue sky for a few years, as we live it, is a probation, that we are put here on trial, and that death ends it, and that, when we have passed that line, gone over from that which is visible here into the invisible, we are either "lost" or "saved," and things are definitely fixed forever.

I am perfectly well aware that the most of us who are here have given up this idea, though there may remain frag-

ments and suggestions of it in our minds still haunting the chambers of the brain, not yet outgrown, not yet cleared away. But with most people in the modern world, if they are sincere, if they are consistent, the one great question with them is whether they are to be saved or lost in another life. And, if this be the true theory of things, then not only ought men to bend all their thought, their energies, devote their enthusiasms, consecrate their time and money to it as much as they do, but a thousand times more.

We look, perhaps, with a sort of amused curiosity, some of us, from what we regard as our superior point of view, at a man like Mr. Moody; and yet Mr. Moody is one man out of a million for his consistency and consecration to the thought which underlies all the Protestant churches of the modern world, with the exception of a few here and there. Mr. Moody believes that this life is a probation ended by death. There are thousands on thousand on thousands of men who say they believe it, who still cast in all their influence with churches that are based on it, and who yet devote their energies mainly to making money, to attaining social success, to pleasures of one kind or another, to political ambitions, who live as though this great fate were not overhanging the world, who meet their neighbors for pleasure or business, believing, if they are sincere, that this neighbor is heedlessly walking on to the brink of a gulf, and yet never speaking to him about it, never saying a word to imply that they really believe it; and yet this fear hangs over them, haunts their consciousness waking or sleeping; and, if you ask them if they believe it, they will say they suppose they do. In hours of danger, when disease threatens them or they are looking death in the face, they are affrighted, and try to flee to the traditional refuge as a place of safety.

The whole great Catholic Church teaches that nobody has the slightest chance of being saved except by becoming a member of her great body of believers and partaking of her sacramental means of grace.

This, I say then, is the great underlying belief of Christendom ; and, if it is true, the world ought to consecrate itself, head and brain and soul, time, money, power, prayer, enthusiasm, everything, to delivering men from the imminent danger. If it is not true, then it ought to be brushed completely one side, put out of consciousness, of thought, of fear. The world ought to be dispossessed of its haunting presence. Why? So that we may fix our attention on the true end and aim of life, and find out what it means to live, how we ought to live, and why and what for, what ought to be the goal of our human endeavor.

So long, then, as this belief does lie at the foundation of all the great churches of Christendom, so long as it is employed in all the criticisms of us who do not any longer accept it, it seems to me that it is worth our while to reconsider the question for a little while, so that we may clear our minds and thoughts, and may fix our attention definitely and earnestly on that which ought to be the goal of all our endeavor, our enthusiasm and our hope.

Let us, then, look for just a few moments at this theory, and see what it means and implies.

It is said that our first father was put on probation, was called upon to decide, not for himself only, but for all his descendants, as to what the future history of the inhabitants of this planet should be. Two famous books were published only a few years ago by Dr. Edward Beecher, the eldest son in that famous family. These were "The Conflict of Ages" and "The Concord of Ages." Dr. Beecher argued that anything like a fair probation on the part of Adam was an impossibility. This in the face of the prevailing beliefs of the time when the books were written. He said that, if a man were to choose on such a momentous question as this, — choose adequately, choose fairly, — he must be so circumstanced and endowed that he could comprehend the entire result of his choice. He must be able to look down the ages imaginatively, and see on one hand all the line of sin

and misery, of death, finite and eternal, which should issue from his choosing in one direction. He must be able to comprehend all the good, the music, the joy, the beauty, the glory, the infinite perfectability, in this world and the next, which should follow his choice in the other direction. And he said that Adam had no such opportunity as that, and was not endowed with the ability or the experience to make any such momentous choice; in other words, that the fundamental basis of the whole theological scheme of the world was unjust and unfair.

This was Dr. Beecher's contention. How did he get over the difficulty? He believed in the pre-existence of human souls, and that in some other life before Adam there must have been an intelligent and fair choice, and that we here and now are only fighting out one stage of the results of that far-off decision. But, if you will stop to think of it a moment, you will see that this puts the difficulty only a little further back: it does not solve it. How does this first person, if it is so, countless millions of ages ago, happen to be endowed with intelligence and experience and ability enough to make such a momentous choice?

And now just consider a moment. Is it conceivable that a sane person should intelligently choose evil, unless he had some inherited bias or tendency in that direction? For what does the choice of evil mean? It means sorrow, it means pain, it means death, it means everything horrible, everything undesirable, and means that a person deliberately and intelligently pits himself against an infinite and almighty power in what he knows must be an eternally losing battle. Can you conceive of a sane person making such a choice as that?

If one of these first ancestors in the Garden of Eden, or no matter how far back, had a right to choose for himself, I deny his right to choose for me. What right had he to choose for you? What right had he to determine that you should be born with a perverted and corrupt nature, so that

you would be certain to choose evil instead of good,—helpless in the hands of a fate like this?

Now you may look at this theory any way you please, place this probationary choice at the beginning of human history on this planet, or place it just as far back as you will, it is inconceivable, it is unfair, it is unjust, it is insane, it is everything that is foolish and wrong. And yet, note clearly one thing. So long as the world believes this, so long as the one end and aim of human life, as held up to people, is to be saved, think of the waste, think of the time, the anxiety, the enthusiasms, the prayers, the consecrations; think of the wealth, think of the intellectual faculties, think of the moral devotion,—this whole power of the world expended on a false issue, turned into wrong channels!

Is this a dead question? Is there no reason for us to consider it here in this latter part of the nineteenth century? Why, nine-tenths of Christendom to-day is spending its time in trying to propitiate a God who is not angry and trying to "save" souls that are not "lost." Expending its energies along mistaken channels towards issues that are entirely imaginary! Think, for example, if during the last two thousand years all the time and the money, all the intelligence, all the consecration, could have been spent on those things that would have really helped men to find out the meaning of life, and to illustrate that meaning in earnest living; suppose the money that has been spent on the cathedrals, on the monasteries, spent in supporting hordes and hordes of priests, spent in all the endeavor to save men in a future life,—if all this had been used in educating men and training them into a comprehension of what kind of beings they really are, what kind of a world this is in which they have found themselves, spent in training them into mastery of themselves, spent in teaching them how to understand and control the forces of nature in order to serve and develop the higher life,—think what a civilization might have been developed here on this poor old planet by

this time! How much of the disease, how much of the corruption, how much of the unkindness, how much of the cruelty, how much of all that still remains in us of the animal, might have been outgrown, sloughed off, put underneath our feet!

Is it not, then, a vital question, so long as so many thousands, so many millions of people are still consecrating their time, their money, their energy, in the attempt to do that which does not need to be done?

Let us turn, now, and for a little while face another theory of human life; try to find out, or to suggest, what we are here on this planet for, what may be accomplished, how much of grand and true may be wrought out as the result of our attempt.

The philosopher Kant has somewhere said that there are three things needed to the success of a human life,—“something to do, some one to love, something to hope for.” The old Catechism says that the chief end of man is “to glorify God and enjoy him forever.” I indorse the words of Kant; I agree most heartily and thoroughly with the Catechism. Philip James Bailey, the author of that once famous poem “Festus,” has said,

“Life’s but a means unto an end ; that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—God.”

This also I indorse. I believe that life is something inner, something deeper than that which we ordinarily think of as constituting the matters of chief concern regarding it. Let me quote two or three lines again from Bailey’s “Festus,” familiar to you because so fine.

“We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

What is human life, then? What is it for? The object of life is living. But what does living mean? Most people cannot answer that question, because they have never more than half lived, and consequently have never appreciated its depth and significance. As I have had occasion over and over and over again, to say to business men,—and I like to say it on every opportunity,—it seems to me, as I look over the face of society, that most people live only in some little fragmentary way, some corner of their being. Most men spend their lives in the attempt to accumulate the means to live, and forget to begin to live at all. Sometimes, as you are riding through the country on a winter evening, you come to a silent farm-house, and you see one window lighted; and, if you should go and knock at the door, you would probably find out that the light is shining from the kitchen, where the family is gathered in the evening, perhaps as a matter of economy to save fire, perhaps to save trouble. And, if you examine the lives of these people, you would find that they live chiefly in the kitchen. They may have a sitting-room where they spend a few leisure hours; perhaps they have the beginning of a library; but they do not spend much time in that. They have little opportunity for the life of the parlor, representing the expansive, social human life which comes into contact with other lives. And so you will find that this which is a figure represents that which is true of most of us. We have only begun to live; and we live in the lower ranges of our nature, or perhaps we have touched life on a higher level in some tentative sort of way. But the most of us are only partly alive, have only developed a little of what is possible in us, have only come in contact with some fragments of this wonderful universe that is all around us on every hand.

What, then, is the meaning of life? What shall we try to do? What are we here for? I do not attempt to go into the profound explanation of mysteries too deep for me to answer, as to what must have been in the mind of God when he planned and created this universe of which we are

a part. My task is a humbler one. Let us see if I can help you comprehend a little part of it. Take an illustration:—

An immensely wealthy man suddenly dies, leaving his estates to a little boy seven or eight years of age. He has wide stretches of land, hill and valley, river, woods,—all that is beautiful as making up a landscape. The house represents the accumulated resources of the experiences and the intelligence of a lifetime. There are not only beautiful drawing-rooms, telling of taste, but there is a library in which is all that the world has been able to accumulate of learning, of literature in every department. Here is another room containing instruments of music and the works of the great composers. There is an art gallery, containing some of the finest masterpieces in the way of painting and sculpture; and then there is a room devoted to scientific experiments,—chemistry, the microscope, the telescope. Here are means and opportunity for finding out what the world has so far developed.

Now has this young boy come into possession of these things? He has inherited them, he is his father's heir. We say they belong to him; but do they belong to him? In what sense and to what extent do they belong to him? They belong to him just in so far and just as fast as he develops himself into capacity of comprehension and enjoyment,—no faster, no farther. As he enters upon his inheritance then he is put under tutors. Some man comes to teach him the languages which he does not comprehend; and by and by that part of the library which is composed of books written in other speech than his own begins to belong to him. It belongs to the tutor a good deal more than it does to the child, until the child has learned the lessons of the tutor. And so another teacher comes to instruct him in art; and the masterpieces of art belong to the person of taste, of culture, with appreciation, to the teacher again, to any one who knows and who feels, instead of to the boy, who merely has possession of the title-deeds.

Do you see the suggestion of the picture? Man wakes up here on this planet what sort of a being? Not at first "a little lower than God," as the old Psalmist says of him, but only a little higher than the animals,—ignorant of himself, ignorant of his surroundings, weak, undeveloped in every faculty and power. He begins, we say, to live; and what does that mean? He begins to explore this wonderful world, which is his heritage; and do you not see that along with this exploration there goes of necessity a process of self-development? I would pit against that statement of Kant's a phrase something like this. The object of life is three-fold: it is to become all possible, it is to serve all possible, it is to enjoy all possible. But I cannot outline completely either one of these suggestions; for they blend, they intermingle, as you will see in a moment. They are like different notes in a piece of music that are so blended together that they constitute one tune, while separate they are only fragments, or discords.

The first thing, then, if a man wishes really to live, is that he should develop himself, unfold the faculties and powers which lie dormant in him. He is a child of God. He is capable of comprehending within his limit that which is divine. He is capable of being touched, played on, by all the phases and forces of the universe surrounding him. He is an instrument of ten thousand strings; and marvellous may be the music of his life.

First, he should be as complete an animal as possible. Then he should develop himself as a being capable of thinking, of knowing. How many men are there that take possession of the intellectual realm that lies around them on every hand? Just think. Let me hint suggestions, illustrations, in one or two directions. A man goes out for a walk in the park, or, better yet, into the country. The park is too artificial, perhaps, to carry just the meaning that I have in mind. Let it be a walk in the country, then. How much do the grasses and the flowers have to say to him?

I have a friend in Washington, a famous botanist, a botanist not only of all things that live and grow to-day, but who has pushed his researches back and down into the pre-historic ages so as to understand and explain the records, the prints, the leaves and twigs, the forms of every kind that are on the rocks and left to tell the story of a life that has passed away many thousands on thousands of years ago. How much of all this marvellous realm, or even a suggestion of it, is revealed to the ordinary man as he walks through the field?

Look in the direction of geology a moment. Here is a rivercourse; here is the shape of a hill top; do they say anything to the ordinary man who walks with his head down, and occupied with some problem of Wall Street, perhaps? Here are marvels of creative power. God shaped the slope of that hill as really as though he smoothed it down with his hand. And he who understands the methods of world building, of landscape—sculpture, may stand in wonder and awe and reverence before the forces that have been at work for millions of years, and are at work the same to-day. How many men have even a conception of the wonders of the microscopic world? To how many men do the stars have anything to say at night? A man looks at a boulder, unlike any other rock there is to be found anywhere in the neighborhood, and perhaps he does not even ask a question about it; while a man who has made a careful study of these things sees spring up before him in his imagination that long ice age before man lived on the planet, when this boulder was swept from some far-off place by the glacial power, deposited where it is, scraped on its surface by the passing of the ice, as if God himself had left his sign-manual here, his autograph, that he, in after-ages who might make himself capable of reading, might understand.

These merely as fragmentary, brief hints of what it is to live in the intellectual realm.

Go up to that realm where the intellect is blended with

the emotions,—the glamour of pictures, poetry, sculpture, music, beauty of color and form and sound. What a world this is, infinite resources of an infinite universe, appealing to, and, if a man responds, calling out the faculties and powers of his own nature that are capable of dealing with these things, so that a man may feel that he is thinking over the thoughts of God, tracing his footsteps, listening to the marvellous music of his words! This is one of the results of self-development, if a man is unfolding, developing himself, becoming as much as possible.

Now let us turn sharply to one of these other phases which I spoke of, — of doing what we can to help the world. And now note, this universe is so cunningly contrived that a man cannot possibly be successful as a selfish man. It is one of the most conclusive proofs, it seems to me, not only of the divine goodness, but of the moral meaning and scope of the world. Selfishness is not wicked only, it is the most outrageous folly on the face of the earth. If a man develops himself, if he develops that which is finest in him, that which is best and sweetest and truest, he develops not only his power to think, but his capacity to love, his capacity to enjoy, and to bestow enjoyment; and he cannot possibly succeed in the long run, and in the best ways, on selfish lines.

People used to have a notion that he who grasped and retained everything he could get hold of was the fortunate, the successful man. People had an idea in politics, for example, that that nation was happiest which humbled other nations; and, if it was superior to all the rest, by as much as they were poor and devastated, this nation was fortunate. We know now that a nation finds its prosperity in that of other nations, in its ability to exchange, to trade, to carry on all the grand avocations of life with them. If a man writes a book, he wants the world intelligent enough to understand and appreciate it. If a man paints a picture, he wants artistic ability on the part of the public, so that they will appreciate and buy his pictures. If a man carves a statue, he wants

the people to appreciate glory of form enough to see how great and true his work is, and reward him for his endeavor. In other words, no man would write a book, and go off with it alone by himself. No man would paint a picture, and hide it. No man would carve a statue, and conceal it from his fellows.

We have learned, and are learning constantly in every direction, that our happiness is involved in the happiness of other people. The world is haunted to-day—and I thank God that it is—with the thought of the unhappiness, the misery, of men. What does it mean? It means that men have developed so on their sympathetic side that they cannot be happy themselves while the world is unhappy. So you see that this self-development, which I placed as the chief thing at the outset in the meaning of life, carries with it the necessity on the part of those who are developed, of doing everything they can to develop and lift up everybody else; so that making the most of yourself means making the most of everybody else.

And now, if I turn for a moment to that other point, merely to distinguish it by itself,—although I have been dealing with it all the while,—the end and aim of life once more is to be happy. I am perfectly well aware that the old Puritan theology has taught otherwise, so far as this life is concerned. I was brought up with the feeling that, if I wanted to do anything, the chances were it was wrong, that it was a good deal more likely to be in the way of virtue if it was something that was disagreeable to me. And yet, curiously enough, this old Puritan theology invented and held up before men, as a lure to lead them to virtue, the most tremendous bribe that ever entered into the imaginations of men,—eternal felicity on the one hand, and eternal woe on the other. So that it conceded the very thing that it seemed to deny,—that men naturally and necessarily sought happiness, and could not possibly do otherwise.

And so we learn to live, to think, to serve others. We are

beginning to learn also that this desire for happiness is natural, is necessary, is right. If a man is not happy, you may be sure there is something wrong. If there is pain in the body, it means disease, difficulty, obstruction, something out of the way. It means that God's laws are not perfectly kept. If there is pain up in the mental realm, pain in the moral realm, pain in the spiritual realm, it means always something wrong. Man ought to be happy. He ought to seek happiness as the great end and outcome of human life.

And we are learning, as the natural and necessary result of our experiences in knowing and in serving, that just in so far as we know the laws of God, just in so far as we obey the laws of God, just in so far as we help others to know and obey, just in so far there comes into our lives the blessedness of the blessed God.

The end of life, then, the object of life here on earth, is to develop ourselves to the utmost. It is to learn to know, take possession of our inheritance, this earth, control all its forces for the service of civilization. It is to rejoice in all this self-development, in all this help, in all this knowledge, in all this power. It is to feel ourselves thrilling with the consciousness that we are sons of God, and are co-operating with him in bringing about the grand result of the ages,—the perfection of man.

And then what? Death? This is only one stage of our career. We are here at school; we learn our lessons or we do not; we attain the ends we seek after or we only partly attain them or do not attain them at all; and then we go on. Does that mean that it ends there? I do not believe it. I believe that it simply means that we go out into a larger opportunity, from the planet to the system, to the galaxy, to the universe, wider knowledge answering to more magnificent resources in the infinite universe. We with undeveloped powers that may increase and advance forever, and a universe so complete, so exhaustless, that it may match and lure and lead and rejoice us forever, we being trained as God's chil-

dren in God's likeness and helping others to attain the same magnificent ends. This I believe to be the significance, the meaning, the purpose, of life.

Are there any here this morning who think or fear that the taking away of the old idea concerning the results of dying may remove moral motive, may undermine character, may make people less careful to do right? It seems to me that, if people understand the significance of this universe and their relation to it, they will find that all the carelessness of motive, the ease of salvation, as they call it, is with the old idea. Our theory is a more strenuous and insistent one. Men are learning as they become wiser that evil is not only evil, but it is folly. A man wishes life, health, happiness, prosperity, all good. He learns, as he goes on, that the universe is in favor of the keeping of its own laws; and that, if he flings himself against the forces of the universe, he is only broken for his pains. If you wish to be healthful, happy, strong, wish to attain any desirable thing, it is to be found not in defiance of the laws of the universe, but in loving and tender obedience.

And, then, if you only remember that in this universe and under the universal law of cause and effect you are building to-morrow out of to-day, and next week and next year, and all the future, that every thought, every word, every action, is cemented together as a part of this structure that you build, that you can make your own future for good or ill, and that you cannot build it successfully except in accordance with the eternal laws of things, then you find that here are the most insistent and tremendous motives it is possible for the human mind to conceive.

This life of ours, if we lead it nobly and truly, then, we shall find to be a growth into the likeness of the Divine, a growth into an increasing opportunity to share the work of our Father in building and helping men, and that, as the result of this, joy, infinite joy, is to fill our hearts until we share the very blessedness of our Father.

God made our lives to be a song
 Sweet as the music of the spheres,
 That still their harmonies prolong
 For him who rightly hears.

The heavens and the earth do play
 Upon us, if we be in tune :
 Winter shouts hoarse his roundelay,
 And tender sweet pipes June.

But oftentimes the songs are pain,
 And discord mars our harmonies :
 Our strings are snapped by selfish strain,
 And harsh hands break our keys.

But God *meant* music ; and we may,
 If we will keep our lives in tune,
 Hear the whole year sing roundelay,
 December answering June.

God ever at his keyboard plays,—
 Harmonies, right ; and discords, wrong :
 "He that hath ears," and who obeys,
 May hear the mystic song.

Father, under the inspiration of Thy truth and Thy love,
 let us learn to live lives of thought, lives of helpfulness, lives
 of joy, leading on to that something grander yet which is to
 be revealed in us by and by. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, 20 cents.

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

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SIN AND ATONEMENT.

For my starting-point I have chosen two brief passages of Scripture. First, from the first Epistle of John, the third chapter and fourth verse,—“Sin is lawlessness.” This is from the Revised Version. And the other is from the second Epistle to the churches of Corinth, the fifth chapter and the twentieth verse,—“Be ye reconciled to God.”

For the sake of clearness, and in order that you may definitely comprehend the doctrine of sin and atonement which I believe to be the true one, I need in the first place to outline as a background that which lies at the foundation of all the popular theologies of Christendom. I am perfectly well aware that at least a part of the time, while I am doing this, I shall be traversing ground with which you are already familiar. Some of it, however, I think may be somewhat more strange to you.

The tradition begins with the story of a war in heaven. In some way rebellion began among the angels; and he who had been Lucifer, the light-bearer, prince among the glorious sons of God, took up arms of rebellion against the Almighty. Naturally, he failed in this inevitably losing battle, and was cast out into the abyss, with a third part of all the angels, who had followed him. Then the tradition goes on: God decided to create the world, that the sons of men born and trained here might ultimately take the places that had been held by the angels who had been cast out on account of their sin. But Satan, seeing this fair and beautiful earth, this wondrous handiwork of God, determined, if possible, to thwart and defeat the purposes of the Almighty. He therefore invades this beautiful world. He finds Adam

and Eve in their condition of perfect felicity, but innocent, inexperienced; and they fall a ready prey to his intention. They then share his rebellion, accept him instead of God as king. Henceforth they are followers of him in his age-long warfare against light and truth, and, unless in some way saved, are to be sharers of his eternal destiny, cast out into chains and darkness forever.

Now comes the necessity for noting for a moment the nature of sin on this theory. You see it is not ignorance, it is not weakness merely, it is not inherited passion only: it is conscious and purposeful rebellion against God, putting yourself at enmity with his truth, his righteousness, his love. In action it is some specific deed done against God or against his truth or his right. As a state of mind, it is a heart perverted, choosing always that which is evil, a heart at enmity with God and with all that is good; and the theologians have always been obliged, as a matter of consistency, to hold, no matter how noble, how unselfish men might appear to be, that the natural man has inherently, always, necessarily been evil. He carries about with him the taint of original sin; that is, sin of constitution, ingrained, inherited, that which is of the very fibre of his being. This is the character of man as required by the old theological systems; and this is how it happened to come about. Evil is not something natural, not imperfection, not something undeveloped, not yet outgrown. Sin originated outside of this world, invaded it, and worked its ruin and destruction.

Now comes the device that has been called the Atonement, by which it is supposed that God is going to be able to save at least a part of this rebellious humanity. There have been a good many different theories of the atonement that have been held, eighteen or twenty varieties of the doctrine, three or four of which I must outline, in order to make them clear to your mind, that you may see what have been the devices by which the theologians have supposed that

they could find a way for the deliverance of man from this condition of loss, and fit him to share the felicity for which he was originally intended.

Of course, the main point in the whole scheme is that the Second Person of the Trinity becomes incarnate, comes down here to this world, is born, grows up, teaches, suffers and at last is put to an ignominious death. This is the central idea of the doctrine of the atonement; or, rather, the Christ is the central figure in that doctrine. But how is it supposed to work out the atonement that is necessary, in order that man may be saved? You will see that the world, according to the ideas I have been delineating, is in a condition of rebellion. What men need is to be persuaded that they are wrong, convinced of sin, in theological language, and then made repentant, and in some way be forgiven for the wrong which they have done.

Now it is supposed that God must invent some scheme by which to make it possible for him to save these lost and fallen men. If you read the parable of the Prodigal Son as Jesus has so tenderly, touchingly, beautifully outlined it for us, you will see that there is no thought or plan or necessity for either in that. The son left his home, followed the impulses and passions of youth, had gone among those that were degraded, had soiled his character, done despite to his father's love, injured his own nature, degraded himself by his associations and actions. But when at last he awakes, becomes conscious of his father's love and righteousness and truth, and says, "I will arise, and go to my father," there is no talk of God's not being ready to receive him, or not being able to receive him, or needing to have something done before he can receive him, no thought of anybody's suffering any more in order that he may be forgiven. You see all these elements that are associated with the popular doctrines of atonement are not once thought of, never even alluded to. He simply arises, and goes to his father; and his father is so anxious to help him that he goes to meet him before

he reaches the father's house, and gladly falls on his neck and kisses him and folds him in his arms. It only needs that the son should recognize the righteousness and goodness of his father, and should wish to go back. That is the doctrine of Jesus as taught in this wonderfully sweet and beautiful parable.

Now what are the theories of atonement as outlined in the popular theology? For the first thousand years of Christian history one of the strangest conceptions possessed the ecclesiastical mind that has ever been dreamed of. It was held literally that through the sin of Adam the human race had become the rightful subjects of Satan, that they belonged to him. He was their king, their emperor, their ruler, and had a right to them in this world and the next. And so some diplomatic negotiations must be entered into with the Devil, in order to deliver a certain part of these his subjects, and open the way for them to be saved. So the Church Fathers taught that Satan recognized in Christ his old adversary in heaven, and he entered into a bargain with God that, if he could have Christ delivered over to him in exchange for that, he would give up his right to so many of the souls of men as were to be saved as the result of this compact. So the work of the atonement used to be preached as being this sort of bargain entered into with Satan.

But note what quaint, naïve ideas possessed the minds of people at that time. Satan did not know that Jesus possessed a divine nature, and that, consequently, he could not be holden of death; and so, when he entered into this bargain, he was cheated, he found out to his dismay that he had lost not only humanity, but Christ also, had been defrauded of them both. This was the doctrine of the atonement that was preached during the early centuries of the Christian Church, at least in certain parts of Europe.

But later there came another doctrine, — the belief that the sufferings of the Christ were a substitute offered to God for what would have been the sufferings of the lost. He

was made sin for us, he who had known no sin, as the New Testament phraseology has it. So that he, being infinite, in a brief space of time during his little earthly career, during his suspension on the cross and his descent into hell, was able to suffer as much pain as all the lost would have suffered throughout eternity. And this suffering of the Christ was supposed to be accepted on the part of God as the substitute for that which he would have exacted on the part of the souls of those that for his sake were to be saved.

There is still another theory that I must mention briefly, — that which is called the governmental theory, that which I was taught during my course of theological instruction. The idea was that God had a moral government to maintain, not only on this earth, but throughout the range of the universe among all his intelligent creatures, and, if he permitted his laws to be broken without exacting an adequate penalty, then all governmental authority would be overthrown. In other words, men took their poor human legal devices, their political ideals, and lifted them into the heavens, made them the models after which it was supposed God was to govern his great, intelligent universe.

So they said that God would be willing to forgive, he would like to forgive, he was loving and tender and kind, but it was not safe, safe for the interests of his universal government, for him to forgive any one until an adequate penalty had been paid in expiation of human sin.

You see, according to this theory, it does not apparently make much difference who it is that suffers, whether it is the person who has committed the sin or not; but somebody must pay an adequate penalty, and Jesus volunteered to do this, to be the victim, and so to deliver man from the righteous deserts which he had incurred as a transgressor of the law of God.

Gradually, however, as the world became civilized, as wider and broader thoughts manifested themselves in the

human mind, as tenderer and truer feelings took possession of the human heart, these theories receded into the background; and there came to the front — I remember the bitter controversies over it in my younger days — what was called the Moral Theory of the Atonement. The originator and sponsor for this theory was the famous Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford. He taught that God did not need the punishment of anybody to uphold the integrity of his moral government. He taught that God was not angry with the race, and did not care to exact a penalty before he was ready to forgive human sin. He taught that the inner nature of God was love, and that in the Second Person of the Trinity he came to earth, was born, grew up, taught, suffered, died, as a manifestation to the world of his love, of his goodness, of his readiness to forgive and help, and that the efficacy of the atonement as thus wrought on the part of the Christ was in its revelation to men of the love and saving power of righteousness.

This was the moral theory of the atonement. It was not supposed to work any result in the nature of God or his disposition towards men. Its effect was to work along the lines of human thought and human action: it was to affect men, and make them willing to be saved instead of making God willing to save them. This was the moral theory of the atonement; and you will see how it gradually approaches that which intelligent and free men, it seems to me, must hold to-day in the light of their careful study of human history and human nature. It is almost the theory which is being held by the freest and noblest men of to-day. The difference between it and that which I shall in a moment try to set forth is chiefly that Dr. Bushnell confines this work of the atonement to the person and history and character of one man instead of letting all men share in this divine and atoning work which is being wrought out through all the ages.

Let me now come to set forth what I believe to be the

simple and demonstrated truth. My objections against this old theory are threefold. I will mention them, and have done with them in a word.

In the first place the supposed origin of sin in heaven seems to me so absurd as to be utterly unthinkable. This idea of war in heaven, rebellion against God, smacks too much of the Old World traditions, of the mythologies of Greece and Rome and of other peoples. Jupiter could dethrone his father, the god Saturn, because Saturn was not almighty and all-wise. These gods of the ancient time were merely exaggerated types of human heroes and despots. There could be war among them, and one of them overthrown; and Jupiter could divide the universe, after he had conquered and dethroned his father, with his two brothers. All this is reasonable, when you are talking about finite creatures; but try to think for one moment of an archangel, a pure and clear-eyed intelligence, deliberately choosing to rebel against Omnipotence! He must have known it would be utterly, absolutely, forever hopeless! Intelligent creatures do not rebel under conditions like that, particularly when you combine with the absolute hopelessness of the case the fact that he knew he was choosing misery, suffering, forever.

As I said, the whole conception of the origin of evil that implies the rebellion of a spiritual being who knew what he was doing is inexpressibly absurd, so absurd that we may dismiss it as impossible. If there were any such rebellion, if you waive the absurdity for the moment and consider the possibility, God would be responsible; for he made him. The whole theory is not only absurd: it is unjust in its implications towards both God and man. And then, and perhaps we need not say any more about it, we know that it is not true. It did not even originate in the Bible, it did not even originate among the Jews: it is nothing in the world but a pagan myth imported into Jewish tradition just a few hundred years before the birth of Jesus. It is of

no more authority in rational human thought than the story of Jason or Hercules, not one particle.

Let us now turn, then, to what we know, from the history of man and the scientific study of the universe, to be something approaching the reality of things. People have always been talking about the origin of evil. It is not the origin of evil that we have to face or deal with or explain at all. Let me ask you to consider for a moment the condition of the world when man first appeared on this planet. Here among the lower animals were what? All the vices and all the crimes that we can conceive of, only they were not vices nor crimes at all. There were all the external actions and all the internal feelings and passions; but they were not vices, and they were not crimes. Why? Because there was no moral sense which recognized anything better, no moral standard in the light of which they might be judged.

Here, for example, in this lower world, were all hatreds, jealousies, envies, cruelties, thefts, greeds, murders,— every kind of action that we associate as evil in man. And yet I said there was no evil there, no moral evil there, because there was no consciousness, no recognition, of the distinction between the lower and the higher. This was a part of the natural and intended order of the development of life, not an accident, not an invasion from the outside, not a thwarting of the will of God, not an interference with his purpose,— all of this a part of the working out of his purpose.

Now, when man appeared, what happened? The origin, not of evil, but the origin of goodness. A conscience was born. Man came into possession of a moral ideal, in the light of which he recognized something higher than this animalism that was all around him, and became conscious of the fact that he must battle against that, and put it under his feet. So that the life of the world, from that day to this, has been the growth, the gradual increase, and the gradual conquest of good over that which was in existence before.

There is no fall of man, then, there is no conscious and purposeful rebellion against God to be accounted for, there is no need of any devil to explain the facts. He is only an encumbrance, only in the way, only makes it difficult and practically impossible to solve our problem.

The old story was that, after the rebellion, pain and death and all evil came into the human world; and the natural world was blighted. Thorns and briars and thistles sprang up on every hand; and animals which before had been peaceful began to fight and destroy each other. We all know this to be a childish myth, and pagan. The actual history of the world has been something entirely other than that.

Now I do not wish that you should suppose that I minimize evil, that I make light of sin, that I do not properly estimate the cruelties and the wrongs that have devastated the world. I need only suggest to you that you look in this direction and that to see how hideous all these evils may be; how bitter, how cruel, is the fruit of wrong thoughts and of wrong actions. Look at a man, for example, divine in the possibilities of his being, but through vice, through drink, through habits of one kind and another, corrupted until it is an insult to a brute to call him brutal. We do not deny all this. Notice the cruelties of men towards each other,—the jealousies, the envies, the strifes, the warfares. How one class looks down upon and treats with contempt another that is a little lower! How masters have used their slaves, how tyrants like Nero and Caligula have made themselves hideous spectacles of what is possible to humanity, on a stage that is world-wide and illuminated by the flash-lights of history!

I do not wish you to suppose for a moment that I belittle, that I underestimate these evils, only we do not need anything other than the scientific and historic facts of the world in order to account for them. What is sin, as science looks at it and treats it? Not something consciously and pur-

posely developed, not something originating in a rebellion in some other world than this. It seems to me that we can very easily account for it when we recognize that man has been gradually coming up from the lower orders of life, and that he still has in him the snake and the hyena, the wolf, the tiger, the bear,—all the wild, fierce passions of the animal world only partly sloughed off, not yet outgrown; when you remember how ignorant he is, how he does not understand yet the meaning of these divine laws and the divine life, glimpses of which now and then attract his attention and lure him on; when you remember what selfishness, misguided by ignorance, the belief that one man can get something for his behoof and happiness and good at the expense of the welfare of somebody else, and harm come only to the person that is defrauded. Right in here, if I had time to outline in still further detail, it seems to me we have a perfect and adequate explanation of all the evil that has ever blasted, blighted, and darkened the history of man.

Now, man being this kind of a creature, having an animal origin as well as a divine one, gradually climbing up out of this lower life and looking towards God as his ideal,—what is it that he needs? Is there any need of atonement? All need of atonement! What does atonement mean? The word itself carries its clearest explanation. In its root it means “at onement,”—healing the division, whatever its nature or kind, bringing man into one-ness with God and men into one-ness with each other.

Now let me suggest to you a little as to the things that keep man and God apart, keep men away from each other; and they will suggest the atonement that is needed to heal all these divisions, and bring about that ideal condition of things that we dream of and pray for and talk about,—when men shall perfectly love God, and when they shall love each other as themselves.

What is it that keeps man from God? First, it seems to

me, it is ignorance. What man needs in order to bring him into oneness with God is first to have some clear conceptions of the divine, some high, sweet, noble thoughts of God, some knowledge of the laws of God as embodied in himself and in the universe around him. Man needs intelligence, then, to help him, needs education.

In the next place, he needs such a picture of God as shall make him seem lovable. You cannot make the human heart love that which seems hateful. The picture of God, as he has been outlined to the world in the past, has repelled the human heart ; and I do not wonder. I do not think it strange that humanity should be at enmity with that conception of the divine. Make God the ideal of all that is noble and sweet and lovely, and the heart will be as naturally attracted and drawn to him as a flower is toward the sun.

Then man needs to have his spiritual side developed, that in him which is akin to God, so that he shall naturally live out the divine love. Education, then, is all on man's side, you will see. God does not need to be changed!; we need to know him, to love him, to come into conscious relationship with him. This is what we need, so far as our relation to God is concerned.

Now for the more important side ; for it is infinitely the more important practically. Let me speak a little while of the work of atonement between man and man. If we trace the history of humanity, we find that men were scattered in groups all over the world, isolated, separated from each other, ignorant of each other, misunderstanding each other, hating each other, fighting each other ; and the work of civilization means to bring men together, to work out an atonement between nation and nation, religion and religion, family and family, man and man.

Here, again, as in the case of God, the first thing that needs to be overcome is ignorance. Look back no further than our late war. I think every careful student of that tremendous conflict is ready to say to-day that, if the North

and South had been acquainted with each other, known each other as they know each other now, the war would have been impossible. We need to know other men. As you go back, you find curious traditions illustrating this ignorance of different nations and different peoples of each other. Plato, for example, taught it as a virtue that the Athenians should hate all other peoples except the Greeks and all other Greek cities except Athens; and they spoke of the outside nations that did not speak Greek as barbarians, people who could not talk, people who, when they essayed to speak, said, "Ba, ba," misusing words and expressions. They had traditions of men who carried their heads under their arms, who had only one eye, which was in the middle of their forehead, all sorts of monstrosities in human shape, antagonistic to the rest of mankind.

Even in modern times those ignorances, misconceptions, and prejudices are far from being outgrown. Lord Nelson counted it as a virtue in an Englishman that he should hate a Frenchman as he did the devil. How many people are there to-day who look with an unprejudiced eye upon a foreigner?

The things, then, that keep nations apart are ignorance. Then there is the lack of sympathy. You will find people walking side by side here in our streets, people in the same family, who find it impossible to understand each other. They cannot put themselves in the place of another; they cannot comprehend something which is a little different from what they are accustomed to hear; not only cannot they understand it, they cannot lovingly or patiently look at it. Think of the things that have kept people apart in physical and mental and spiritual realms,—the rivers, the mountain chains, the oceans; differences of religion, differences of language, differences of civilization; different ethical ideas,—until people of the world have sat looking at each other with faces of fear and antagonism instead of with the dawning in their eyes of love and brotherhood.

Now what the world needs is something to atone, to bridge over these differences, to bring men into sympathetic and loving acquaintance with each other. I wish to note two or three things that have wrought very largely and effectively in this direction. Does it ever occur to you that commerce is something besides a means for the accumulation of wealth? Commerce has played one of the largest parts in the history of this world in atoning the differences, the antagonisms, between nation and nation and man and man. It has taught the world that there is a community of interests, and that, instead of fighting each other, they are mutually blessed and helped by coworking, co-operating, exchanging with each other.

So the inventors, the discoverers, have helped to bring about this sense of human brotherhood, this community of human interests. How much, for example, was wrought when the electric wire was placed under the seas, and, instead of allowing weeks and weeks for a misunderstanding to grow and for ill-feeling to ferment between England and this country, puts us in such quick relations that a misapprehension could be corrected in an hour! All these things have helped bring the world together, are engaged in this magnificent religious service of atonement, of making nations one, making humanity one, a family.

I do not wish you to suppose that I misunderstand or underestimate the work of the Christ in this direction. He has done a grander work of atonement than any other figure in the history of the world. He revealed to us the glory, the tenderness, the love, of God, and so lifted the heart of the world towards the Father as no other one man has done who has ever lived. And, then, he lived out and manifested the glory, the tenderness, the wonder, of human character and human life as hardly any other man who has ever lived; and on so world-wide a stage did he do this that the influence of his work has overrun all national barriers, and is rapidly coming to be world-wide, and in admiration

of, and love for him, Jew and Greek, and barbarian, Scythian, Arabian, European, and Asiatic, all the nations of the world are becoming one. For no matter what their theory may be about him, whether they hold him to be God or man, they hold the ideal that he set forth and lived to be spiritually human and nobly divine. So Jesus is more and more, as the ages go by, helping us to one-ness with God, helping us into sympathetic one-ness with each other.

But I would not have you think that Jesus is the only one who has wrought atonement for the sin of the world. Every man in his degree, in so far as he has been divine and human, patient, faithful, has rendered service to the world, has done his part in bringing about this magnificent consummation.

Look for a moment at Abraham Lincoln. Think what he did by his atoning sacrifice of his life for liberty, for humanity, for truth. On the one hand, his murderer showed what sin may come to in its ignorance, its misconception, its antagonism to whatever is right and good and true. And, on the other hand, he with words of forgiveness on his lips, words of human love, with all tenderness and charity in his heart, illustrated again and lived out the sweetness of divinity and the tenderness of humanity.

As another illustration, human, simple, natural, just let me say a word concerning the act, the attitude, of General Grant at Appomattox. He did more at the surrender of Lee to send a thrill of brotherly sympathy through North and South and help wield this nation into one than he could have possibly done by the most magnificent achievement of arms, when he refused to take his opponent's sword; when he let the officers go away with their side-arms; when he told each man that his horse or his mule was still of right his because he would need it to begin the new life again that was before him.

Facts like these suggest the naturalness, the humanness, as well as the God-likeness of the work of atonement that

is going on all over the world, as it climbs and swings slowly up out of the darkness and into the light of life. Jesus the great atoning sacrifice? Yes, but thousands on thousands of others atoning in just the same divine way, just the same human way, just as naturally, just as necessarily. Every man who does an honest day's work, every man who is kind and loving in his family, every man who is helpful as a neighbor, every man who stands faithfully by his convictions of truth, every man who shows that he cares more for the truth than he does for worldly success, that he knows that in that truth only is immortality, and that it is greater and better and sweeter than even life,—every man who consecrates himself in this way is doing his part towards working out the atonement of human sin, the reconciliation of man with God, the reconciliation of men with each other.

Let us, then, while loving Jesus, while reverencing him for the grandeur of his work and the beauty of his life,—let us rise and claim kinship with him, rise to the dignity and glory of the thought that we are sons of God as he was, and that we may share with him the grandest service that one man can render to his time, the helping of people to find and love and serve God, the helping of people to discover and love and serve each other. The outcome of this atoning work is simply the coming of that time which we speak of familiarly without half comprehending it,—when the world shall recognize the universal Fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man.

Our Father, we are glad that we are Thy children, and that we can cwork with Thee in delivering the world from its evils, in rolling back the tides of wrong that threaten to sweep over the face of the world, and in helping to bring that day when light and truth and peace shall be in all the earth. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatise. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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BY

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

AS A WEANED CHILD.

"I am as a child that is weaned of his mother : my soul is even as a weaned child." — PSALM cxxxi. 2.

"THERE are no Psalms to be compared with those of David," Milton says ; and another noble poet says, "The quality of his inspiration holds a penetrating accent of human sensibility, rising from a plaintive melancholy to an ecstatic rapture. Some of the sacred writers may appeal more powerfully to the imagination, but none of them can so surely reach the heart ; while it is not in the tragic so much as in the joyous expression of what lay within his own heart that you find the true secret of his genius." There is a good deal of contention in our time over this book of Psalms and their authorship, as there is, or has been, over the Iliads and the great dramas of William Shakspeare ; but men we may well follow ascribe the Psalm from which I have taken my text to David beyond all question, and we may presume that he was far on in life when he touches this tender strain, not only from the place it holds in the great collection, but also from the truth some of us know so well,—that we never quite attain to this spirit and temper in our youth or our strong prime, or, if we do, still the years which bring the white hairs can best reveal the secret to us of what it is to be as he was when this cry came out of his heart. We may think of him, then, as of one who has earned the right to be heard which always comes through being what you say ; and be sure that this figure he uses with such an exquisite aptness is no mere play of a poetic fancy, but a real cry out of the deeps of his own life, while he is so entirely one also with the Psalm he sings that we

need no other proof of its plenary and perfect inspiration, and no other reason why it should have come down to us through all these ages, wet with remembered tears. So, when I read what he has written, I see an old man sitting in the sunshine in that touching quietness which comes with the many years, looking back through the long vista and counting the loss and the gain,—the loss which might well have broken his heart, and the gain which has gone so far now to heal all his hurts, and left him able to sing: “Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty, neither do I trouble myself with great matters or with things too high for me. I have quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child.” Again, as this was his own human experience he touches, there is no need for us to wander away into the regions of fancy and imagination to find reasons for the pathetic confession; for this would be of small use to *us* who find that the life we have to live is not woven of imagination and fancy, but of a very tough and stern fibre of reality. We might well say, in such a case, that the poet has a world of his own into which we cannot enter, and sings to us of what he sees as he sits on the high places where such genius dwells; but we are down in the valley and among the shadows, and must fit our singing to another key. This would be a fair objection if it was true, as no doubt it is to some men, and was indeed to Byron, of whom Leigh Hunt says, “He was never sincere: he was always posturing to his audience and making faces.”

Just about what we may be in some things of the deepest moment, this man was, or worse, as he was better; and it is here that in all the ages men have found the power and potency of his word to help and inspire those who can enter into his heart and life. Had this Psalm been only the fruit of his imagination and fancy, it could only be by comparison as an echo or shadow from before or after; but it is of his life he speaks. And so he speaks to yours and mine,—this

man who could swear like a trooper and sing like a seraph, do all sorts of evil deeds and take vengeance out of God's hands into his own, only to find that his curses came down on his own head, and his sins turned to serpents by his own hearthstone; that lies begat lies, and the evil things sowed themselves for the years to come, like evil weeds in the deep black loam; and to find, as the end and upshot of it all, that nothing was of any worth to help him but a heart-broken penitence, the infinite pity and love of God, and a manful striving after a better life. So at last out of it all comes this cry,—“My soul is even as a weaned child.” And what the man was when he sang his Psalm holds this most noble worth,—that we see in the singer another self who has gone through the perplexities of our human lot before we got into them, and knows how to help *us* through.

At Hampton Court in England they have what they call a maze,—a narrow path with a great green hedge on either side, over which you cannot look. You walk into the heart of this maze, and then out of it, while this seems all simple enough, when you enter; but presently you take the wrong turn, it may be, as I did, and wander right and left until you are bewildered, lose confidence in your footsteps, and feel you must give up. But then there is a man standing on a high place above you, who looks down, and cries, “Take that turn and this.” And so you follow his word, until at last he brings you into the heart of the maze, and then out on the other side. So this man David stands now above the maze of our human life, on the high place to which he has found his way by God's help through much losing, and cries to us of the way *we* shall take. And the pretty play of a summer's holiday may stand for a parable of our life, when we have the heart to understand him. Old memories stir as he sits there musing over the days that are no more. I was a boy once, he will tell us, and where I was and what I was in that time so long ago. These were so blended with my life as a man that it seemed for many a

year as if I never could be weaned from the dear old home on the hill, or from the green pastures and the still waters where I wandered through my youth with the sheep. Indeed, a good many years after I left my home, when I was a warrior and a king, I mind how I stood on a rock one day, from which I could see Bethlehem standing fair on the hill, when a great longing came over me; and I cried, Oh that one would give me a drink of the water from the well by the gate! The foe was encamped in the valley; but three of my comrades fought their way through the host and back again, and brought me the water my soul fainted for. I knew it was sweet beyond all water beside. Still, I could not drink it, but cried: God forbid that I should do this thing! Shall I drink the blood of these men who have put their lives in jeopardy for me? So I poured out the water before the Lord, and then I was weaned from the well by the gate. Forty years ago, and the pain of separation from the old place is over and done with forever. I could go there if I cared to do so now, and drink at all the fountains of my youth; but I belong on Zion. This is the place of my rest by the ordination of the Most High, while what work remains to be done lies here, and not yonder; and I am as a weaned child when I think of Bethlehem and the well in the far-away old time.

Then another memory stirs. I had a comrade, he says, who came to me when we were both young men; and our souls were so blended that it seemed to be but one life. There never was another man like Jonathan, I can hear him saying, as he looks through the long-drawn lights and shadows of time. So true he was, and brave, and high of heart, that to go into battle with Jonathan was to be far more than twice the man you were. And we had no secrets men may not tell with clean lips, and no thought or dream we were not eager to tell each other; for Jonathan was David then, and David was Jonathan, and our lives blossomed out together as if they had grown on the one stem. But he was

taken, and I was left; and how did I ever stay when he was gone? What a day that was when they came and told me of his death! There was no weaning for me then. I mind how I cursed the field on which he had fallen, and prayed that the rain or the dew might never touch it again, and moaned through my pain: "Ah! Jonathan, my brother, very pleasant hast thou been to me, my brother. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman." But what a long life I have lived since that day, and what healing has come for my hurt! And the dear, good comrade,—how long it seems since he passed into the silence and left me, as I deemed, desolate forever. Desolate enough I have been sometimes; but this is not desolation now, as I look back through the years and think of my friend. He has not left me as I feared by reason of the stress of death; and I have not lost him, but found him rather in some diviner way. I am as one that is weaned from his mother now: my soul is even as a weaned child.

Then another memory stirs; and he is saying there was that first love of mine, my love for Michal. I could not have thought of her for my wife; for she was the king's daughter, and I was a rough young fellow, half-shepherd and half-soldier. Nor was it of good will and grace she was given to me, but for a bitter and cruel price. Still, I won Michal, and she loved me well; but I could not keep her at my side, while ours might have been a happy life and lot, had they left us alone, and I might have been saved from many a sin and shame. It is a sad story to remember, how she grew bitter in the end,—God help her!—and how I said things to her no man should say to his wife. So the time came when we lived in the same house, but it was not the same home. Matters went from bad to worse with us poor young things, until at last she died; and then the old loving heart beat again, so that I would fain have made my share in the wrong right. But it was too late. While now I cannot remember her faults and failings at all, as I remember my own, only

how beautiful she was,—my Michal,— and saved my life at the peril of her own,— my Michal, who has rested so long and well after life's fitful fever, and grown all good again and loving and true. While I find my love for her has changed with all beside. The awful fires of death have burnt up the straw and stubble of it all, but the fine wheat of my love remains; and now I am as a child that is weaned of his mother; my soul is even as a weaned child.

Then other memories stir; and he says: There are the rest of my dear and sacred dead,—that little child who was taken just as he began to know me, and the splendid and beautiful son who gave me so much trouble,— my Absalom. How did I live when their life was wrenched out of mine, and the world grew so gray to me, and empty and forlorn? Or, when I found I must live, how could I imagine that I should ever sit here with this quiet heart in me, singing my song? It has been a long, stern strife to rise above those graves, and to master my sorrows that I might live again as a man should live, blessing God for the sunshine and the sweet, soft winds and the blossoming of Herman and Sharon in the springtime, and for those I love still and find they still love me. I never thought I should cease to grieve for my dead as one who will not be comforted; yet here I am as one whom his *mother* comforteth, so sweet are the healings of time and the blessed consolations of heaven. My soul is even as a weaned child. Then other memories stir, for he is thinking of other friendships broken and other hopes dead. And of ambitions he has nourished that could never be as jewels in the crown of his life, but the merest paste and tinsel of bad passions which had got the lock-grip on him and thrown him, and sins that had struck back and stung him to a bitter and lifelong repentance. But it is all over and done with now, except what never can be over and done with for such men,— the long regret and shame. All but this is over and done with, as he sits there singing his Psalm,— this man who, as Carlyle says, “discerned the God-

like amid the human, who struck tones that were an echo of the sphere harmonies, and are still felt to be such by those who can catch some echo of them through the old dim centuries, and feel afar off in their own hearts what these were to other hearts made as ours." He has given up to God, when we find him here crying, Cast me not off in mine old age! and then there is no care left worth one beat of his quiet old heart.

And so, when we set the confession in the lights and shadows of the life I have tried to touch, we can see how it may open the way toward this truth, first of all, for our own help and guidance,—that nature, and the tender mercy of God which is within all nature and all life, does hold this secret of weaning us away from what can be ours no more as it has been, for the sake of what will be so much higher and better if we will but follow the tender and holy teaching. Or, as good Matthew Henry says, in speaking of this the old man has in his mind: "The good Providence puts wormwood on the breast of our weaning, and we are fretful and cross and think we are undone; but the time comes when we begin to forget the old ways and take to the new, and so, when our condition cannot be to our mind, we end by bringing our mind to our condition. Then we are easy to ourselves and to those about us, and our soul is as a weaned child." So I love to believe that this must be a law of grace, so true and good that, if there was no such help for us, our life would be a burden we could not bear, as it is indeed to those who cannot or will not be reconciled to what lies in the human lot, and are forever up in arms against the hand which brings the weaning. The new conditions under which they must live now may be of the very choicest worth some day if they will only make the best of them rather than the worst, and may bring forth a worth they could never hope to win in the old way, as the searching fire brings out the gold at the touch of the refiner. But for this they do not care. They have made up their minds

that they have been wronged out of all measure by the wormwood and the weaning, so they can never rest or cease from their complaining until death brings the peace life could never compass. They must still be thinking of what life might have been if God had dealt more kindly with them, and what it has been through his dealings. They cannot even say with the old Scotch peasant, when the weaning came to him, "Lord, I am sair grieved, but I am na angry"; and so the one word "unhappy" might be graven over their dust, you can find on an old tomb in England, with no name or date, or guess now of whose dust sleeps below, "This is what one of us may come to who will not or cannot submit to the weaning of God, and must still count the loss, but are blind to the blessed gain." Yet there are others again who can sit down with this man, and say, My soul is even as a weaned child. It may be they had a comrade also who was as dear to them as Jonathan was to David, a companion between whose heart and theirs the disasters never fell which need forbearance and forgiveness, their love was so great and true; but one is taken and the other is left, and they must wend on their way alone. Or children in their infancy or grown to their fair, sweet youth in the budding time of life and blossoming, while all they can say when all is over is just about what this old man said once,— "I shall go to him, but he cannot return to me." Men and women also with such splendid powers to match them against the winds and tides of fortune that just to live and do their day's work was enough of delight. But the old powers are broken; and the old delight has gone with the high heart, and strong to hold their own against the world and win,— this has all been tempered down by the gathering of the years. How many I have known who have gone through these sorrows and pains the old king had to endure to find what he found as the years brought the snows, the failing powers, and sadly tempered fortunes, but were able to win out of them all this hope and trust, and kiss

the hand at last which brought the wormwood,—yes, even to give up their resolution not to give up or be quiet! and so they found the secret he found who sings to us across the eternal silences: “Lord, my heart is not haughty, or mine eyes lofty. I do not exercise myself in great matters or in things too high for me. Surely, I have quieted myself as a child that is weaned from his mother: my soul is as a weaned child.”

And I doubt not, if the old man could speak to us across the silence, he would tell us this which indeed he has told us in many a noble number, and the Master has told us in his Gospels,—that there is no need to wait until the snows come before we begin to find out this secret, though, as I have said, the white hairs may help us to solve it in some way which is beyond the reach of our youth or prime. No need to be forever fretting even then because something of this peace which was perfected in him at last can come to us where we are now if we will but let nature help us, and God and the angels which come unseen or in our human guise. It cannot be that we shall be exempted from the wormwood; but the good Bishop Horne says, “Wormwood eaten with bread is not bitter,” and so we can eat this wormwood with our bread of life. The time may come sooner or later for many of us when we have to look backward toward the old place on the hill, or nestled was it in the valley, and to say, “Oh that I might drink of the well by the gate!” and the time to remember friendships we would fain have held on to just as they were; but they die, the beloved, or are lost quite out of our life. And there are graves in which they rest whose life was so blent with ours that we said the whole worth of the years which remain went with them. Or the rude, sturdy health may be failing us a little year by year, while the task is not yet done; or the world itself may have changed for us from a palace to a sort of poor-house. The sunshine may be shorn of the old glory, and the songs of the birds of their melody. The flowers may

have lost the keen edge of sweetness which comes with the crocus and the wood anemone, and gathers fragrance and color through all the summer-time of life. So it may be long before we touch the snow-line; and yet, I say, the blessed lesson of the weaning need not wait. I remember how, many a year after I came to this New World, I did so long to drink at one well whose waters came rushing down a beryl brown from the moors, to walk through the green lanes again and down by the river, and over the moors among the heather, to hear the lark again, and the throstle, and even to find a nest in a holly bush I knew of when I was a boy. These were among the memories I could not bury in level graves, do what I would.

Well, it was many years before I went back again, so changed that my own mother said, "O my lad, I do not know thy face, but I know thy voice." And I rushed away to the well to get my drink; but this was the truth which was waiting for me there,—that the sweet, cool water I had brought over in my heart and memory was the better now, and the sweeter. This was very good, just as good as ever, as I tried to believe; but the wormwood had done its work, and so I had to see that I was weaned from the well. The old lanes also were very lovely, and the bonnie brown river, which sang to me with no sad refrain,—

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

I heard the throstle also and the lark, found the nest in the holly with the pale blue eggs; and the mother-bird seemed to know me, for it was down in the home-laws that we should harry no bird's nest. It was all so pleasant and sweet, away up to the couch among the heather, and it was all true; but the truth of the well touched all things wherever I might wander. I had brought the spirit and essence of them all in my heart across the sea. Only one love had grown finer and fairer, but this lay in the human ties.

These had not failed or faded. They stormed my heart with a new delight, and for the first time in my life then I volunteered to kiss a man because I could not help it. And so at last I struck this old man's noble secret of the wormwood and the weaning, and something of this, I said, may come to us all long before the snows come; and then, if we are wise to learn our lesson, comes the help and the healing.

It is suspected, you know, that we never lose anything out of our life, but only lay it away where I had laid my well and all the rest; and this, as my faith stands, must be true of the best. Memories which touch us from the earliest time, friendships dear as our life, and a love, it may be, that is dearer, losses and gains, the crosses and the crowns, the cradles and the graves,—they are all laid away, to be transformed and transfigured where mortality is swallowed up of life. We say,—

“The tender grace of a day that is dead
Can never come back to me”;

but that depends on what we make of the wormwood and the weaning. Whatever was good to us and good *for* us, whatever was blended of our true life, is clothed with a light at last which is not of the sun. It is the good story, then, my friend told me of the fine old Jew in Dresden, who, when he said to him, “Do you not long to return to Jerusalem?” answered, with a delicate motion toward his heart, “Jerusalem is here, sir.” So very quiet we can be, and restful, if we will but learn the lesson of the weaned child. These things that befall us apart from our sins and shames are often as inevitable as the sweep of the planets. We think we might have warded so many of them away if we had known once what we know now; but the very difference between now and then may be one divine element in the weaning, while nature and time, I say, and the eternal love of God, are sure to bring their blessed compensations, so

that we find at last we would hardly have what we had once if that must be bought at the price of the treasure which comes to us when the things which are seen and temporal are changed into the unseen and eternal,—a friendship still unbroken when the friends, as we say, are no more, a love which has changed from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord, still more tender and heart-whole than it ever could be while they tabernacled in the flesh. The power which comes by wormwood and the weaning, and by faith and trust to front this eternal mystery of the frustration and loss of which we can trace the springs but a little ways, while we may still know that they begin where they must end, with God, as we try the measure of the old man's psalm: "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty. Neither do I exercise myself in great matters or in things too high for me. Surely, I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned from his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child." For

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

"But who shall so forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach his hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

"Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss;
Ah! sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

"Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.'"

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>20 cents</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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IX. Prayer, and Communion with God

GEO. H. ELLIS
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PRAYER, AND COMMUNION WITH GOD.

My Scriptural starting-point is in the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to Luke, one phrase of the first verse,—
“Teach us to pray.”

Some years ago I heard a minister, then widely known throughout the country, say in a public address, “Prayer is the power that moves the arm that moves the world.” Can we accept that to-day as a definition of a rational view of the relation in which we stand to God? Many of you will remember that not long ago the churches and the scientific men of England and America were much stirred and roused over a discussion concerning the practical efficacy of prayer. There was much talk of what was called the “prayer-gauge.” I think it was Professor Tyndall who proposed to test the question as to whether prayer was a real power in the physical world; and his test, if I remember rightly, was something like this. He said: You churchmen claim that prayer is able to heal the sick. Now, he said, let us take a certain hospital. We will divide it, a certain number of wards on one side, and a certain number of wards on the other, equalizing so far as we can the nature of the illnesses which afflict the patients. You now concentrate as much as you please, and as many as you please, the prayers on certain wards in the hospital, and we will commit the rest to the ordinary treatment of the physicians; and we will see if you are able to produce any results.

Against a certain type and theory of prayer I suppose a test like that is legitimate enough; and this type, this

theory, is the one that has prevailed throughout Christendom largely for a good many hundreds of years. I suppose you can remember in your boyhood — some of you are as old as I — that it was not an uncommon thing for the minister to pray earnestly for certain things that intelligent men would hardly think of praying for in the same fashion to-day. It was not an uncommon thing, a few years ago, to have a special prayer-meeting during a drought in the endeavor to prevail upon God to send the rain ; and there was certainly a Scriptural warrant for it ; for Elijah is represented in the Old Testament as having, by the power of prayer, shut up the heavens for three years and a half, and then as bringing rain again as the result of his petition. If you study the Book of James,—and remember, when you do study it, that it was not written by the apostle, but by some unknown author towards the middle of the second century,—you will see that he teaches that, if any one is sick, you are not to send for a physician. The brethren are to assemble, the invalid is to be anointed with oil, they are to pray over him, and the explicit and unqualified promise is given that the prayer of faith shall save the sick. And yet we have been confronted for ages with the spectacle of people breaking their hearts in pleading prayer for those that were sick, and seeing them fade and vanish from their sight in spite of their petitions.

I have heard it said a good many times that the fame of the Cunard line of steamships touching the matter of the safety of its passengers was to be explained by the piety of the founders of the line, and the fact that they prayed every time a ship sailed that it might safely cross the seas and land its passengers without accident in the wished-for haven. Are there no prayers for other lines? Has no one ever prayed on behalf of a ship that did meet with an accident? But this would be explained on this theory by saying that the prayer was not the prayer of faith or that there was some defect in it somewhere.

I refer to these things simply by way of illustration to recall to your mind that prayer used to be supposed to be a power touching the winds, the waves, the prosperity of the crops, insuring safety during a dangerous journey; that it was a power that was able to heal disease, that could accomplish all sorts of strange and startling effects in the physical realm.

And now I simply wish to call your attention to the naturalness of that kind of prayer in the olden time. To some of us this thought may seem strange, it may seem almost absurd, to-day; but remember it was not strange, it was not absurd, in the times when the old theory of the universe was thoroughly believed in, not only by church members, but by scientific men as well.

What was that old conception? I have had occasion to refer to it in one connection or another a good many times; and now I shall have to refer to it again, so that you may clearly see what is involved in this question of the efficacy of prayer. God was supposed to be up in heaven, away from nature. Nature was a sort of mechanism, a machine that ordinarily ran on after its own fashion. God had made it,—indeed, in some sense, God supported it continually; but it went on apart from him, and he was away from it. He was, as Carlyle used to say, looked upon as an absentee God. He was up in heaven. He ruled this world as the Kaiser rules Germany, arbitrarily. He was not even always supposed to know everything that was going on,—at least, if you are to judge by the tone of the prayers of a good many people such as I have heard. He needed information concerning matters. He needed to be pleaded with, that he might interfere and accomplish some results that would not otherwise take place. He ruled the world arbitrarily and from a distance.

Now, if any German wishes a certain thing accomplished that would not happen in the ordinary course of nature and human life, he knows that the Kaiser has almost unlimited

power; and, if he can persuade him to undertake it, it may be accomplished. So he will send a petition to the Kaiser; and he will back that petition with all the influence that he is able to bring to bear upon it. If there is a prime minister who stands specially high in favor with the Kaiser, do you not see how much might be accomplished by winning his ear, and getting him to intercede on behalf of the petitioner? Do you not see right in there the parallel to the old idea that used to dominate us in regard to the government of the universe? If only we could get God interested in the matter, if we could bring to bear upon him an adequate amount of influence, if we could get Jesus to intercede with him, then something might be accomplished.

Are these antiquated ideas? I received a letter only a little while ago. It told me nothing new; but it came to me with a shock, roused me to a recognition of ideas still dominant and popular in the common mind. It was from a Catholic. He said: We do not worship Mary; but she is in the spirit world, and she is in sympathetic relation with this world's sorrow and trouble. We pray to her, asking her to intercede with her son, "because a mother's influence is efficacious." Think for a moment of the implications of this theory of governing the universe. God is away off, has forgotten us, or does not care,—at any rate, is not doing for us the things we need. If we can get Jesus to intercede; but, according to this Catholic theory, Jesus had perhaps forgotten or was not attentive. So he pleads with his mother, and gets the mother to exert her influence on Jesus so he may exert his influence on God, and at last something may be done. I confess to you, friends, that this theory of things does not seem piety to me, but the precise opposite.

I ask you now to follow me while I attempt to point out some of the difficulties that confront us in this old-time theory of prayer. Why is it that we cannot pray to God to change the order of the natural world? Why cannot we believe that "prayer is the power that moves the arm that

moves the world?" Why cannot I consistently pray to God to heal my disease or the disease of a friend, or to save the soul of some friend who would otherwise be neglected by the divine care? Why cannot I any longer pray to God to send his light and truth to the heathen world? Why cannot I pray to him to insure my safety in mid-Atlantic, to do something to prevent my colliding with a derelict, as the "Veen-dam" has done during the last few days? Do you think there was no one on that ship that prayed? What is the difficulty in the mind of the intelligent, modern thinker when he faces this conception of prayer?

Friends, think with me clearly just a moment; and I imagine I can make it plain. We no longer think of God—we cannot think of him—as outside the system of nature, and as possibly interfering with it to produce a result that would not otherwise take place. Why? Because God is the soul, the mind, the heart of nature. The forces of the universe, acting according to their changeless and eternal laws, are simply God at work. And, when I pray to God to interfere, I am praying him to interfere with himself, I am praying him to contradict his own wisely and eternally and changelessly established methods of controlling the world.

The question is sometimes asked, But a man can interfere with the course of nature, and produce a result that would not be naturally produced without it? Certainly, because man does not stand in this relation to natural forces. But man, however, does not change any law, he does not interfere with any law. He simply discovers some law and obeys it, and in that way produces a result that would not otherwise be produced. But man does not stand, I say, in this vital relation to the forces of the universe and their laws. When you remember that these forces working, as I said, changelessly, eternally, after their methods,—when you remember that these are God in his ceaseless and wise and loving activity,—then do you not see that he cannot contradict or interfere with himself? Here is the great

difficulty in regard to this old method, this old conception of prayer which confronts the intelligent, the educated, the thoughtfully devout man.

When I was first struggling out into the light — as it seems to me now — from my old theological training, I met another difficulty that I think will appeal to you. It seemed to me an impertinence for me to be telling God, as I heard so many people on every hand, all sorts of things that he knew before. I reconsidered the words of Jesus,— You are not to give yourself to much speaking in your prayers, for your Father knoweth what you have need of before you ask him. And then there was another difficulty which troubled me more than any of the others,— a delightful, splendid difficulty it has seemed to me since those days. It was connected with the thought of God's goodness and love. There are heathen, they tell us, who have got a glimpse, from their point of view, of this fact about God. It is said they do not bring any offerings, except some flowers, to the deities they regard as good, because, they say, they do not need to be persuaded. They bring all their costly offerings to the bad gods, the ones they are afraid of ; and they attempt to buy their favor or buy off their anger.

When I waked up to the free and grand conception of the eternal love and the boundless goodness of the Father, then it seemed to me that many of my prayers in the past had been so far from reasonable that they were absurd, and so far from piety that they were wrong. To illustrate what I mean. When I was minister of an orthodox church in the West, a lovely, faithful lady came to me to raise some question touching this matter of prayer. It had been suggested, I suppose, by something I had said ; and I asked her this question : What would you think of me if I should come to you, and with pathos in my voice, and perhaps with tears in my eyes, plead with you to be kind to your own children, beg you to give them something to eat, beseech you to furnish them with clothes, entreat you to educate them, to

do the best for them that you knew how? What would you think of it? I asked. She said, I should feel insulted. And I replied, Do you not think that God is almost as good as you are?

If you are anxious and ready, do you think that God needs to be pleaded with and entreated and besought in order to make him willing, in order to make him kind, in order to bring some sort of pressure to bear upon him so that he will do the things for his children of which they most stand in need? No scientific difficulty, no question of theories of the universe, has ever affected my practice in the matter of prayer so much as this overwhelming, blessed thought of the loving-kindness and care of the infinite Father. He does not need to be informed, he does not need to be persuaded. Has not Jesus told us that your heavenly Father is more ready to give the things which you need than you are to give good gifts to your children?

And so I came to have a difficulty with the kind of prayer-meetings in which I was brought up as a boy, and which I used to lead as a young and earnest minister. I have heard kinds of prayers which have seemed to me reflections on the goodness and the kindness of our Father in heaven. I remember one man—I used to hear him over and over again, week by week—who would pray, “It is time for thee, O God, to work”! And, as I came to think of it, it hurt my sense of reverence. I shrank from it. And I could not believe that God was going to let thousands of souls in China or Africa perish merely because Christians in America did not pray hard enough and long enough for their salvation. Why should they meet with eternal doom on account of the lack of enthusiasm or devotion of people of whom they have never heard?

So I used to find myself troubled about this question of praying so hard for the salvation of other people’s souls. If, as the old creeds tell us, it is settled from all eternity as to just who is to be saved and who is to be lost, there would

hardly seem place for a vital prayer; and if, as a friend of mine, a minister, and a very liberal and broad one, though in one of the older churches, said to me, "I believe that God will save every single soul that he can save," then do you not see again that it touches this kind of prayer? If he cannot save them, then why should I beg him to do it? If he can, and loves them better than I do, again, why should I plead with him after that fashion to do it?

These, frankly and freely spoken, are some of the difficulties connected with a certain theory of prayer.

I gladly put all that now behind my back, and come to the grand and positive side of my theme. I wish to tell you what I believe myself in regard to this matter of prayer; and, in the first place, let me suggest to you that prayers, even the prayers of the past,—any of them, the most objectionable types,—are not made up only of petition; they are not all begging, teasing for things. There enter into their composition gratitude, adoration, reverence, aspiration, a sense of communion with the spiritual Being, a longing for higher and finer things; a sense of refuge in time of trouble, a sense of strength in time of need, a sense of hope, uplift, and outlook as we glance towards the future. A prayer, then, you see, is a very composite thing,—not a simple thing, not merely made up of the elements of pleading with God to give us certain things that we cannot come into possession of by ordinary means.

Right here let me stop long enough to ask you to attend a little carefully to the teaching of Jesus on the subject of prayer. You will see he chimes in almost perfectly with the things I have been saying. If we followed his directions literally, we should never pray in public at all. He says, Enter into your chamber, and shut to the door, and commune with the Father in secret. He does not advocate long prayers, nor this kind of pleading, begging prayers that I have referred to. Do you remember the story of the unjust judge? Jesus tells this parable on purpose to enforce the

point I have been speaking of. He says: Here is an unjust judge: a widow brings her case before him. She pleads with him until she tires him out; and at last he says, Although I am an unjust judge, and fear neither God nor men, because with her continually praying she wearies me, I will grant her petition. Jesus does not say you are to weary God out in order to get your petitions granted, but just the opposite. How much more shall God give good gifts unto those that ask him! Read once more that other story of the man who rises at night and goes to a neighbor for assistance. The neighbor, for the sake of being gracious and kind, will rise, although it gives him trouble and he does not wish to, and grant his request. But God is not like that neighbor: he does not need to be wearied or roused to make him care for our interests.

This is the teaching, you will notice, of Jesus. If there is anything that appears like contrary teaching, you will find it in the supposed Gospel of John, written by an anonymous author, in which quite different doctrines are taught in regard to a good many things from those that are reported of Jesus in the other gospels.

Now I wish to come to my own personal position concerning the subject of prayer. It is fitting—is it not?—that we should open our hearts with gratitude to God, no matter what has come to us of good or bright, of beautiful, sweet, and true things, no matter through what channel, by the ministry of what friend, as the result of the working of no matter how many natural forces. Trace it to its source, and that source is always of necessity the one fountain, the one eternal Giver; and, if there be no more than courtesy in our hearts, ought it not to be easy and fitting for us to think, at least, if we do not say, Thank you, Father?

Not only thanksgiving, but adoration.

Any uplook to something beautiful and high and fine above you partakes of the nature of worship. So that prayer

which is worship, is it not altogether fitting and sweet and true? Only as we look up do we ever rise up, do we ever attain to anything finer and better.

And then there is communion. Is it true that God is Spirit, and that he is Father of his children, also spirit? Are we made in his likeness? Is there community of nature between him and us? I believe that he is human in all essential qualities, and that we are divine in all essential qualities. I believe the only difference between God and man is a difference not of kind, but of degree, and that there is possibility of constant interchange of thought, of feeling, communion, between God and his children. Profound, wonderful truth it seems to me is expressed in those beautiful words of Tennyson's:—

"Speak to him thou, for he hears,
And spirit with spirit may meet.
Closer is he than breathing,
And nearer than hands and feet."

Communion then possible, the very life of that which is divine within us!

Then I do not believe for one moment that prayer is only a sort of spiritual gymnastics, that it produces results in us merely by the exercise of spiritual feelings and emotions. I believe that in the moral and spiritual realms prayer does produce actual results that would not be produced in any other way. This, however, mark you carefully, not by producing any change in God, only changing our relations towards God. Can I illustrate it? I have a flower, for example, a plant in a flower-pot in my room. It seems to be perishing for the lack of something. It may be that the elements in the air do not properly feed it: it may be that it is hungry for light. At any rate, I try it: I take it out into the sunshine, I let the air breathe upon it, the dews fall upon it, the rains touch it and revive it; and the plant brightens up, grows, blossoms, becomes beautiful and fra-

grant. Have I changed natural laws any? Not one particle. I have changed the relation of my plant to the sun and the air; and I have produced a result of life and beauty where there would have been ugliness and death.

So I believe in prayer in that sense,—that it may and does change the spiritual attitude of the soul towards God so that we come into entirely new relations with him, and the spiritual life in us grows, unfolds, becomes beautiful and sweet, not because we have changed God, but because we have got into a new set of relations with him.

If I thought that I could change God by a prayer, that I could interfere in the slightest degree with the working of any of the natural forces, I would never dare to open my lips in prayer again so long as I live. We do not need to change God: we need simply to change our attitude towards him, change our relations to him. Is not this true in every department of human life? How is it that you produce results anywhere? You wish a mountain stream to work for you. Do you change the laws of motion? You adapt your machinery to those laws of motion, and all the power of God becomes yours. You do not change him, you change yourself,—your attitude towards him. And so in every one of the discoveries, in every one of the revolutions, that have come to the world,—simply by discovering God's methods, and humbly adapting our ways to those methods, so that the forces of God, which are changeless and eternal, produce for us results which they would not have produced but for adapting our lives to the working of their ways!

A great many people do not think they ever pray. I have never seen a man yet who did not pray. You cannot live, and not pray: you cannot escape it if you try. Take Montgomery's famous old definition,—

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

"Soul's sincere desire." Yes, the body's desire, the mind's desire, the heart's desire, any desire, any outreach of life, is a prayer,—an appeal for something that only the universe, that only God, can bestow. So, no matter whether you think you are religious or not, you are a praying man so long as you are a living man; and you cannot escape the fact if you try. It is merely a question whether you are a loving praying man or some other kind.

There is another aspect of prayer to which I wish to call your attention. Prayer is the refuge of a soul in trouble. It does not mean here, again, that you change God any. Can you not understand what it means to go to God, as it were, and fling yourself, like a child, against his breast, and feel yourself folded in the everlasting arms? Your sorrow may not be removed, the burden may not be taken away, the life of your friend may not be saved, the sickness may not be healed; but there is comfort, there is strength, there is peace, there is help. Why, even in our human life do you not know how it is? You go to some friend you trust and love with your trouble. Perhaps he cannot lift it with one of his fingers; but he can tell you that he loves you, he cares, he would help you if only he were able. He can put his arm around you, he can say, God bless you; and you are stronger. You go away with lifted shoulder and with head that fronts the heavens; and you are able to bear the burden.

Is there nothing akin to this in the sense of coming into intimate relations with the eternal Father, when troubled, pressed, when the outside world is dark, and feeling that here is refuge in a love deeper, higher, unspeakably more tender than that of the dearest friend that ever lived?

And this suggests another point. I have no doubt that sometimes, in my attempts to lead the devotions of this congregation, I use words which, if I were to sit down and critically analyze, I could not logically justify. I do not mean to; but, perhaps, sometimes I do. What of it? When my children were small, and my little boy came and climbed

up in my lap and expressed himself in all sorts of illogical and foolish ways, telling me every sort of thing he wanted,— impossible things, unwise things, things I could not get for him, things I would not get if I could, because I thought myself wiser than he,—did these things trouble me? I loved to have him pour out his whole little soul into mine, because he was my child and because I did not expect him to be over-wise. It was this simple touch of kinship, this simple communion of father and child, which was sweet and tender and true.

So I believe with my whole soul that God loves us, his little children, with an unspeakable tenderness,— a tenderness infinitely beyond that with which any earthly father ever loved a child, and that we can go to him freely and pour out our hearts, whether it is wise in expression or unwise, only let us do it with the feeling, “Not my will, Father, but Thine, be done,”— not as though we were trying to persuade him to do things for us that he would not otherwise do, but merely as the pouring out of our gratitude, our tenderness, our love.

There is another thing that needs just a word of suggestion. I believe that we ought to pray to God, not in the sense of begging for things, but sympathetically bringing in the arms of our sympathy all those we love and all those we hate,— if there are any,— and all things that live on the face of the earth. There is a hint of what I mean in those beautiful words of Tennyson's:—

“ For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.”

Reach out our arms of sympathy to all the world and bring the world sympathetically into the presence of our

Father. So our own hearts and loves will broaden, until they, too, are divine.

And, then, there is one other thing. What a strength prayer has been to the grandest souls of the ages! Never was truer, finer truth written than those magnificent words of Isaiah: "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint!"

Take Jesus in his hour of agony, take Savonarola with his struggle, take Huss, Wyclif, Luther,—take all the grand souls of the ages when they have simply stood with the feeling, One with God is a majority, and ready to face the world, if need be, in the conviction that they stood for and represented the truth. The times of which Lowell speaks:—

"Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

This sense that God is for the truth and right, and, if you are standing for the truth and right, the Almighty Power is backing you up, the ground you stand on impregnable, because of that position. You do not expect God to work miracles, you do not expect him to do anything; but simply the sense that you are in his presence, that you are on his side, re-enforces you more than a thousand men could re-enforce an army in the time of its need. This is the great sense of surety that the poet Clough had in mind, when he wrote those wonderfully fine words:—

"It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That howsoe'er I stray or range,
Whate'er I do, thou dost not change.

"I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, thou dost not fall."

Here is the confidence, the strength, that comes from prayer, from communion with God, from the sense of being in his presence, from a feeling of fellowship with the Divine.

The truest and finest, the sweetest prayer must come out of the loving, the sympathetic, the tender soul. No selfish prayer can expect to enter into the heart of God. You will note in the words that Jesus teaches his disciples, it is not "My" Father, it is "Our" Father; and, if we wish to pray in the divine spirit, we shall broaden that "Our" until it includes not only our family, our church, our city, our State, our nation, our humanity, but until it includes all life that swims or walks or flies, feeling that it is the one life of the Father that is in us all. For, as Coleridge has finely put it,

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Dear Father, we are glad that we can come into Thy presence, or rather be conscious that we are in Thy presence; that we can feel around us the everlasting arm, the cheer, the strength, the guidance, which comes from knowing that we are Thy children and that Thou art ever leading us unto Thyself. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>.</i>	<i>20 cents.</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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X. THE WORSHIP OF GOD

GEO. H. ELLIS

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104 East 20th St., New York.

THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

As my text, I have selected from the fourth chapter of the Gospel according to John the twenty-fourth verse: "God is spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

There are those who in religious matters, as well as in all other departments of life, are content to walk unquestioningly the path which the footsteps of previous generations have made easy and familiar. But there are others — and these among the more thoughtful and earnest minds — to whom it is not enough to utter earnest words concerning enthusiasm and devotion, consecration and worship. These spiritual attitudes and exercises must first be made to appear reasonable to them, fitting, — fitting to their conception of God, fitting to their ideas of that which is highest and finest in man.

So there are many things that pass to-day as forms of worship, many ideas connected with worship, which this class of minds cannot heartily and fully accept. Some of them do not seem to them fitting, as they look upward towards God. They cannot, for example, believe that God cares for flattery, cares to sit on his throne, and be told by his creatures how great and how wonderful he is. They cannot think that he cares to have presents brought to him, gifts offered on his altar, as men say. They cannot believe that he really is anxious for many of these external forms and ceremonies, which seem to the onlooker to constitute the essential element of much that passes as popular worship.

And then, on the other hand, man has grown into a sense of dignity. He has a higher and loftier idea of his own nature and of what is fitting to a man; and he cannot any longer heartily enter into the meaning of words which speak of him as a worm of the dust, which seem to him to intimate that God cares to have him prostrate himself in utter humiliation, to speak of himself always as a miserable sinner, as one without any good in him.

Many of these things from the point of view of the man himself no longer constitute the real conviction, the real feeling of the noblest hearts; and so there are many who are troubled over this question of worship, who are not quite sure as to how much spiritual significance it may any longer retain, not quite sure as to how vital a part it may play in the development of the religious life of man.

We find an adequate and perfectly natural explanation of some of these phases of worship that trouble us to-day, as we look back and note some of the steps in the religious development of the race. I shall not raise the question as to how or where or in what way the act of human worship began. I will simply say that one of the first manifestations of that which came to be religious worship which we are able to trace at the present time is to be found in the burial-mounds of the dead. Men revered the memory of the chief of the tribe who had passed into the invisible. They did not believe that he had ceased to exist: they rather looked upon him as having become, because invisible, a higher ruler. They thought of him as still interested in the welfare of the tribe, still its guardian, still its avenger, still demanding of the tribe the same reverence that it paid to him while he was yet alive; and his followers clothed him with all the human attributes with which they were familiar during the time he was among them. He was still hungry, he was still thirsty, he still wanted his old-time weapons,—all those things he was familiar with during his earthly career. And so they brought food, and laid it on the

burial-mound above his body; and they poured out their libations of drink to quench his spiritual thirst.

These were very real beliefs on the part of man universally during a certain stage of his mental, his moral, his spiritual growth. It was a very natural step beyond this to the origin of sacrifices. All sacrifice began right here. It was a religious meal, in which God and his worshippers equally shared. Some animal, supposed to partake of a life similar to that which distinguished the god and the worshipper, too, is sacrificed. It is cooked, and the worshippers partake of the meal; and they fully believe that the god joins in it also. And then the drink they partake of, and pour out their libation for the invisible spirit.

So the first sacrifice was a meal eaten together; and just as, for example, to-day you see a remnant of this idea when a man eats with an Arab, although the Arab may discover five minutes after that it was his bitterest foe, he finds himself at least during a little time bound to amity and peace by the fact that they have shared this sacred meal together, so in the act of sacrifice it was believed that the worshipper consecrated himself in loyalty to his God, and that the God consecrated himself in faithfulness to his worshippers as their guardian and protector. Here is given the central significance of sacrifices that have made so large a part of the religious ceremonial of the world.

These are not peculiar to what we call pagan people. Do you remember the story of how, after the flood, Noah offers a sacrifice, and God up in heaven is represented as smelling the flavor of the burning meat and as rejoicing in it, accepting the offering, and pledging himself to guard and care for his worshippers? Do you remember, also, that story of Jacob,—how, when he is on his journey, he falls asleep, and has his wonderful dream, and sees the ladder starting at his feet and ending at the throne of God, up and down which the angels are passing? When he wakes in the morning, he says, "Surely, this is holy ground"; and

he takes the stone on which he slept, and sets it up as an altar, and pours out the sacred oil as an offering to his God.

All the way through the Old Testament, in the history of the Hebrew people, you trace these same ideas that you find in the life of almost all the other nations of the world. It was only a step beyond this to the idea of presenting gifts to God, no matter what the nature of that gift might be. And, as men came to make him these sacred offerings, they came also to believe—and in the most natural way in the world—that, the more costly the gift, the more likely it was to be accepted on the part of its sublime recipient.

So human sacrifices arose; for there could be no more sacred gift than for a man to offer his own child or his own wife to God. The gods were looked upon as sometimes demanding these tremendous sacrifices as the conditions of their mercy or their care. I refer you for illustration to one of the most striking and touching of Tennyson's poems. I think it is entitled "The Victim." There had been famine in the land, and the priests have announced that they have learned that the gods demand as an offering that which is most sacred and most dear to the heart of the king; and the question is as to whether it is his son, his boy, or his wife. They think it must be the boy, because he was the one that would continue the kingly line; but the wife detects the gladness of her husband when he sees that the boy is to be selected, and knows by that sense of relief that passes over his face that the priests have made a mistake, and that she herself is to be the victim. And so, in her love for him and for the people, she rushes upon the sacrificial knife.

All these ideas, you see, are perfectly natural in certain stages of human development, logically reasoned out in view of their thought of the gods and of their relations to them and of what these gods must desire at their hands. It is not only among the very early beliefs that you find these ideas controlling the thought and action of men. Study the ancient classical times as they are reflected in the Iliad, in

the Odyssey, or in Virgil's *Æneid*, and you will find that the gods were very human in all their feelings, their thoughts, their passions. As, in the Old Testament, Jehovah is reported to have been a jealous God, not willing that respect should be paid to anybody but himself, so you find the old Greek and Roman deities very jealous as to what were regarded as their rights, as to what the people must pay to them; and, if they are angry, they can be appeased if an offering rare and costly enough be brought by the worshipper. You can buy their favor, you can ward off their anger, if only you can offer them something which is precious enough so that they are ready to accept it at the worshipper's hands.

These are not merely Old Testament ideas, nor only pagan ideas. Some years ago, when I was in Rome, I visited among others one of the many churches dedicated to Mary under one name or the other; and there was a statue of the Virgin by the altar, and it impressed me very much to see that it was loaded down with gifts. Every place on the statue itself to which anything could be attached, anything on the altar around it, was weighted down with gold chains, with jewels, with precious gifts of every kind. These had been brought as thank-offerings, expressions of worship, or pledges connected with a petition,—because I have brought thee this gift, have mercy, do this for me which I need.

So these old ideas are vital still, and live on in the modern world. And yet modern and magnificent are those utterances of the old Hebrew prophet, who had so completely outgrown the common customs even of his time, when he represents God as saying that he is weary of all these external offerings. He says: I do not want the cattle brought to my temples. Those that wander on a thousand hills are already mine. If I were hungry, I would not ask thee. He does not want the rivers of oil poured out. What does he want? The old prophet says, "What doth

the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God." And some of the later writers caught a glimpse of the same spiritual truth when they said, Not burnt-offerings, not calves of a year old; when they cry out, Shall I bring the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? No, it is a broken and contrite heart, a heart sorry for its sin, a heart consecrating itself to righteousness and truth, this inner, spiritual worship.

The prophets, you see, were climbing up to that magnificent ideal so finely set up by Jesus as reported in the Gospel from which I read our lesson this morning. They had not only believed that God was to be worshipped after these external fashions, but that there was some special place, not only where it was easier to think of him, but where he demanded the offering should be brought. He said to the woman at the well: You think it is Mount Gerizim where the people ought to worship, and the Jews think it is Mount Moriah; but I say unto you that neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem shall men worship the Father. God is spirit, the universal spirit, every place a temple, every spot hallowed, if only those that worship him do so in spirit and in truth.

You see, then, how up these stairways of gradual approach the human race, in the person of its highest and finest representatives, has climbed, how near it has come to the spiritual ideal of God and the spiritual thought of that which he requires at our hands.

Is worship, then, so far as external form is concerned, to pass away? By no manner of means, as I think. As you analyze any one of these old primitive acts of worship, no matter how crude, no matter how cruel, how bloody, how repulsive it may be to-day from the outlook of our higher civilization, you will note that it has in it an element which, I believe, is permanent, and can never be outgrown. Whatever else there is, there is always the sense of a Presence, — invisible, mighty, high, and, from the point of view of the

worshipper, holy and set apart. There is always the feeling of being in the shadow of the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity. There is always the sense of uplooking, of worship, in the higher sense of that term. Always, at any rate, the germ of these; and this, it seems to me, we may be sure and certain, however it may clothe itself in the future, shall never pass away.

I wish now, if there are any who think it is not befitting the greatness, the nobleness of man that he should bow himself in the presence of the highest, humiliate himself, if you choose to use that term, in acts of worship,—I wish now, I say, to consider worship under two or three aspects, and see what it means. And, in the first place, I ask you to note that the ability to worship is always the measure of the rank of a being, it is the test and the standard of greatness.

As you look over the animal world, which one of them are we accustomed to think of as coming the nearest to man? What one do we love to have most with us, to associate most with our joys, with the peace of our homes? Is it not the dog? And as you examine the dog, study carefully his nature and characteristics, do you not note that there is in his nature a hint, a suggestion, of that which is the root of all worship? The dog is the one animal with which man is accustomed familiarly to associate himself, who looks up with an incipient reverence, love, almost worship, to his master. And it is this quality in the dog that enables him to look up, and, however dimly, feel the life of some one that is above him, that lifts him into our society, and makes us feel this tenderness of heart-kinship with that which is finest in his nature.

And man is man simply because he is able to look above himself. The old Greeks had an anticipation of that idea when they called man *anthropos*; for the meaning of the word is the upward-looker. As in imagination you go back and down to the time when man first appeared, developed from the lower life which preceded him, the first thing you

can think about him as human is the opening of his eyes in wonder, the lifting of his face in curiosity and question, and the birth of adoration in his soul. This is that which made him man.

You go and study the lowest type of barbaric life to-day ; and you will find that the barbarian has very little curiosity as compared with the civilized man. You will find that it is very difficult to astonish him with anything. He does not wonder. He takes everything for granted. He does not see clearly and deeply enough to appreciate the marvel. Let me illustrate from a specimen of barbaric life itself. A few years ago the chief of an Indian tribe was brought from the plains of the West to visit Washington. The idea was to impress him as much as possible with the idea of our civilization, so that he might report it to his people when he went home. After they had crossed the Mississippi on their way to the West, the gentleman in whose care he was traveling asked the chief what the one thing which he had seen during his trip was which had impressed him the most ; and he said at once the St. Louis bridge. But his companion said, Are you not astonished at the Capitol of Washington ? "Yes," he said, "but my people can pile stones on top of each other ; but they cannot make a cobweb of steel hang in the air."

You see how that perception lifted him above the average level of his people ? He was showing his capacity for higher and nobler civilization. It is just this ability in the man to wonder, to see something to wonder at, to worship, to admire, which lifts him one grade higher than that of the average level of his tribe. So that which makes man a man is the capacity in him to admire. All admiration is the essence, the root, of worship. And, the more things a man admires, the greater and nobler type of man he is seen to be. If he can admire music, if he can admire painting, if he can admire sculpture, if he can admire poetry, if he can admire literature of every kind, if he can admire

grand architecture, the beautiful monuments of the world, we say, Here is a large, all-round type of man. We estimate his dignity, his greatness, by the capacity that he shows for worship in its lower type; for worship is simply looking up with admiration.

There is another quality about this worship that I wish to speak of. It is the power that is capable of transforming a man, making him over into the likeness of that which he admires. You find the man without this capacity, and you know it is hopeless to appeal to him, hopeless to set up ideals, hopeless to place before him enticing examples. There is nothing in him to which these things appeal. Take Alexander the Great. It is said he carried around with him a copy of the Iliad, and that Achilles was his ideal of a hero. Do you not see how this admiration transformed the life of the young king, and made him after the type of that which he admired? It does not make any difference what this special admiration may be. Let a man admire Beethoven, and he will cultivate instinctively the qualities that make the beauty and greatness of Beethoven's character and the wonders of his career.

This ideal may be in a book, it may be embodied in fiction. I have liked always, either on the walls of my room or on the walls of my heart, to have certain portraits of persons whom I have loved, who are no longer living; and they are to me constant stimulus. They speak to me by day, and in my dreams at night their eyes follow me, and seem to look into my soul; and in their presence I could not do a mean, an unmanly thing. I love, I reverence, I worship these lofty ideals. And the quality of these characters filters down through and permeates the thought and the life.

You remember how the other aspect of this thought is illustrated by Shakspeare. He says,—

“ My nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.”

If that with which you keep company, that you admire, is below you, it degrades; if it is above you, it lifts. In any case you are transformed, shaped into the likeness of that which you admire.

There is another aspect of this close akin to that which I have just been dealing with. It is only the worshipper who has in him any promise, any possibility, of growth. Whether it is the individual or the nation, it makes no difference. If you find no capacity to admire that which is above and beyond you, then there is no hope of progress. Take the young man who thinks he has exhausted the possibilities of the world, who has reached the *nil admirari* stage, who prides himself on not being surprised, not being overwhelmed, not admiring anything. The careful outside observer knows that, instead of having exhausted the possibilities and greatness and wonders of the universe, he has simply exhausted himself.

The man who knows how full the world is of that which is beautiful and great and true and noble walks through the universe with his head bared and bowed, and feels, as did Moses when standing in the presence of the burning bush, that he ought to take off his shoes from his feet for the place where he is standing is holy ground. Wherever you are standing in this universe, which is full of God from star to dust particle, is holy ground; and, if you do not feel it, if you are not touched, if you are not bowed, if you are not thrilled with wonder, it is defect in you, and not lack of God.

If the musician admires his great predecessors and strives to emulate them; if the painter in the presence of the Sistine Madonna feels lifted and touched, so that he never can be content with poor work again; if the sculptor is ready to bend his knees in the presence of the Venus of Melos, as he sees her standing at the end of the long gallery in the Louvre; if the lover of his kind admires John Howard, and can never be content unless he is doing something for his

fellow-men again; if we can be touched by lives like Clara Barton's, like Florence Nightingale's, like Dorothea Dix's, like the great and consecrated ones of the earth; if in any department of life we can be lifted, humbled, thrilled, at the same time with the thought of the greatness and glory and beauty that are above and beyond us,—then there is hope of growth, then there is life that can come to something fine and noble in the future.

I wish, in the light of these illustrations of what worship means, to note the thought that a great many men — conscientious, earnest, simple — who have never been accustomed to think of themselves as religious, and perhaps would deny it if a friend suggested to them that they had in them the possibilities of worship,—that perhaps they are worshippers, even if they know it not. A great many persons have thrown away the common ideals of worship, and perhaps have settled down to the idea that they are not worshippers at all, while all the time the substance and the beauty and the glory of worship are in their daily lives and always in their hearts. I want to suggest two or three grades of worship, to show that this worship climbs; and I want to call attention to the fact that on the lowest grade it is worship of God just the same as on the highest,—that all worship or admiration for truth, for beauty, for good, wherever, however, manifested, is really worship of God, whether we think of it or call it by that name or not, because they all are manifestations of God.

Take the man who is touched and lifted by natural beauty, the sense of natural power; the man who loves the woods, who turns and stands to see the glory of a sunset, who is lifted by tides of emotion as he hears the surf beat on the shore, who feels bowed in the presence of the wide night sky of stars, who is humbled at the same time that he is uplifted in the presence of the mountains, who is touched by all natural scenes of beauty and peace and glory. Are not these men in their degree worshippers?

Take the feeling that is expressed in those beautiful lines of Byron. We do not think of Byron as a religious nature, but certainly he had in him the heart of worship when he could write such thoughts as these : —

“’Tis midnight. On the mountains brown
The cold, round moon shines deeply down ;
Blue roll the waters ; blue the sky
Seems like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright.
Whoever looked upon them shining
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away
And mix with their eternal ray ? ”

And Wordsworth says he feels a Presence that

“ Disturbs him with the joy of elevated thought,
A sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused.”

And so you may run all through the poets,—these simply as hints, specimens,—every one of them worshippers, touched by the beauty, glory, uplift of the natural world.

And then pass to the next stage, and come to the worship of the human, to the admiration of the highest and finest qualities that are manifested in the lives of men and women. Who is there that is not touched and thrilled by some story of heroic action, of heroic self-sacrifice, of consecration to duty in the face of danger and death ? And no matter what this manifestation of human goodness may be, if you can be thrilled by it and lifted by it, then you have taken another step up this ladder of worship which leads you into the very presence chamber of the Divine.

Let a boy read the life of Lincoln, see his earnest thirst for knowledge, the sacrifice he was willing to pay for it, his consecration to his ideals of truth, the transparent honesty of the man, the supreme contempt with which he could look down upon anything poor or mean or low, the firmness

and simplicity with which he assumes high office, the faithfulness, the unassuming devotion, that he carries into the fulfilment of the trust. Take him all the way through, study his character and admire, and you are a worshipper of that which is divine.

So in the case of Jesus, the supreme soul of history in its consecration to the Father, its simple trust in the divine love, its superiority to fear, to question, to death. When we bow ourselves in the presence of the Nazarene, we are not worshipping another God. We are worshipping his Father and our Father as he shines in the face of Jesus, as he illumines and beautifies his life, as he makes glorious the humble pathways of Galilee, and so casts a reflected glory over the humblest pathways any of us may be called upon to tread.

The next step in our ascent brings us to the conscious worship of God himself. We cannot grasp the divine idea. The finite cannot measure or outline the infinite; and so, when we say "God," we mean only the grandest ideal that we can frame, that reaches on towards, but can never adequately express the Deity. And so we worship this thought, this ideal, growing as our capacity develops, advancing as the race advances, and ever leading us Godward,—as when we follow a ray of light we are travelling towards its source. And the attitude of our souls in the presence of this which is divine is truest worship. The humility of it, the exaltation of it, is beautifully phrased in two or three lines which I wish to repeat to you from Browning's "Saul":—

"I but open my eyes, and perfection,—no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.
And, thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it, too),
As by each new obeisance in spirit I climb to his feet!"

Here is the significance of the thought I had in mind at

the opening. We talk about humbling ourselves. When we can bend with reverence in the presence of that which is above us, the very bending is exaltation; for it indicates the capacity to appreciate, to admire, to adore. Thus we climb up into the ability to worship God, the infinite Spirit, our Father, in spirit and in truth.

Now to raise one moment the question suggested near the opening.—Are forms of worship to pass away? The reply to this seems to me perfectly clear. Those forms which sprang out of and are fitted to only lower ideals of worship,—ideals which humanity outgrows,—these must be left behind, or else they must be transformed, and filled with a new and higher meaning. But forms will always remain. But note one thing: they sometimes say that we Unitarians are too cold, and do not have form enough. You will see that, the higher men rise intellectually, the less there is always of outward expression.

For example, before men were able to speak with any large vocabulary, they eked out their meaning by all kinds of motions and gestures. But the most highly cultivated men to-day, in their conversation, are the ones who get the least excited and have the least recourse to gestures, because they are capable of expressing the highest, finest, and most varied thoughts by the elaborate power of speech which they have developed. And perhaps the highest and finest worship of the world will not be that which has the most elaborate ceremonial and ritual; but it will have adequate and fitting ceremonial and ritual, because it will naturally seek to express in some external way that which it feels.

I sometimes wish—and perhaps you will pardon me for saying it here and now—that we Unitarians were a little less afraid of adequate posture and gesture in our acts of public worship. God is, indeed, everywhere as much as he is here; but this is the place we have specially consecrated to thinking about him and to going through our stated forms

of worship. And if, when you enter the house of a friend, you take off your hat, you bow the head, it seems to me it would be especially fitting to do it, when one enters a Christian church. And, in the attitude of prayer, I wish that all might find it in their hearts to sit with bended brow and closed eyes as in the presence of the Supreme, shutting out the common, the outside world, and trying to realize what it means to come consciously to the feet of the eternal One.

I love these simple, fitting, external manifestations of the worshipful spirit; and, if we do not substitute them for the worship, and think we worship when we bend the knee, this appropriate expression of the spirit, or feeling, it seems to me, ought to help cultivate the feeling and the spirit, and make it easier for us to be conscious of the presence of the Divine.

We are men, then, in the highest sense of the term, only as we are worshippers. And the more worshipful we are, in the high and true sense of that word, the nobler and higher our manhood, and the grander the possibilities in us of noble intellectual, moral, spiritual growth.

Let us, then, cultivate the admiring, the wondering, the worshipful attitude of heart and mind, and recognize on the lowest steps of this ladder that lifts to God, the presence of the same divine power and beauty and glory as that which we see clearly on the highest, and know that always, when we are worshipping any manifestation of God, we are worshipping Him who is spirit,—in spirit and in truth.

When on some strain of music
Our thoughts are wafted high;
When, touched with tender pity,
Kind teardrops dim the eye;

When thrilled with scenes of grandeur,
Or moved to deeds of love,—
Do we not give thee worship,
O God in heaven above?

For Thou art all life's beauty,
 And Thou art all its good :
 By Thy tides are we lifted
 To every lofty mood.

Whatever good is in us,
 Whatever good we see,
 And every high endeavor,
 Are they not all from Thee

Be it the organ's pealing,
 Be it some mountain high,
 Be it the swell of ocean
 Or calm of starlit sky ;

Be it the grace of childhood
 Or look of human love,—
 All love of good is worship
 That lifts to God above.

Father, we thank Thee that we may climb thus along these steps and stairways that lead from the light and the grace and the beauty of the lower world up through manhood to Thee, the infinite Father, and that we may manifest our worship by outward expression of love, of reverence, and of service, and, as we worship, be more and more transformed into the likeness of Thyself. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

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MORALITY NATURAL, NOT STATUTORY.

As my text, I take from the twelfth chapter of the Gospel according to Luke the fifty-seventh verse,— “And why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?”

It is very common for people to identify their special type of religion or their theological opinions with religion itself, and feel that those who do not agree with them are in the true sense not religious. Not only this. It is perhaps quite as common for them to identify their particular type of religion with the fundamental ideas of morality, and think that the people who do not agree with them are undermining the moral stability of the world. For example, those who question the absolute authority of the Catholic Church are looked upon by the authorities of that Church as the enemies, not only of religion, but as the enemies of society, the enemies of humanity, as doing what they can to shake the very foundations of the social order. You will find a great many Protestant theologians who seem to hold the opinion that, if you dare to question the authenticity or authority of some particular book in the Bible, you are not only an enemy of religion, but you are an enemy of morality. You are doing what you can to disturb the stability of the world.

But, if we look at the matter with a little care, we shall see that we ought to turn it quite around,—look at it from another point of view. Though every Bible, every particle of religious literature, every hymn, every prayer on the face of the earth, were blotted out of existence to-day, religion would not be touched. Religious books did not create religion,

did not make man a religious being. It is the religious nature of man that made the Bibles, that uttered itself in prayers, that created the rituals, that sung the hymns and chanted the anthems. It is man, a religious being, who makes religious institutions, who creates all the external aspects and appearances of the religious life. And the same is true precisely in regard to moral precepts. If the Ten Commandments were blotted out of the memory of man, if every single ethical teaching of Jesus should perish, if the high and fine moral precepts of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius and all the great teachers of the pagan world should cease to exist, if there were not a printed moral precept on earth, morality would not be touched. It is not these that have created morality. It is the natural moral nature of man that has written all the commandments, whether they have come to us by the hand of Moses or of Gautama or Mohammed or Confucius or Seneca, or no matter who the medium may have been.

Man is a moral being, naturally, essentially, eternally, and this is a moral universe, inherently, necessarily, eternally; and, though all the external expression of moral thought and feeling should be lost, the human race would simply reproduce them again.

It is sometimes well for us to get down to the bed-rock in our thinking, and find how natural and necessary the great foundations are. The Hindu priests used to tell their followers that the earth, which was flat, rested on certain pillars, which rested again on some other foundation beneath them, and so on until thought was weary in trying to trace that upon which the earth was supposed to find its stability. And they also told their followers that, if they did not bring offerings, if they did not pay the special respect which was due to the gods, if they were not obedient to their teachings, these pillars would give way, and the earth would be precipitated into the abyss.

But we have found, as a result of our modern study of

the universe, that the earth needs no pillars on which to rest; but it swings freely in its orbit,—as the old verse that I used to read in my schoolboy days says, —

“Hangs on nothing in the air,”

part of the universal system of things, stable in its eternal round and motion, kept and cared for by the power that never sleeps and never is weary. So, by studying into the foundations of the moral nature of man, we have discovered at last that it needs no artificial props or supports, but that morality is inherent, natural and eternal.

I shall not raise the question, which is rather curious than practical, as to whether there are any beginnings of moral feeling in the animal world below man. For our purpose this morning it is enough to note that the minute that man appears conscience appears, and that conscience is a fact which springs out of social relations. In other words, when the first man rose to the ability to look into the face of his fellow and think of the other man as another self, like himself in feelings, in possibilities of pleasure or pain,—when this first man was able imaginatively to put himself in the place of this other, then morality as a practical fact was born.

We may imagine, for the purpose of illustration, this man saying: Here is another being who appears to be like myself. He is capable of suffering pain, as I am. He does not like pain any better than I do. Therefore, I have no right to make him suffer that which I do not wish to suffer myself. This other man is capable of pleasure. He desires certain things; similar things to those which I desire. If I do not wish him to take these things away from me, I have no right to take them away from him.

I do not mean that this was thought out in this clear way, but that, when there was the first dim perception of this other self, with similar feelings, similar possibilities, similar

pleasures, similar pains, then there became a conscience, because there was a consciousness of this similarity of nature. Morality, then, is born as a social fact.

To go a little deeper, and in order to trace the natural and historical growth of the moral ideal, let me say that morality in its deepest and truest sense is born of the fact of sex, because it is right in there that we find the root and the germ of permanent social relations. And I wish you to note another very significant fact. You hear people talking about selfishness and unselfishness, as though they were direct contraries, mutually exclusive of each other,—as though, in order to make a selfish man unselfish, you must completely reverse his nature, so to speak. I do not think this is true at all. Unselfishness naturally and necessarily springs out of selfishness, and, in the deepest sense of the word, is not at all contradictory to that.

For example. A man falls in love with a woman. This, on one side of it, is as selfish as anything you can possibly conceive. But do you not see by what subtle and divine chemistry the selfishness is straightway transformed, lifted up, glorified, and becomes unselfishness? The very love that he professes for her makes it necessary for his own happiness that she should be happy, so that, in seeking for his own selfish gratification, he is devoting himself unselfishly to the happiness of somebody else.

And, when a child is born, do you not see, again, how the two selfishnesses, the father's and the mother's, selfishly, if you please, brooding over and loving the child, at once go out of themselves, consecrating time and care and thought and love, and even health or life itself, if need be, for the welfare of the child?

Right in there, then, out of this fact of sex and in the becoming of the family, are born love and sympathy, and tenderness and mutual care,—all those things which are the highest and finest constituent elements of the noblest developments of the moral nature of men.

Imagination plays a large part in the development of morality; for you must be able to put yourself imaginatively in the place of another before you can feel for that other, and in that way recognize the rights of that other and be ready to grant these rights to that other. So we find that morality at first is a narrow thing: it is confined perhaps to the little family, the father, the mother, the child, bound together by these ties of kinship, of love, of sympathy, devoting themselves to each other; but they may look upon some other family as their natural enemies, and feel no necessity whatever to apply these same principles of love and tenderness and care beyond the limits of their own little circle.

So you find, as you study the growth of the moral nature of man, that it is confined at first to the family, then to the patriarchal family, then the tribe; but the fiction of kinship is still kept up, and, while the member of the primeval tribe feels he has no right to rob or murder within the limits of his tribe, he has no compunction whatever about robbing or murdering or injuring the members of some other tribe. So the moral principle in its practical working is limited to the range of the sympathy of the tribe, which does not go beyond the tribal limits. We see how that principle works still in the world, from the beginning clear up to the highest reaches which we have as yet attained.

Take the next step, and find a city like ancient Athens. Still, perhaps, the fiction of kinship is maintained. All the citizens of Athens are regarded as members of the same great tribe or family. But even in the time of Plato, whom we are accustomed to look upon as one of the great teachers of the world, there was no thought of any moral obligation to anybody who lived in Sparta, lived in any other city of Greece, and less was there any thought of moral obligation as touching or taking in the outside barbarian. So when the city grew into a nation, and we came to a point where the world substantially stands to-day, do

you not see that practically the same principle holds,—that, while we recognize in some abstract sort of fashion that we ought to do justice and be kind to people beyond our own limits, yet all our political economy, all our national ideas, are accustomed to emphasize the fact that we must be just and righteous to our own people, but that aggression, injustice of almost any kind, is venial in our treatment of the inhabitants of another country? And it may even flame up into the fire of a wordy patriotism in certain conditions; and love of country may mean hatred and injustice towards the inhabitants of another country, or particularly towards the people of another race.

Let me give you a practical illustration of it. What are the relations in which we stand to-day towards Spain? I have unbounded admiration for the patience, on the whole, for the justice, the sense of right, which characterize the American people. I doubt if there is another nation on the face of the earth to-day that would have gone through the last two or three years of our experience, and maintained such an attitude of impartiality, of faithfulness, of justice, of right. And yet, if we examine ourselves, we shall find that it is immensely difficult for us to put ourselves in the place of a Spaniard, to look at the Cuban question from his point of view, to try to be fair, to be just to him. It is immensely difficult, I say, for us to look at one of these international questions from the point of view of another race, cherishing other religious and social ideas, having another style of government.

And there is another illustration of it that has recently occurred here in our country, which is sadder still to me. Only a little while ago a postmaster in the South was shot by a mob. The mob surrounds his house, murders him and his child, wounds other members of the family, burns down his home; and why? Under no impulse whatever except that of pure and simple race prejudice, the utter inability of a white man to put himself in the position of a black to such

an extent as to recognize, plead for, or defend his inherent rights as a man.

I am not casting any aspersion on the South in what I am saying,—none whatever. Were the conditions reversed, perhaps we should be no better. It is not a practical problem with us. If there were two or three times as many colored men in the State of New York as there are white men, then we might understand the question. Let us not mentally cast any stones at the people across the line. I point it out simply as illustrating the difficulty that we have in recognizing the rights, the moral rights, of people beyond the limits of that sympathy to which we have been accustomed and for a long period trained.

I believe the day will come when we shall be as jealous of the right of a man as we are now of the right of an American. We are not yet. There have been foregleams and prophecies of it in the past. Long ago a Latin writer said, "I am a man, and whatever is human is not foreign to me." But think what a lone and isolated utterance that has been for hundreds of years. Jesus taught us to pray,—not *my* Father, but our Father,—and we do pray it every day in the year; but how many are the people in any of the churches that dream of living it? A hundred years ago that heretic, who is still looked upon as the bugaboo of all that is fine and good, Thomas Paine, wrote, "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion," — a sentence so fine that it has been carved on the base of the statue of William Lloyd Garrison on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, as being a fitting symbol of his own philanthropic life.

How many of us have risen to the idea of making these grand sentiments the ruling principles of our lives? But along the lines of moral growth it is to come. The day will be when, as I said, we shall feel as keenly whatever touches the right of any man as to-day we feel that which touches the right of one of our own people; and the moral growth of the world will grow beyond that. I love to dream of a

day when men will no longer neglect the inherent rights of any inhabitant of the air or of the waters or of the woods or any of the domesticated animals that we have come to associate with our lives.

We feel towards them to-day as in the old days a man felt towards another man who was his slave,—that he had a right to abuse, to maltreat, even to kill, if he pleased. We have not yet become civilized enough, so that we feel it incumbent upon us to recognize the fact that animals can suffer pain, that animals can enjoy the air or the sunshine, and that they have a right to each when they do not trespass upon the larger rights of humanity. I was something of a boy when it first came over me that it was not as amusing to animals to be shot and killed as it was to me to shoot and kill them. From the time I was able to lift a gun I had always carried one; but I soon learned that for me there was no pleasure in taking needlessly the life of anything that lived. We are only partially civilized as yet in the treatment of our domesticated animals. How many people think of the torture of the curb bit, of the check, of neglect in the case of cold, of thirst, of hunger? How many people, I say,—civilized and in our best society,—are careful yet as to the comfort, the rights, of those that serve them in these humble capacities?

The time will come when our moral sympathetic sense shall widen its boundaries even farther yet, and shall take in the trees and the shrubs, the waters, the hills,—all the natural and beautiful features of the world. I believe that by and by it will be regarded as immoral, as unmanly, to deface, to mar, that which God has made so glorious and so beautiful. As soon as man develops, then, his power of sympathy, so that it can take the world in its arms, so soon man will have grown to the stature of the Divine in the unfolding of his moral nature.

I wish now to raise the question, for a moment, as to what is to be our guide in regard to moral facts and moral

actions. I was trained, and perhaps most of you were, to believe that I was unquestioningly to follow my conscience, that whatever conscience told me to do was necessarily right. The conscience has been spoken of as though it were a sort of little deity set to rule man's nature,— this little kingdom of thought and feeling and action. But conscience is nothing of the kind. Half of the consciences of the world to-day are all wrong.

Let me hint by way of illustration what I mean: Calvin was just as conscientious in burning Servetus as Servetus was in pursuing that course of action which led him to the stake. One of them was wrong in following his conscience, then. You take it to-day: some people will tell you there is a certain day in the week that you must observe as sacred. Your conscience tells you there is another day in the week that you must observe as sacred. Can both be right? Many of the greatest tragedies of the world have come about through these controversies and confusions of conscience. The Quaker in old Boston went at the cart's tail, in disgrace, because he followed his conscience; and the Puritan put him there because he followed his conscience. Were both of them right? The inquisitor in Spain put to death hundreds and thousands of people conscientiously; and the hundreds and thousands of people conscientiously went to their deaths.

What is conscience, then? Conscience is not a moral guide. It is simply that monitor within that reiterates to us forever and forever and forever, Do right. But conscience does not tell us what is right. We must decide those questions as a matter of calm study and judgment in the light of human experience. It is the judgment that should tell us whether a thing is right or wrong. And how shall we know whether it is right or wrong? Simply by the consequences. That which helps, that which lifts man up, that which adds to the happiness and the well-being of the world, as the result of human experience, is right. That

which hurts, that which injures men and women, that which takes away from their welfare and happiness, that is wrong. All these things, as we shall see before I get through, are inherent in the nature of things,—not created by statute, not the result of the moral teaching of anybody.

This leads me to extend this idea a little farther, and to raise the question as to what is the standard by which you are to judge moral action. If you will think it out with a little care, you will find that the standard of all moral action may be summed up in the one word “life.” Life, first, as continuance; second, to use a philosophical term, content,—that which it includes. Life,—this is the standard of right and wrong.

To illustrate, take me physically,—leave out of account all the rest of my nature now for a moment, and consider me as an animal. From the point of view of my body, that which conduces to length of life, to fulness, to completion, to enjoyment of life, is right,—the only right, from this physical point of view. That which threatens my life, that which takes away my sum of strength, injures my health, takes away from my possibility of enjoyment,—that, from a physical point of view, is wrong; and there can be no other right or wrong from the point of view of the body.

But I am not simply body. So this principle must be modified. Come up to the fact that I am an intellectual being. In order to develop myself intellectually, I may have to forego things that would be pleasant on the bodily plane. I sacrifice the lower for the higher; and that which would be right on the physical plane becomes relatively wrong now, because it interferes with something that is higher and more important.

Rise one step to man as an affectional being. If you wish to develop him to the finest and highest here, you may not only be obliged under certain conditions to sacrifice the body, but you may be obliged to sacrifice his intellectual development. In order that he may be the best up here, he

must put the others sometimes, relatively, under his feet. So, again, that which would be right on the physical plane or the intellectual plane becomes relatively wrong, if it interferes with that which is higher still.

And so, if you recognize man as a spiritual being, a child of God, then you say it is right, if need be, to put all these other things under his feet, in order that he may attain the highest and best that he is capable of here. But you see it is life all the way,—it is the physical life or it is the mental life or it is the affectional life or it is the spiritual life; and that which is necessary for the cultivation and development of these different grades of life becomes on those grades right, and that which threatens or injures one or either of these grades becomes, so far as that grade is concerned, wrong.

Life, then, continuance, fulness, joy, use,—this is the standard of right and wrong; a standard which no book ever set up, which no book can ever overthrow; a standard which is inherent, natural, necessary, a part of the very nature of things.

I wish now for a moment—I must of course do it briefly—to consider the relation of religion to this natural morality. And perhaps you will hardly be ready—some of you, at any rate—for the statement which I propose to make,—that sometimes, in order to be grandly moral, a man must be irreligious. I mean, of course, from the point of view of the conventional religion of his time, he must be ready to be regarded as irreligious. In the earliest development of the religious and moral life of a tribe, very likely, the two went hand in hand, side by side; for the dead chief now worshipped as god would be looked upon as in favor of those customs or practices which the tribe had come to regard as right. But religion—perhaps you will know by this time, if you have thought of it carefully—is the most conservative thing in the world. Naturally, it is the last thing that people are willing to change. This reluctance grows out of

their reverence, grows out of their worshipful nature, grows out of their fear that they may be wrong.

But now let me illustrate what I mean. Religion, standing still in this way, has become an institution, a set of beliefs, of rites and ceremonies, which do not change. The moral experience of the people goes right on; and so it sometimes comes to pass that the moral ideal has outgrown the religious ideal of the community. And now, as a practical illustration to illumine the whole point, let us go back to ancient Athens for a moment at the time of Socrates. Here we are confronted with the curious fact that Socrates, who has been regarded from that day to this as the most grandly moral man of his time, the one man who taught the highest and noblest human ideals, is put to death as an irreligious man. The popular religion of the time cast him out, and put the hemlock to his lips; and at the same time his teaching in regard to righteousness and truth was unspeakably ahead of the popular religion of his day.

Let us come to the modern Athens for a moment, to the time of Theodore Parker in Boston. We are confronted here, again, with this strange fact. There was not a church in Boston that could abide him, not even the Unitarian churches; and in the prayer-meetings of the day they were beseeching God to take him out of the world, because they thought he was such a force for evil. And at the same time Theodore Parker stood for the very highest, tenderest, truest moral ideal of his age. There was no man walking the earth at that time who so grandly voiced the real law of God as did Theodore Parker. And yet he was outcast by the popular religious sentiment of his time.

This, then, is what I mean when I say that we ought to be careful, and study and think in forming our religious ideals, and see that we do not identify our own unwillingness to think with the eternal and changeless law of God. This is what I have meant in some of the strictures which I have uttered during the last year upon some of the theo-

logical creeds of the time. The people have grown to be better than their creeds, and yet have not yet developed the courage to make those creeds utter the highest and finest things which they think and feel. This is what I have meant when I have said that the character of God as outlined in many of these creeds is away behind and below the noblest and finest and sweetest ideals of what we regard as fitting even to humanity to-day.

Religion, then, may be ahead of the moral ideal or it may be behind it. The particular type of religion I mean, of course, which is being held at any particular time in the history of the world. But the moral ideal of necessity goes on, keeping step with the social experience of the race.

I must touch briefly now just one other point of practical importance that we need to guard, in order to be tender and true in our dealings with our fellow-men. You will find, if you look over the face of society, that there are two kinds of morality, frequently quite inconsistent with each other; and sometimes the poorer of the two kinds is held in higher esteem than the better. I mean there is conventional morality, and there is real morality.

As a hint of illustration: An American woman goes to Turkey to-day; and she is shocked by the customs of the women and their style of dress. It seems to her that no woman can possibly be moral who, although she covers her head, can appear on the street with feet and ankles bare. But this same Turkish woman is shocked beyond the possibility of utterance to know that in Europe and America women carefully cover their feet, but expose their faces and their shoulders. It seems terrible to her, and she cannot understand how a European or American woman can have any regard for the principles of delicacy and morality.

Do you not see how, in both cases here, it is purely a matter of convention? No real question of morality is touched in either case. I speak of this to prepare you to note how conscience can be as troubled over things which

are purely conventional as it can over things which are downright and real. Let me use another illustration, going a little deeper in the matter. Here is a man, for example, who is terribly shocked because his neighbor takes a drive with his family on Sunday afternoon. It seems to him an outrage on all the principles of public and social morality; and he is eager to get up a society to abolish such customs, that seem to him to threaten the prosperity of all that is good in the world. But this same man, perhaps, has been trained in a way of conducting his business that, while legal, is not strictly fair. This man may be hard and cruel towards his employees. He may cherish bitter hatreds towards his rivals. In his heart he may be transgressing the law of vital ethics, while fighting with all the power of his nature for that which does not touch any real question of right or wrong at all.

Or take a woman who, while shocked at the transgression of some social custom in which she has been trained from her childhood, or, for example, has come to think that a certain way of observing Lent, on which we have just entered, is absolutely necessary to the safety of religion and morals both, is yet quite willing, and without a qualm of conscience, on the slightest hint of a suspicion, to tear into tatters the character of one of her neighbors or friends, does not hesitate to slander, perhaps is unjust or cruel to the servants that make the house comfortable and beautiful for her; in other words, transgressing the real laws of right and wrong, she is shocked and troubled over the transgression on the part of others of some purely conventional statute, the keeping or breach of which has no real bearing on the welfare of the world.

A good many of our social judgments are like the case of the old lady—which pardon me, if it makes you smile, but it illustrates the case—who criticised with a great deal of severity a neighbor and friend who wore feathers on her bonnet. Somebody said to her, “But the ribbons on your

bonnet are quite as expensive as the feathers that you criticise." "Yes," she said, "I know they are ; but you have got to draw the line somewhere, and I choose to draw it at feathers." So you find a great many people on every hand in society who are choosing to draw these lines — purely artificial, purely conventional — in regard to matters of supposed right or wrong, while they are not as careful to look down deeply into the essential principles of that which is inherently right or wrong.

And now at the end I wish to suggest what is a theme large enough for a sermon by itself, and say that these laws of righteousness are so inherent that they are self-executed ; and by no possibility did any soul from the beginning of the world ever escape the adequate result of his wrong-doing. The old Hebrews, as manifested in the Book of Job, the Psalms, and all through the Old Testament, taught the idea, which was common at that time in the world, that the favor of God was to be judged by the external prosperity of men and women. The Old Testament promises long life and wealth and all sorts of good things to the people who do right ; and I find on every hand in the modern world people who have inherited this way of looking at things. I have heard people say : I have tried to do right, and I am not prosperous. I wonder why I am treated so ? I have heard women say, I have tried to be a good mother : why is my child taken away from me ? as though there was any sort of relation between the two facts. I hear people say, Don't talk to me about the justice of God, when here is a man, who has been dishonest all his life long, who has prospered, and become rich and lives in a fine house, drives his horses, and owns a yacht. As if there was any sort of connection between the two, as though a man — merely because he had a fine house and owned a yacht — was escaping the punishment of his unjust and selfish life.

Remember, friends, look a little below the surface. There is no possibility of escape. I break some law of my

body; do I escape the result? I break some law of my mind; do I escape the result? I break some law of my affectional nature; is nothing to happen? I break a law of my spiritual nature; does nothing take place as the result of it? You might as well say that the law of gravity can be suspended, that a man can fling himself over the edge of a precipice, and come to no harm. The precipice over the edge of which you fling yourself may be a physical one, may be a mental one, an affectional one, a spiritual one; but the moral gravity of the universe is never mocked, and the man who breaks any of God's laws never goes free. He may discover that he has broken it, be sorry for it, begin to keep it again, and recover himself; but the consequences are sure, inevitable, eternal.

You look at a man who is externally prospering, and because of this you say he is not suffering the result of the evil he has done. Go back with me to Homer's *Odyssey* at the time when Ulysses and his companions fell into the hands of the sorceress, and his companions were turned into swine. Would you go and look at these swine, and say they are not suffering anything? See how comfortable they are. See with what gusto they eat the food that is cast into their troughs. See how happy they are as swine. They are not suffering anything! Is it nothing to become swinish, merely because you have your beautiful pen to live in? Is a man not suffering the result of his moral wrong when he debases and degrades and deteriorates his own nature, and becomes less a man, because he is surrounded with all that is glorious and beautiful that art can supply? Look within whatever department of nature where the law has been disobeyed, and there forever and forever read the result, the inevitable law, — that the soul that sinneth, in so far as it sinneth, it shall die.

Father, we thank Thee that we may feel the sure foundations of eternal truth underneath our feet. We thank Thee

that this is a moral universe because it is formed by Thy life and by Thy presence, Thy justice and Thy love. We thank Thee that we are linked together thus with our fellows, and are gradually discovering that what is good for them is also good for us ; and so it is one common life, one common destiny, that waits us all. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>20 cents.</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatise. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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STAND ON THY FEET

BY

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

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STAND ON THY FEET.

"I fell upon my face, and heard a voice of one that spake; and he said, Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee."—EZEKIEL ii. 1.

THIS man, whose name means the strength of God, was an exile who had been transported to Chaldea in the time of the great invasion, and was living, when this word came to him, by the river Chebar, one of the streams which feed the Euphrates. He was a seer and fore elder of men, like Swedenborg,—running very much to similitudes and visions; while the words I have read came to him in one of these, the first of the many recorded in this book which bears his name. He was by the river, he says, when the heavens were opened, and he saw visions of God. There was what we should call an electric storm, as one may guess, sweeping over the land, blended of the tornado and swift lightnings, with a splendor in the heavens as of amber and crystal fire, sapphire and burnished brass, a noise like that of great waters, and the noise of an host and the voice of the Almighty, and a presence in the fires as the likeness of the glory of the Lord.

And so it would be natural to a man of his make and time that this marvel in the heavens should be supernatural, and that he should feel how helpless he was in the onset of these awful forces in the heavens and on the earth. He was overborne by the vision, and cowed as men brave otherwise would tell me they were overborne and cowed by the electric storms on our western prairies,—overborne and fell on his face, not alone for safety, but in abject fear. For God was in the tornado and the fires; while to his

sorely shaken heart this was the one way to meet the awful presence with his face in the dust, the posture to the man of the most awe-stricken adoration. And, as he lay there, the voice was heard,— the still small voice, as I love to believe,— whispering that the Most High he would worship in this abject fashion would suffer no such abasement. He must not be less, but all the more a man in the stress of the storm and the fire; for the whole worth of the truth he must learn now and teach will be lost to him if he stays down there, with his face in the dust and his eyes blinded. He must face this which has so shaken his heart, man-fashion. He is not as a worm that he should crawl, but a man whose name shall be indeed the strength of God. He is a son of the Most High, greater than the storm and the splendors.

And so the voice was heard, saying, "Son of Man, stand on thy feet, and I will speak to thee." He hears and heeds the voice, and from that day becomes a prophet of the Lord,— one of the men whose words still pulse with a divine power and inspiration because, at the bidding of the voice, he durst stand on his feet and be a whole man, when the world was to his heart in the grip of doom,— stand on his feet, and face the worst that the best might come, and make good the truth that the spirit he reveals before he came to himself, as we say, can never be the fittest for our manhood; nor will the Eternal have us fall down before him in such abasement then or now, while only as we rise to our true and proper manhood, look right in the face of whatever may befall us, and hear in our own heart the voice which bids us rise up, be men, and not mere things, can we receive the message Heaven waits to reveal.

And so not to this man alone by the river in the far-away time, but to you and me also, the spirit whispers, No crouching down there, with your face in the dust, no slavish fear before Him who reigneth in the heavens and on the earth, and no giving up of your own proper manhood, whatever

may befall; for you do neither the divinity which touches you, nor the humanity it touches, true honor in such abjectness of the soul. The word stands true for ever,—“Son of man, stand on thy feet, and I will speak to thee.” And we also may win our new name if we will hear the voice, the strength of God.

I love to believe, again, that this must be the truth touching the attitude of the spirit before God, no matter what may be said to the contrary by the teachers in religion,—that the more utterly we can abase ourselves in some such fashion as this from which the man was bidden to rise, merging our manhood into mere nothingness and the fashion of the worm, the more sure we shall be to win the divine favor. As when the good Methodist shared a room at an inn with the quiet Quaker, who sat some moments in silent communion and then lay down to sleep, while the Methodist must needs pray aloud, making confession of his vileness to such a purpose that, when he rose from his knees, the Friend was dressed, and ready to leave the room; and, when the brother said, “What is the matter?” he answered, “If thee is half as bad as thee has told thy God thee is, I dare not sleep in the room with thee all night.” So down in the dust with you! the cry has been and is still. Tremble and shake, say you are a miserable sinner all through these Lenten weeks, cover yourself with dust and ashes, call yourself names before the Most High,—so base that, if your fellow-man said them about you or yours, you would smite him on the mouth. This is the attitude of the soul, and these are the terms most fitting when we come before the Most High, set forth and made good in this time.

But now is not this the truth we must take to our hearts, and teach for faith and doctrine,—that we can never realize the true relation of the soul toward the Most High in any one of the ways in which this is made clear to us in our Scriptures, of God as a father, a monarch, or a judge, in the light which shines for us now, and fail to see into what

a slough of baseness it will plunge us if we will not hear the voice which came to the prophet in the old time ?

I. For to speak first of the relation of the father and the child, you always feel it is a shameful thing when you go into some home, and find this pitiful spirit in the children when the father speaks to them, because you are aware that the spirit you love to see in them of the love which casts out fear is crushed out of their hapless lives, and wish something could be done to inspire them, so that they would lift up their faces and reveal the nobler heart, while you are also sure that this fear, this abjectness, tells most painfully against the father himself, and is not so much to their shame as to his disgrace.

There is, indeed, a sweet and most beautiful humility in the children we all love to see in our good homes, and it is perhaps all the more beautiful in our American homes because it is rather the exception nowadays than the rule, but this is far away from the abject fear I think of ; while such children are still at their best, where the others — God help them ! — are at their worst. And so we may well take this for the first truth we can lay to our hearts, when we would find the true attitude of the soul before the God and Father of us all. We must not crouch and tremble before him for the reasons that are so often given,—crouch and tremble, with our faces in the dust ; for then we do what lies in our power to show we are not children, but slaves shall I say ? While, as all good and gracious fathers love to have their children stand up well and hold their own before them in a true fashion, and feel sure in their hearts that, while he is so dear to them, they are also dear to him because they are his very own, so I would believe for his sake as well as for my own, that it cannot displease him, the God and Father of us all, to see me stand on my feet, and look up to him in all reverence frankly and sweetly, and order my cause before him in the faith that he is my Father and I am his son.

II. Shall we turn from the father to the monarch with the light on this question of the soul's attitude which shines for us now? I think the truth holds good again I would tell; while we must always remember, when it seems otherwise, that the thought of the monarch to many of these men from whom we receive our Bible was a simple despotism, a system in which each man in the lower order must abase himself before the man in the higher, fall down with his face in the dust and grovel as he does to-day in savage Africa, and hold on to his life not because he was a man, but by the grace of the highness before which he must fall down. While the highest of all these was the monarch in whose presence they must all fall down in fear and trembling, and say, Is not my life in the king's hand?

So it was then, and so it is still where this soul of abjectness survives. But, when England sent an embassy to China many years ago,—the first, I think, in this sort,—and the ambassador was told he must fall down in this base fashion before the brother of the sun, he said, No, I will do no such thing. He stood square on his feet, like a man. He would render due reverence,—that and no more,—because, standing there, he stood for the majesty of the nation as well as for the manhood of the man he was. And it is told of a common soldier, one of those roughs whose portraits have been drawn for us by Rudyard Kipling, that, being taken prisoner in the war with that nation, and told that his life would be spared if he would kotow and grovel in the dust before the great mandarin, he said: I cannot and will not do that. I am an Englishman. And so he died by the sword. It was the true stand for the ambassador and the man in the ranks to take; and to us all it is only the sign of a meaner manhood,—this falling down with your face in the dust, this abasement. The man, we say, should hold his own before the king if he must take the option, look into his face, and set forth his cause before him as the Roman woman did who came before the Cæsar to have her wrong righted; and,

when he said, I have no time to attend to you, she answered, Then you have no time to be emperor. But the word went home. He righted her wrong, and so far was worthy to wear the purple, because therein lay the true royalty and the true subjection.

Shall I touch one more figure for my purpose? When the heir to the royalty of England came to Chicago many years ago, he must needs see one of the grain elevators, where the head of the firm stood ready to receive him, who held out his hand to the prince, and said: "Edward, I am glad to see you for your mother's sake and your own. I have a great regard for your mother. She is a right noble woman, and I am glad and proud to meet her son." The simple-hearted old citizen honored the prince by that greeting, standing fair on his feet as man to man with the royal heir, and going right to the marrow of the matter. And so Milton, who saw so far into this question, was fain to confess his dislike for many things in our Bible which set forth the Most High as a king without a Parliament, Congress, or Constitution. He saw with the true seer's glance there was another and nobler conception we should nourish, as did Baxter also, and that the commonwealth of God should take the place of the kingdom, and the Lord's Prayer even should read, Let thy commonwealth come.

III. It is the truth once more, when you cast this question of the soul's attitude before God into the most searching crucible of the three,—that of the judge and the criminal.

For is not this the truth of which we are all well aware,—that, in our courts, everything which can be done is done, or should be, to hold the man at the bar from crouching down in abject fear, and to inspire him with some sense of the right he holds in his own manhood, and through his advocate, to order his cause before the judge and jury, and to show every possible reason to the judge himself why he should have in any case no heavier penalty than fits his deserving?

Indeed, if I were the judge, I should feel a touch of respect for the man who would face me in this wise; while I should feel just the other way toward the man who was ready to crouch before me in craven fear, and then try to creep from under a just penalty through such abasement before the judgment-seat.

Yet this, once more, is the ancient conception of the Most High as a judge in whose presence we must all fall down with our faces in the dust, and is woven through and through the religious teaching still drawn from these conceptions. Yet we know that, with all our complaints about the law's delay and vexations, we should not tolerate for a day the ideas and usages touching judge and criminal which still hold their grip on the courts in those old Eastern lands; while we hear continually how, over there in India, under the English rule, the native man wonders first, and then is glad for the new order where the prisoner can stand on his feet like a man, and have a fair trial where aforetime he crouched down in utter abasement,—stand on his feet like a man, if he will, before the splendor of justice in the courts of India,—and this, as we hear, is slowly reforming the whole conception of the old Eastern manhood touching what the judge may and may not do.

There is no honor, then, in the home where the children crouch before the father in abject fear, only disgrace to such fathers; or in the kingdoms where the man must fall down with his face in the dust before the monarch. We have done with such baseness, even in Russia, or in the courts where the prisoner crouches before the judge. Wherever this is done, we want to say, "Son of man, stand on thy feet"; while to those who compel or permit these things to be done we say, The measure of the man's abasement is the standard for their own.

This truth once more touches some pregnant lessons, of which the first seems to rise directly out of the attitude of our man in the old time, when the heavens were a flame

of crystal fire, when the solid world was shaken with his shaking heart, and the Eternal "with cherubim and seraphim came flying all abroad."

The lesson which lies in this truth, that the whole worth of what we have won from these awful forces of storm and fire, to defend ourselves from them and to curb and direct them into channels of untold beneficence, has lain in this power of the man to hear the voice to stand on his feet, to look them bravely in the eyes,—shall I say?—and see what he could do to turn them from evil to good, from bane to blessing, and transform the bad masters into good servants, for the help of our human kind.

The sky's afire: I must fall on my face, this man, whose given name should be the strength of God, cries in his terror; but *no*, the spirit whispers, you must stand on your feet. And so they cry through the ages, crouching in abject fear before the awful mystery, as the stroke of God against which there was no appeal and no defence.

But the time came when the old cry went forth, The sky's afire; and a man answered: I must get out my kite, then, and my key. This flame from heaven must have some fairer purpose than this slaying and hurling down the work of man into the dust.

He struck the keynote which was to turn the old terror into a psalm of life unto the Most High, whose heart-beats are the millenniums, who sent this son also in the fulness of time to lead captivity captive and to receive gifts for men; to stay the old terror, and make the night even as the day about us in our cities and our homes; to reveal the unspeakable beneficence of these awful potencies and powers; to yoke them to the chariot of our victory, and slip a new meaning within the seer's vision, I saw a great angel stand with one foot on the sea and one on the land, who swore by Him who liveth that time shall be no more, and to say ay to the question in the grand old book,— "Canst thou send the lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?"

It is but the instance nearest of kin to the text of the worth which has come to our manhood through this standing on our feet at the bidding of the inward voice, watching these fearful things which strike terror to the heart, these forces and fires, and changing their tenor,— one instance in many, I say, to the same grand purpose. Pestilence, famine, fire, and so many woes and terrors, besides, that left us prone with the face in the dust in helpless submission ; but now the man stands up, and faces them manfully. While the worth of what we have done is but the foretelling of what we shall do, as we hear and answer the challenge from on high, “ Son of man, stand on thy feet, and I will speak to thee.” Say still, if we must, that many of these woes are strokes of God, strokes of his rod ; but I love rather to believe the rod is there, but it is rather as the rod in the hand of the mentor at the *blackboard*, when these things befall us, pointing out the way we shall solve the problems, so that when we have well learned our lesson, as my faith stands, we shall hear no more about the dark and terrible strokes of God, but only of his hand laid on us in perpetual benediction.

And I have tried to open this truth because to my own heart it touches the heart of any true religion, and brings home the lesson I fain would learn and teach, if I can,— that nothing else I know of can begin to cast such dismal shadows over the soul as this abject fear, which, as the apostle says, is torment coupled with the feeling of our own baseness and worthlessness in his sight.

I think this is true also : that the steady insistence of those who hold these conceptions or convictions, that this self-abasement is the truest attitude of the soul, drives many who want still to maintain their self-respect into what those who call themselves by evil names before Heaven and the Most High brand as infidelity. They will not abase themselves before their fellow-men, nor will they before God, and, it may be, prefer to think over-well of themselves rather than so ill, and say in their hearts: If I must do this as

the price of the divine favor, I will not pay the price; let who will fall down into the dust, I will stand on my feet; and, then, if I cannot be what you call a Christian, I will be content to be a man.

Need I say once more that this is the truth which lies within the heart of the Gospels, and especially in the matchless revelation of the father's love in the parable of the prodigal, when the poor fellow returns from the harlots and the swine? He is heart full of this determination to fall down with his face in the dust, and has quite made up his mind what he will say: I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And well he might, for here was the true humility and reverence bathed in tears.

But the father will hear of no such abasement as the son would commit. He stops him midway in his story and his purpose to fall down in the dust. 'This is his son; and so he falls on his neck, and kisses him, commands that he be robed again in the best robe, and decked again with the jewel of his sonship, and that there shall be feasting and great joy. So our divine Teacher would show us in a parable the faith he holds always in his heart,—that it is not in the abasement of serfs the God and Father of us all would have us come to him, because we are still his sons; and servility cannot be the soul's true attitude, when we would order our cause before him. But I must face myself also, and see to it, finally, that the lower man in me does not lord it over the higher. I must believe in myself, not alone as the son of man, but the son of God, all the way from the caves whence I came to the temple where I am this morning, the home I call mine, and whatever lies in my heirship and my inheritance; the son of man heir of God and joint heir with his Christ, who will stand on his feet, look up to the heavens and abroad over the earth with eager and confident eyes, and reverent; the man in whose lissom fingers or able brain are hidden beautiful possibilities

to do noble things for my world and God's world, as they have done aforetime,— the saints, the heroes, the thinkers, the singers, and the seers in whose souls was the dawn of the eternal day.

Yes, and with these the faithful and true, who, with hands crooked and backs bent to the hard and heavy tasks, did also work the work of Him that sent them, and won the great, Well done! For what is religion? I will tell you what I think it is:—

“ Not blindly to disown
 Thy reason, or to crouch and lay thee flat
 Before a something terrible, unknown,
 Not bound with bristling fence of human creeds
 To thunder bans from thy presumptuous throne;
 Nor with the mumbled charm of counted beads
 To bring God down, and make thy will his own;
 But in his face with reverent love to look
 Here, where it shines in sky and land and sea;
 And, where a prophet speaks in holy book,
 To hear his word, and take the truth to thee
 To hold it fast; and tread earth's lowly sod
 With open soul, as one who *walks* with God.”

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, 20 cents.

“ “ “ *Doz. \$1.50*

“ *Cloth, “ Copy, 30 cents.*

“ “ “ *Doz. \$2.50*

INTRODUCTION

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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SERIES ON
OUR UNITARIAN GOSPEL

XII. Reward and Punishment

GEO. H. ELLIS
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REWARD AND PUNISHMENT.

I HAVE chosen three passages of Scripture to be used as my starting-point. First from the thirty-seventh Psalm, the twenty-fifth verse,—“I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.” The next is from the fifth chapter of Matthew, the sixth verse,—“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.” And the third from the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, the seventh verse,—“Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

Two weeks ago I preached a sermon, the subject of which was “Morality Natural, not Statutory.” Judging by the conversations which I have had and letters which I have received, it has aroused a good deal of question and criticism in certain quarters. This must be for one of three reasons. In the first place, the position which I took may not be a tenable one. In the second place, it is possible that the views expressed, being somewhat new and unfamiliar, were not found easy of apprehension and acceptance. In the third place, it is possible that, in endeavoring to treat so large a subject, I did not analyze and illustrate enough to make myself perfectly clear.

At any rate, the matter seems to me of such supreme importance as to make it worth my while this morning to continue the general subject by a careful and earnest treatment of the great question of reward and punishment as applied to feeling, to thought, to conduct,—the whole of human life.

Let me say here at the outset, as indicating the point towards which I shall aim as my goal, that in the ordinary use of language, in the popular use of language, I do not believe in either reward or punishment: I believe only in causes and results. This, as I said, is the point that I shall aim at. Where shall I begin?

I need to ask you to consider for a moment the state of mind of man, so far as we can conceive it, when he first wakes up as a conscious being, and begins to look out over the scene of nature and human life with the endeavor to interpret facts as they appear to him. Of course, he knows nothing whatever of what we mean by natural law: he knows nothing of natural cause and of necessary result. So far as we can discover by our researches, all the tribes of men about whom we have been able to gather any information have had a belief, if not in God, at least in gods, or in spiritual existences and powers that controlled within certain limits the course of human events. It may have been the worship of ancestors, it may have been the worship of some great chief of the tribe; but these invisible beings have been able to help or hurt their followers, their worshippers; and of course they have been thought of as governing human life after substantially the same methods that they used when they were living here in the body.

That is, it has been a magical or arbitrary government of the world that has been for ages the dominant one in the human mind. People have supposed that these invisible beings desired them to do certain things, to refrain from doing certain other things, and they have expected them to reward or punish them — how? By giving them that which they desired, on the one hand, or sending them something which they did not desire, on the other. They have brought the gods their offerings, their sacrifices, their words of praise, and have asked that they might be successful in war, that they might bring home the game which they sought when they went on a hunting expedition. When there have

been disease, pestilence, famine, drought,—no matter what the nature of the evil,—they have been regarded as allotments of these divine powers sent on account of something they have done or omitted to do. It never occurred to them to interpret these as part of a natural order, because they knew nothing about any natural order. They reasoned as well as they were able to reason at that stage of culture in any particular age of the world's history which they had reached. But this has been the thought of men time out of mind concerning the method of the divine or spiritual or unseen government of the world.

Is this way of looking at it confined to primitive man, confined to pagan nations? Do we find something else, some other condition of mind, when we come to study carefully the Old Testament? Let us see. Take the first verse which I read as a part of my text. The author of this Psalm—we do not know who he may have been—says, “I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.” As I have read this a great many times in the past, I have wondered as to the strange experience that this man must have had in human life, if this is a correct interpretation of that experience. I have been young: I do not like to admit that as yet I am old; but, whether I am or not, I have a good many times seen the righteous forsaken, and his seed begging their bread.

It seems to me that the writer of this verse was trained in a theory of the government of human affairs that does not at all match the facts. He has this magical, this arbitrary theory in his mind. It was the general conception I think, as any one will find by a careful reading of the Old Testament or study of Jewish history, the ordinary conception among the Hebrews, that God was to reward people for being good by prosperity, long life, many children, herds of cattle, distinction among his fellow-men, positions of political honor and power; and the threat of the taking away of these

is frequently uttered against those that presume to do wrong. In other words, it seems to me that the ordinary theory of the government of human affairs as set forth in the Old Testament is precisely this same one that I have been considering as the natural and necessary outcome of the ignorance and inexperience of early man.

As time went on, now and then some deeper, more spiritual thinker begins to question this method of reasoning, begins to wonder whether it is quite adequate; and we have a magnificent poetical expression of this kind of critical thought in the Book of Job. This Book of Job is any way and every way worthy of your careful attention. It is the nearest to a dramatic production of anything in the Bible. James Anthony Froude said once in regard to it that, if it were translated merely as a poem and published by itself, it would take rank as a literary work among the few great masterpieces of the world.

But the thing that engages our attention this morning is not its power as a dramatic production, but its criticism of God's government of the world. It has been assumed, as I have said,—and we are not through with that assumption,—that, if a man suffered, if he was ill, if his wife or children were taken away from him, if his property was destroyed, somehow he had offended God, and that this was a punishment for the course of wrong-doing in which he had been engaged. But the author of the Book of Job conceives that this does not quite match the facts; so he gives us this magnificent character that he declares upright, spotless, free from wrong of any kind, who yet is suffering. He has lost his property,—it has been swept away,—his children have been put to death, almost everything that he cared for he has lost, and he from head to feet is sick of a loathsome disease; and he sits in the midst of his deprivation and sorrow. His friends gather around him; and with this old assumption in their minds some of them begin to taunt him. They say, "Now, Job, why not confess, why not

own up as to what you have been doing? Of course, you have been doing something wrong, or all this would not have happened." This is the tone that one of his critics takes. This is the kind of comfort that he receives in the midst of his sorrow. But Job protests earnestly and indignantly that it is not true. He says he is innocent, there are no secret wrongs in his life; and he wishes that he might find some way by which he could come into the presence of the great Ruler of the universe, and openly plead his cause. But his friends do not believe him.

Now the writer of the book lets us into the explanation he has thought out for this: God for a special reason is testing Job, to see whether he will be true to him in spite of the fact that he does not get the ordinary blessings that the people were accustomed to look for as the rewards of their conduct. But the writer is not consistent with the wonderful position that he makes Job assume; for, after the trial is all over, he falls in with the popular theory, and shows us Job, not with the old children who could not be brought back, but with a lot of new ones, with herds and cattle again in plenty, with honor among his fellow-citizens, with all that heart could wish in the way of worldly prosperity and peace.

So I say the writer is not quite consistent, for he falls back at the end on the old theory, and he lets us gain a glimpse behind the scenes, just enough to see that there are cases, special cases, where the popular theory does not hold; but he still seems to assume that, in a general way, we are to accept it as correct, and as explaining the facts of human life.

The Jews acted on this theory in their political history. Their prophets, their great teachers, asserted over and over again that, if they were true to their God, if they were faithful in their obedience to the law, if they lived out all these highest and finest ideals of ceremonial as well as heart righteousness, that they would be mighty as a nation, that

their enemies would be put under their feet, that they would have political success and power; and yet their increasing insistence on this ceremonial and interior righteousness of thought and life was found to be no adequate defence against the Roman legions. Political success did not come to them. In spite of all their obedience, they were swept out of existence as a nation.

Now do we find any difference in teaching in the New Testament? We do; and we do not. The teaching of the New Testament is not consistent on this subject. If Jesus be correctly reported, his own teaching is not quite consistent on this subject. Let me give you one or two illustrations, that you may see what I mean. John tells us that a certain man, who had been born blind, was brought to Jesus to be cured; and the people stood about, and said to Jesus, "Who is it, this man himself or his parents, that sinned, so that he was born blind?" You see it does not occur to them that there is any natural cause for a man's being blind, apart from some sin on the part of somebody. Who is it, then, his father or mother, or he himself, that has sinned, that is the cause of it? Jesus says, "Neither this man nor his parents have sinned," and you think at first that you are going to get an adequate explanation; but he straightway adds that the man was blind in order that the works of God might be manifest in him; which we cannot accept to-day as quite an adequate explanation.

Then take the case of the man who was lying at the pool of Bethesda, and was reported as cured. Jesus meets him, after a good deal of question and criticism on the part of the Jews, and says, "Now you have been healed, see to it that you sin no more, lest a worse thing come to you,"—seeming to imply again that sin might be punished by lameness, by affliction of this kind or that.

So it seems to me that we do not get, even in the New Testament, entirely free from this old conception. Indeed, there are the verses which I read as a part of our lesson

from the fifth chapter of Matthew, one of which for a clear or more spiritual insight I have quoted as a part of my text,—“Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled”—with what? Filled with righteousness; not filled with health, external prosperity, many children, friends, political position, honor. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall”—what? See God. “Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

You see these beatitudes strike down to the eternal principle of natural, necessary causation and result, just as does the last verse which I have quoted from Galatians,—“Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap,”—not something else, *that*. Here is a clear and explicit annunciation of the eternal universal law of cause and effect, of the idea that those things which happen are not arbitrary infliction, but natural and necessary result.

Let us, then, consider this matter for a little as we look over the face of human life as it is manifested to us at the present time. I suppose hardly a week passes that, either by letter or in conversation, I do not come face to face with this same old problem, showing that only partially and here and there have men and women even to-day come to comprehend the real method after which this universe of ours is governed. For example, let me give you a few illustrations.

I have a friend in Boston, one of the noblest men I ever knew,—sweet, gentle, true: he came to me one day, and said: “Mr. Savage, I have tried all my life to be an honest man. I do not own an ill-gotten dollar. I have tried to be kind and helpful to people in need, in trouble; and yet,”—and then it began to dawn on him that he was not on a very logical track, for he smiled,—“and yet I have not got on very well in the world; I have not made a great deal of

money, I have not been specially prosperous in business." And the implication was that here, next door or in another street, was a man who had a good many ill-gotten dollars, and who had not been generous or kindly or humane or tender, but who had prospered and become rich, as he had not. And he raised this as a serious objection against the justice of the government of the world.

I have had mothers, I presume a thousand times, say to me : " I have tried to take the best possible care of my child. I loved my child, I watched over it night and day, I have money enough to give it a good education, I could train it into fitness for life ; and yet my child is taken away." Here is somebody else who has not the means to educate her child, perhaps whose character and intelligence are a good deal below the average level. Her child is spared,—spared for what ? Spared for a career for which it will be entirely unfitted ; and the question is, Why does God do such things, why is the universe governed in this fashion ?

And I have had persons say to me : " I have been ill all my life, I have suffered no end of pain and trouble : I wonder why ? What have I done that I must be burdened and afflicted after this fashion ? " So these questions are coming up perpetually, showing that underlying the ordinary surface of our common daily life is still this theory that God arbitrarily governs the world, and rewards people for being good with health and with money and with children and with all sorts of prosperity. There is no end of talk in regard to " judgments," as they are called. I remember when I was living in the West — I take this as an illustration as good as any — a neighboring small city was badly devastated by fire. All the ministers around me in my city began to preach about it as a judgment of God for the supposed wickedness of this city. One peculiar thing about this particular judgment, which I noticed as reported in the papers, was that the last thing which the fire burned was a church ; and it left standing next door, and untouched, a liquor saloon. It

seemed to me a very peculiar kind of divine judgment, if that is what it really was.

And so, as you look into these cases of supposed divine judgments, which people are so ready to see in regard to their neighbors, you will find that it has some serious defect of this sort almost always that makes you question whether a wise man would be guilty of that method of conducting his affairs.

This, perhaps, is enough by way of setting forth the popular method of looking at these problems. I want to ask you now to go with me for a little while, as I attempt to analyze some of these cases, and get at the real principle involved as to what it is that is really going on.

Now take this case of the mother whose child is taken away from her, as she says. Let us see if we can find out what is really being done. It is possible, of course, that the child has inherited, it may be from a grandfather or great-grandfather, from somewhere along the line, a tendency to a particular kind of disease. It may be that, without anybody's being to blame for it or anybody's knowing it, the child was exposed to some contagious disease on the street or at school. It may be that the mother, through a little otherwise pardonable vanity, wishing to display the beauty of the child rather than to dress it in the healthiest manner, has been the means of exposing it to cold. It may be any one of a dozen things has caused the death of this child. And do you not see that in every case it has nothing whatever to do with the mother's moral goodness or spiritual cultivation? It is absurd to think that the mother, in this case, is being punished for something that she is entirely unconscious of having been guilty of. Do you not see that there is no logical connection between an inherited disease, between exposure, between taking cold, between any of these natural causes and the goodness of the mother? Is it not absurd to talk about their having anything whatever to do with each other?

I remember hearing a famous revivalist preach some years ago; and in this particular sermon he represented God as using all means to try to turn such a man from his path of evil, as he regarded it, into the way of right and truth and salvation; and he said: First, perhaps, God takes his property away from him; and that does not change him. And by and by he takes his wife; and that does not change him. And then he takes one of his children; and, as he expressed it, he lays these coffins across his pathway in order to warn him of his sinful condition, and turn him into the right way.

Think of a God who kills other people on account of my wrong!

I had a friend in Boston once, a lady, a school-teacher, who in all seriousness told me, when her sister died, that she was afraid God had taken her sister away because she had not been sufficiently faithful in attending church services during Lent. Think of it! Not only the lack of logic in linking things like these together, but the practical impiety of attributing to God such feelings and action in regard to his dealings with his children!

Let us take the case of a man who, not being highly elevated in character, becomes rich. Let us see if we can get at the principles involved here. Perhaps you can call to mind one or another case that you may be thinking of while I speak. Of course I shall mention no names. Here is a man who possesses remarkable natural business ability, power to read the commerce, the business of his times. He deals with these in a practical way. He complies with the conditions of accumulating wealth. No matter for the present whether he does wrong in doing it or not,—that is, whether he is unjust or hard or cruel; but he complies with the conditions for the obtaining of money in this particular department of life. Now do you not see that, no matter what his moral character may be in other directions, whether he is kind to his wife, whether he is loving towards

his children, whether he is generous in a charitable way, whether he is politically stanch or corrupt,—do you not see that these questions are entirely irrelevant, have nothing whatever to do with the question of success in the money field? He sows according to the laws of the product which he wishes to raise, and the product appears.

Or take the case of a farmer: Here is a certain tract of land adapted to a particular crop. He sows wisely in this field. He cultivates it: the rain and the sun do their part; and in the fall he has a magnificent result. Now has that anything whatever to do with the question whether the man was a good man or not, as to whether he went to prayer-meeting or not, as to whether he read his Bible or not, as to whether he was profane or not, as to whether he was a good neighbor or not? Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he reap, and reap it *where* he sows it. Is it not perfectly plain? So in any department of human life, I care not what, trace it out, and you will find that precisely the same principle is involved, and that you get results, not arbitrary bestowals of reward or punishment.

Now I must come — having, I hope, made this sufficiently clear, though after this fragmentary fashion — to deal a little more with some of the ethical sides of this question. I have had no end of persons tell me, first and last, that it seemed to them that the universe could not be a moral universe, that it was not governed fairly, that reward and punishment were not meted out evenly to people; and they based their criticism on statements of fact similar to those with which I have been dealing.

Now let us look into the matter a little deeply; and let us see if we can find any hint of light and guidance. I have had a person within a week say to me, “I do not feel at all sure that it means much that people get the moral results of their moral action in a particular department of life. If a person becomes a little bit callous and hard, wisely selfish and prudent, and so prospers in the affairs of this life, I am

not sure that he is not as well off as anybody, perhaps a little better off,—perhaps a little better off than a person who is sensitive, and worries because he does not reach his ideals ; and it is possible that he serves the world after all quite well.” This is a kind of criticism, I say, that has been made to me in the last week.

Let us look at it for just a minute. People do not seem able as yet to understand that a man is really “punished,” in the popular sense of that word, unless they can see him publicly whipped. It does not seem to them to mean anything because a man deteriorates, because the highest and finest qualities in him atrophy and threaten to die out. I used an illustration in my sermon two weeks ago to which I shall have to recur again, to see if I can make it mean more than it did then. It is the story of Ulysses who fell into the hands of the famous sorceress, and whose companions were turned into swine. Now would you be willing to be turned into a pig, merely because, being a pig, you would not know anything about it, and would not suffer ? Would you be willing to be reduced to the life of an oyster, merely because, being an oyster, you would be haunted by no restless ideals, and, so far as you had any sense at all, would probably be very comfortable indeed ? Is there no punishment in this deprivation of the highest and finest things that we can conceive of ?

It seems to me that a person who has deteriorated, who has become selfish, who has become mean, who has lost all taste for high and fine and sweet things, and is unconscious of them, is having meted out to him the worst conceivable retribution. If a man is mean and knows it, if a man is selfish and is conscious of it, if a man is unjust and is stung by the reflection, there is a little hope for him,—there is life there, there is moral vitality, there is a chance for him to recuperate, to climb up into something higher and finer ; but, if he has not only become degraded and mean, but has become contented in that condition, it seems to me that he

is worse off than almost anybody else of whom we can dream.

Let us see for a moment on what conditions a man who has deteriorated is well off. There are three big "ifs" in the way, in my thought of it. If a man really is a spiritual being, if he is a child of God, if there are in him possibilities of unfolding of all that is sweet and divine, then he is not well off when he is not developing these, and is content not to develop them. Browning says, in his introduction to "Sordello," "The culture of a soul,—little else is of any value."

If we are souls, and if the culture of a soul is of chiefest importance, then cursed beyond all words is the man who has deteriorated and become degraded and is content to have it so. Blessed beyond all words is the soul that is haunted by discontent, haunted by unattained and unattainable ideals, who is restless because of that which he feels he might be and yet is not,—he who is touched by the far-off issues of divinity, and cannot rest until he has grown into the stature of the Divine!

And then, once more, if it be true that it is worth our while to help our fellow-men in the higher side of their nature, to help them be men and women, to help them realize that they are children of God, and to grow into the realization of it,—if, I say, this be worth while,—then lamentable beyond all power of expression is the condition of that man who does not feel it and does not care for it, and does not consecrate himself to its attainment. Look over the long line of those that have served mankind. Who are they? From Abraham down, the prophets of Israel; Jesus, Paul, Savonarola, Huss, Wyclif, Luther, Channing, Parker,—who have these men been but the ones who were ready at any price to do something to lift up and lead on the progress of mankind? These are the ones who have felt the meaning of those sublime words of Jesus: "He that loseth his life shall save it." If there is any meaning

in that splendid passage from George Eliot, that is so trite because it is so fine,—

“ Oh may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence : live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven :
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world,”—

if, I say, there is any meaning in that magnificent song, then indeed it is worth while to be miserable, if need be, worth while to suffer, worth while to sacrifice for the sake of planting seed in the spiritual fields, and looking for its spiritual results, and not finding fault with the universe because we do not get results for spiritual goodness in material realms.

There is one other “if.” If it be true, as I believe it is, that this life goes right on, and that we carry into the to-morrow of another life the precise and accurate results that we have wrought out in the to-day of this ; if it be true that,

when we get over there, it will be spiritual facts and spiritual things with which we shall deal,—then the man who has cultivated his spiritual nature and has reaped spiritual results has no right to find fault with the universe because it has not paid him with material good.

Let us remember, friends, that we get what we sow. God has not promised to pay you in greenbacks for being good ; God has not promised to give you physical health because you are gentle and tender ; God has not promised to give you long life because you are generous ; God has not promised to give you positions of social or political honor because you are kind to your neighbors, faithful to your wife, true to your children. Can you not see that whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he reap ; and that he will reap in the field where he sows, and not in some other ; and that God is dealing fairly, justly, tenderly, truly, with you in giving you the results at which you aim, and not the results at which you do not aim ?

So, if you really care to be a man, if you care to be a woman,—honest, noble, tender, true,—then be these, and be grateful that you reap the reward where you sowed, and do not find fault with God or the universe because he does not pay you for things that you have not done, because he does not make a crop grow in some field that you have not cultivated,—because it is eternally true that God is not mocked, and that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Father, we thank Thee that we can see at least a little hint of Thy way and learn how to follow Thee,—follow Thee trustingly, knowing that Thou art true, that Thou dost not deceive us, that Thou dost not lure us with false promises, but that now and evermore we shall gain that which we hold to be highest, and to which we consecrate our souls. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>.</i>	<i>20 cents.</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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THINGS WHICH DOUBT CANNOT DESTROY.

I TAKE as a text from the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, and twenty-eighth verses,—“Whose voice then shook the earth : but now he hath promised, saying, Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word, Yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain. Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and awe.”

The critical and investigating work of the modern world threatens, in accordance with the tone of the text which I have read, to shake not the earth only, but also heaven. And there are large numbers of people who are disturbed and afraid : they are troubled lest certain things that are precious, that are dear to them, may be taken away. Not only this, they are troubled lest things of vital importance to the highest life of the world be taken away. I propose, then, this morning to run in rapid review over a few of the changes that are caused by the investigating spirit of the time, and then to point out some things that are not touched, that cannot be shaken, and that therefore must remain. And I ask you to have in mind, as I pursue this line of thought, the question whether doubt has taken away anything really valuable from mankind. The negative part of my theme I shall touch on very lightly, and dispose of as briefly as I may.

What has doubt, what has investigation, done concerning

the universe of which we are a part? In the old days, before doubt began its work, before men asked questions and demanded proof, we lived in a little, petty, tiny world, which the imagination of the superstitious and the fear of ignorant men had created. But the cycles and epicycles which Ptolemy devised, and by means of which he explained, as well as he knew how, the movements of the heavenly bodies around us,—these have passed away. The breath of doubt has blown upon them; and they have gone, like mists driven by the wind.

But has doubt quenched the light of any star? Has doubt taken away from the glory of the universe? Rather, as the result of the work of these myriad investigators, whose one aim and end was truth, at last we have a universe worthy to be the home of an infinite God,—a universe that matches our thought of the Divine, a universe that thrills and lifts us, fills us with reverence, and bends us to our knees in the attitude of worship.

The same spirit has raised no end of questions concerning God. What has been the result? We have lost the old thought of God in the shape of a man sitting on a throne located in the heavens just above the blue or on some distant star. We have lost the thought of a God as a tyrant, as a jealous being, as angry every day with his children, as ready to punish these children forever for their ignorance, for their intellectual mistakes, for their sins of whatever kind. We have changed our conception of him; but have we lost God? I will not answer that question at this stage of the discourse, because I wish merely to suggest it now, and dwell on it a little more when I come to the positive treatment of our morning's theme.

Let us glance at the Bible a moment. Doubt and investigation have been at work there. What has been the result? Have we lost the Bible? No. We have gained it. We have lost those things about it which were intellectual burdens because we could not believe them, which were a moral

burden because they conflicted with our highest and noblest sense of right. We no longer feel under the necessity of reconciling human mistakes with divine infallibility. Professor Goldwin Smith has told us recently that these old theories of the Bible were a millstone about the neck of Christendom, and that they must be gotten rid of if Christianity was to live. This is all that doubt and investigation have done to the Bible. They have cleared away the things that no sane and earnest and devout mind wishes to keep; and they have restored to us in all their dignity and beauty and sweetness and power the real human Bible, the Bible which poured out of the heart of the olden time, and which is in all its truth and sweetness, so far as they go, a revelation of the divinest things in human thought and human dream.

Preachers tell us every little while that those who ask questions have taken away our Lord, and they know not where he has been laid. What has this spirit done concerning Jesus? Has it taken him away from us? Rather, as the result of all this question and criticism, at last we have found him,—found him who has been hidden away for ages,—found the man, divine son of God, son of man, brother, friend, inspirer, companion, helper. It has done for Jesus the grandest service of which we can conceive.

And now one more point. People used to suppose they knew all about the next world. They knew where heaven was and where hell was, and who were to be the inhabitants of either place, and why. Doubt and question have been at work here, and now we do not know where heaven is; and we do not know where hell is, except that it is within the heart of those that are not in accord with the divine life. Where the places are, we know not; but blessed beyond all words be ignorance like this! We know — because we believe in righteousness and truth — that there is no hell except that which we create for ourselves; and that is in this world, in any world where there is a breach of a divine

law. But has the great hope gone? Has doubt touched that, so that it has shrivelled and become as nothing? That I shall have occasion to touch on a little more at length in a moment; and so I leave it here with this suggestion.

I wish you now to note, and to note with a great deal of care, that doubt, criticism, question, investigation, have no power to destroy anything. People talk as though, if you doubted a thing, it disappeared, as though doubt had magical power to annihilate in some way a truth. If you really do doubt an important divine truth, it may disturb and trouble you for a while; but the truth remains just the same. I remember some years ago a parishioner came to me,—an intelligent lady,—and said, “Mr. Savage, I have about lost my belief in any future life.” I smiled, and said: “I am sorry for you, if it interferes with your comfort and peace; but remember one thing,—neither your doubt nor my belief touches or changes the fact.” The eternal life is not something to be puffed away with a breath, if it be real. So rest right there in the firm assurance that whatever is true is true, and rests on the eternal foundation of the permanence of God; and asking questions about it, digging away at its foundations, testing it in any and all sorts of ways, cannot by any possibility injure it. Enforce thus this idea, simple as it seems, because thousands of men and women at the present time are made to tremble by utterances from the pulpit, as though doubt were really a destroyer. Of course, it seems commonplace the moment you think of it; and, still for your peace and for the restfulness of your mind as you look on the things that are taking place about us, hold fast to this simple idea.

There is one other point which I wish to raise. What is the use of criticism? What is the use of all this investigating? Why indulge in all this doubt? And now let me give you an illustration which will lead me to answering this question and enforcing the point I have in mind. A farmer, if he selects a favorable piece of ground, plants good

seed, cultivates it properly, if the rain falls and the sun shines, and the weather is propitious, will have a successful crop. Does it make any difference now whether the farmer has correct ideas about soil and seed and cultivation? Does it make any difference whether he has any true conception of the nature and work of the sunshine in producing this crop? In one sense, No. In another, a very important sense, Yes. Suppose the farmer, having gotten into his mind the idea that the sun is the source of all the life and growth of the things that he plants and the crops he cultivates, should say, "Well, now, it does not make any difference whether I have correct scientific theories about the sun or not: the sun carries on his work just the same." I have heard people say, over and over again, using an illustration like this: "What difference does it make what your theories are about the spiritual life, about the origin and nature of religion, about morality? If you live a good life, the results are just the same, whatever your thinking may be." And I grant it. But now suppose the farmer should say to himself: "The sun is the source of all the life that I am able to produce, that I see growing around me; and now I will worship him as a god. I will pray to him, I will sing songs of praise to him, I will bring birds and animals and burn sacrifices to him; and so I will win his favor, and get him to produce these wonderful results for me." Suppose he should so seek his results, and pay no attention to the character of the soil, to the kind of seed he planted, or to proper cultivation: would that make no difference?

Do you not see that theory may be of immense practical importance in certain contingencies? Whether he has any knowledge of the sun or not, if he complies with the laws, the conditions, if he is intelligently obedient, then his results will be produced. But, if his ignorance, his superstition, lead him to neglect the natural forces with which he deals, then it may make all the difference in the world. So, as I study the history and development of religious thought,

I see everywhere that men and women, through their ignorance in regard to the real nature of the universe and of God and of their own souls, are going astray, wasting time, wasting thought, wasting effort, misdirecting all these instead of complying with the real natural universal conditions on which these noblest and highest results which they desire depend.

If a man, for example, believes that he is to please God by a sacrifice, by an offering, by swinging incense, by going through a certain ceremony, instead of being righteous and true, does it make no difference? Carry out the idea as far as you please, I think I have made plain the thought I had in mind.

So it does make a difference what our thoughts, our theories, may be; and, therefore, there is good in this work of investigation which proposes to sift and test and try things, and find out the real nature of the forces which confront us and with which we have to deal.

Now, then, I come to the positive answering of our question. Are there some things that doubt cannot touch? And are these things the most important ones, the ones that we need to feel solid under our feet? What do we need? We do not need to be able to unravel all the mysteries of the universe. Any quantity of the questions we ask are not practical ones. We do not need to wait for an answer to them. Any number of the things that are in doubt are of no practical consequence; and we need not wait for their settlement before we begin to live and to help our fellow-men and to do what we can to bring in the coming kingdom of our Father.

I wish to note now a few of the things that seem to me very stable things, that doubt cannot disturb. And first I will say that which I mean when I use the word "God." I wish you to learn to separate between the word and the reality. Sometimes people are quarrelling over a theory instead of the reality that is back of all. I care very little for

a name. I care for things, for the eternal truths of the universe. May we then feel that modern doubt does not touch our belief in God? I ask you to consider a moment, and see. As we wake up, assuming nothing, and look abroad, what do we find? We find ourselves in the presence of a Power that is not ourselves, another Power, a Power that was here before we were born, a Power that will be here after we have died, a Power that has produced us, and so is our father and mother on any theory you choose to hold of it, a Power out of which we have come. Now suppose we look abroad, and try to find something in regard to the nature of this Power. We can conceive no beginning: we can conceive no end. And let me say right here that, as the result of all his lifelong study and thinking as an evolutionist, Mr. Herbert Spencer has said that the existence of this infinite and eternal Power, of which all the phenomenal universe is only a partial and passing manifestation, is the one item of human knowledge of which we are most certain of all.

An Infinite Power, then, an eternal Power,—shall I say an intelligent Power? At any rate, just as far as our intelligence can reach, we find that the universe matches that intelligence, responds to it, so that we must think of it, it seems to me, as intelligent. Out of that Power, as I have said, we have come; and who are we? Persons, persons that think, persons that feel, persons that love, persons that hope; and we are the children of this Power, and, according to one of the fundamental principles of science, nothing can be evolved which was not first involved,—the stream cannot rise higher than its source, that which is produced must be equal to that which produces it.

This Power, then, eternal, infinite, intelligent, must be as much as what we mean by person, by thought, by love, by hope, by all that makes us what we are. Shall we call a Power like this God? Shall we call it Nature? Shall we call it Law? Shall we call it Force? It seems to me that,

if we take any name less and lower than God, we are indulging in a huge assumption, and a negative assumption at that. Suppose that, looking at one of you, I should call you body instead of calling you man. I should be assuming that you are only body, which I have no right to do. If I call this Infinite Power, then, Nature, Force, Law, Matter, I am indulging in a negative assumption which is scientifically unwarranted. As a reasonable being, then, I think I am scientifically warranted in saying that belief in God is something that all investigation only affirms, and affirms over and over again, and with still greater and greater force.

I have not time to go into this at any further length this morning; but I believe that we are scientifically right in saying that all the doubt, all the investigation, all the questioning of the world, have only given us a stronger and more solid assurance that we have a divine Power around us, and that we are the children of that Power.

In the next place, to carry the idea a little farther, we want, if we may, to believe that this Infinite and eternal Power manifested in the universe is a good Power. If it be not, we are hopeless. I hear reformers sometimes in their zeal picturing the dreadful condition of affairs socially or industrially or politically, and saying that the world is getting worse and worse, that the rich are getting richer, and the poor are getting poorer, and the republic is becoming more corrupt week by week and year by year, giving the impression that the world in general is on the down grade. If I believed that, I should give it up, I should see no reason for struggle and effort. If an Infinite Power is against me in my efforts to do good, what is the use of my making the effort?

We want to know, then, as to whether a belief in the goodness of this Infinite Power is a thing that doubt and investigation have not touched and cannot disturb. Let us consider just a moment one or two thoughts bearing upon it.

The pessimist tells us that the universe is bad all the way through, that this is the worst possible kind of world. When a man makes a statement like that, I always wish to ask him a question which it seems to me absolutely overturns his position,—how did he happen to find it out? If the universe is bad all through, essentially bad, where did he get his moral ideal in the light of which to judge and condemn it? How does this bad universe produce an amount of justice and truth and love to be used as a measuring-rod in order to find out whether it will correspond with these ideals or not? That one question seems to me enough to turn pessimism into nonsense.

Let us look at it in another way. As we look back, as far as we can towards the beginning of things, we find this fact: when man appeared on the earth, conscience was born, as I told you the other day, a sense of right came with him, and since that day he has been struggling to attain and realize an ever and ever enlarging and heightening ideal. This, then, the conscience, the sense of right, the ideal, must be a part of the nature of the universe that has produced them. And we notice that these have been growing with the advance of the ages. Before dwelling on that a little farther, let me touch another consideration which is germane to it.

If you look over the face of human society, you get proof positive, scientific demonstration unquestionable, that good is in the majority, love is the majority power of the world. How do I know? You draw up a list of all those things that you call evil, and you will note, as you analyze them, that they are the things that tend to disintegrate, to separate, to tear down; and you draw up a list of those things that you call good, and you will find that they are the things that tend to build up, that bind human society together, and help on life and growth and happiness.

Now the simple fact that human society exists proves that the things that tend to bind together are more powerful

than the things that tend to disintegrate and tear down. Just as, for instance, if you see a planet swinging in the blue to-night, you will know that the centripetal power is stronger than the centrifugal, or there would be no planet there. That which tends to hold it together is mightier than that which tends to disintegrate and fling its particles away from each other. So the simple fact that human society exists proves that good is in the majority.

And then, as we trace the development of human society from the far-off beginning, we find that justice, truth, tenderness, pity, love, helpfulness,—all these qualities have been on the increase, and are growing; and, since the Power that has wrought in lifting up and leading on mankind is unspent, we believe that that Infinite Power of which we have been speaking is underneath this lifting, is behind this progress, and that the end may reasonably be expected to issue in that perfection of which we dream and whose outlines we dimly see afar off.

An infinite power, then, a power that is good, a power that we may study, partially understand, at any rate, and co-operate with. We can help on this progress instead of hindering it. We can do something to make the world better. Here are two things then,—God and goodness,—that no doubt, no investigation, have ever been able to touch or destroy.

A third thing. We want to believe that there is a meaning in these little individual lives of ours. Sometimes, when we read of pestilences or the great wars of the world, when we think of children born and dying so soon almost as they are born, when we note the brevity of even the longest life and take into account the sweep of the ages, we sometimes find ourselves depressed with the thought that these human lives of ours mean so little. It sometimes seems as though nature cared nothing for us, and swept us away as the first cold and the frost sweep away the millions of flies that had been buzzing their little hour of sunshine.

We need to feel, then, if we are to live manly, womanly lives, that there is some plan, or may be some purpose in our being born, in our little struggle of a few years, in our being thwarted, in our succeeding, in our being sick or well, in our being rich or poor, in our being learned or ignorant. Does it make any difference how we live these lives of ours? Is there significance in them, any purpose, any plan, any outcome, to make it worth while for us to struggle and strive? We need to know this; and what do the investigation and the doubt and the struggle of the world say to us concerning those? If there is anything which science teaches us, it is that the infinite God, the Power, whatever we name it, that is the thought and life of this universe, is expressed just as perfectly in the tiniest atom as in the most magnificent galaxy. There is no such thing as an imperfect atom in this universe. The infinitesimal atoms below us, and the tiny orbits through which these atoms and molecules sweep, are as much in the grasp of the Eternal Law as the movements of the stars over our heads.

Things are not lost in this universe out of the eternal purpose because they are little. So our apparent littleness, the weakness, feebleness of our lives, need not disturb the grandeur of our trust in this direction.

Then as we study ourselves, as we see the good that has been growing through the ages, and as we note the fact that I hinted at a moment ago, that we can plant ourselves in the way, and hinder the working of the Divine, so far as our tiny strength goes, or that we can study the conditions of this growth and co-operate and help it on, and so be just as truly a builder of the highest and finest humanity of the future as God is himself,— as we note this, are not our little lives raised into dignity and touched with glory? And why should I cringe and humiliate myself in the presence of a planet a thousand times larger than our earth, or a sun a million and a half times larger than the planet that shakes to

its centre as I stamp my tiny foot? I, or one like me, has measured the sun, weighed it as an apothecary can weigh a gram in his scales. I have untangled the rays of his light, and am able to tell the substances that are burning those ninety millions of miles away, in order to send down that ray of light to our earth. I have untangled the mysteries of the heavens, and find these only aggregations of matter like those of which my body is composed; but I deal with all these and overtop them, speeding with my thought with the rapidity that leaves the lightning behind. And I know that, because I can think God and can trace his thoughts after him as he goes through his creative processes, so I am more than these,—a child of the Creator. I may feel as a little boy feels who stands beside his father who is the captain of some mighty ship. The ship may be a million times greater than he; but the captain's intelligence and hand made it, shaped it, rules it, turns it whithersoever he will. And I am the captain's child, like him, and capable of matching his masterly achievement.

And so I may believe that I, as a child of the infinite Father, am of infinite importance to him in this universe of his; and I can live a grand and noble life. Nobody can harm me but myself. Place an obstacle in my path, and, whether it be insurmountable or not, I may show myself a coward or a hero as I face it. Tell me I have made a mistake, I can repair it. Tell me I have committed some moral error, am guilty of sin, I confess it. But I can make all these mistakes and sins stairways up which I can climb nearer and nearer to God. You may test me with sorrows, affliction, take away my property, take away my health, take away my friends; and the way in which I receive these may either make me nobler or poorer and meaner, as I will. The sun shines upon the earth. It turns one clod hard, makes it incapable of producing anything. It softens and sweetens another,—the same sun: the difference is in the way in which it is received. So these influences may touch me,

may make me hard and bitter and mean and rebellious, or I may stand all, and say, as the old Stoics used to, "Even if the gods are not just, I will be just, and shame the gods."

So man may say, Whatever comes upon me, I will meet it like a man, and like a child of the Highest, and so make my life significant, a part of the divine plan, something glorious and real.

One thought more. When we have got through with this life, and stand on the shore of a sea whose wavelets lap the sands at our feet, and the ships of those that depart go out into the mist, and we wonder whither,—what has doubt done, what has investigation done, touching this great hope of ours, as we face that which we speak of as the Unknown? So far as the old-time and traditional belief is concerned, I hold that doubt has been of infinite and unspeakable service. Certainly, I could rather have no belief at all than the old belief. Certainly, I would rather sink into unconsciousness and eternal sleep than wake to watch over the battlements of heaven the ascent of the smoke of the torment that goeth up forever and ever. But is there any rational ground for hope still? I cannot stop this morning even to suggest to you the grounds for the assertion that I am about to make. I believe that, if we have not already demonstrated eternal life, we are on the eve of such demonstration. I believe that another continent is to be discovered as veritably as Columbus discovered this New World. As he, as he neared the shore, saw floating tokens upon the waters that indicated to him that land was not far away, so I believe that tokens are all about us of this other country, which is not a future, but only a present, unseen and unknown to the most of us.

But grant, if you will, that that is not to be attained, modern investigation and doubt have done nothing to touch the grounds of the great human hope that springs forever in the breast, that hope which is born of love, born of trust, born of our dreams, born of our yearning towards the land whither our dear ones have departed.

Let me read you just a few lines of challenge to those that would raise a question as to the reality of this belief: —

What is this mystic, wondrous hope in me,
 That, when no star from out the darkness born
 Gives promise of the coming of the morn,
 When all life seems a pathless mystery
 Through which tear-blinded eyes no way can see;
 When illness comes, and life grows most forlorn,
 Still dares to laugh the last dread threat to scorn,
 And proudly cries, *Death is not, shall not be?*

I wonder at myself! Tell me, O Death,
 If that thou rul'st the earth, if "dust to dust"
 Shall be the end of love and hope and strife,
 From what rare land is blown this living breath
 That shapes itself to whispers of strong trust,
 And tells *the lie, if 'tis a lie, of life?*

Where did this wondrous dream come from? How does it grow as the world grows? It must be a whisper of this eternal Being to our hearts; and so, in spite of all the advance of knowledge, all the criticism, it remains untouched, brightening and growing. And so there is reason, as we look out on the future, why we should look with contempt, if you will, upon the conditions that trouble us in this life,—the burdens, the sorrows, the illnesses,—when all that life means at its highest is that out of the conditions, whatever they are, I should shape a manhood, cultivate a soul, make myself worth living, fitting myself for that which gleams through the mist a promise, if you will, of something there beyond.

Now I wish simply to call your attention to the fact that doubt does not touch this eternal Power, does not touch the fact that this is a good Power, and that it is on the side of goodness, does not touch the fact that we are the children of that Power and may co-operate with it for good and share its ultimate triumph, does not touch the great hope that makes it worth while for us to suffer, to bear, to dare all things. And these great trusts, are they not all we need to

be men, to be women, to conquer the conditions of life and prove ourselves children of the Highest?

Father, we thank Thee that, when the heavens are shaken and the earth seems to be moved, and we wonder if anything is stable or solid, we can feel at last these great foundations beneath our feet, and know that, whatever is removed or whatever passes away, the best things, the only things necessary to us, are secure, and will abide forever. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>20 cents</i>
<i>“ “ “ Doz. . . .</i>	<i>\$1.50</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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THE FORE-ELDERS OF HOPE

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

THE FORE-ELDERS OF HOPE.

"Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." — ROM. v. 3, 4.

So this is the truth the apostle will tell, who spake as he was moved by the Holy Ghost,—that Hope does not stand first in the divine order or in the lessons we have to learn as he had learned them when he wrote this letter. She is not the foremother from whose heart all that is noblest and best comes to us, as we are apt to imagine, but is the great-grand-child, shall I say, in the heaven-born succession. Born of Experience, Experience of Patience, and Patience of Tribulation, while the last born is still the best, never going backward, but always forward, upward, and never downward, while each is essential to the other in the whole sum and product, and points toward this conclusion: that, if we fall on Tribulation, we must bear ourselves nobly, or we can never know the true worth of Patience; then we must let Patience have her perfect work, or she can never round and ripen into Experience, the essence of all true wisdom; and nurse and treasure this in its turn, or we may never find through these three the last and choicest boon of Hope.

And so, when we say we have no hope, radiant and strong, in some great stress of life, and grieve over this,—thinking we could bear our burden so much better and more bravely if we could clasp the bright angel to our heart and hold her there,—may not this word from the heart of the brave apostle, who had gone through the *via mala* and found out the secret, help us to find the one true answer to this painful problem in the truth he tells? That we can

have no such hope as we may long and pray for yet awhile, because it is not time for the radiant angel to come to us on her holy errand.

The foremother, Tribulation, must come first, while this we may say we have had, God knows, in full measure and running over. "Very true," he answers; "but the own child of Tribulation is Patience, and so I would ask is her sweet face familiar to you, and has she changed yours into the same image and likeness, or is impatience and revolt lord and master of the days?"

And, again, if we answer, "Yes, I have learned to dwell with Patience: there was no help for that; for what is the use bruising your head against the walls of fate and doom?" he notes the tone of my telling, which holds the soul of impatience after all, and asks me whether Experience has had her time and turn to teach me something she alone can impart, "or do you leave me still in doubt?" he asks, "whether, indeed, you have learned to dwell with the good angel by moaning for Hope before the true time has come for her advent, or do you want that to come first which must come last in the divine order?" She waits to plume her wings and pour out her songs on you in the full time, but she must not disturb the law and order of God's kingdom in your life and in his world. Tribulation first, then Patience, then Hope, clasping hands with Faith and Love, and then

"God's greatness flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness his rest."

I love to note, again, how this truth may come home to us, not alone from the holy book and the holy man, but also by taking to our heart the intimations which lie in our common life first of all, and in the things we have to do, very much as our divine Teacher taught us this truth in his Gospels,— the truth which lay in his heart always, landward man as he was,— that the kingdom of heaven in our human life

is like a field answering to the seasons as they come and go, — the springtime, the summer, and then the harvest home, and then the winter.

For is not this the truth touching the land, that Hope cannot come forth full-winged, to soar and sing for my landward man above the ploughing, the harrowing, the sowing, and the wild March weather, but lies low in the nest, rather, and naked, like the birds newly free from the shell? He has to wait for the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear, which must follow the deep ploughing, the harrowing, and the seed cast into the ground to die, and then to rise and ripen in the full, true time of the harvest.

The man who has this to do our fine old English calls the husbandman can tell us, and will tell us, out of all reason, as we think sometimes, what tribulation and dismay he has to face from the harsh spring days to these of the harvest home; while we know without his telling how those even who are most faithful and hopeful have still to endure, as seeing *that* which is invisible, and to learn their lesson of Patience, the first-born of Tribulation, from both Experience, and from these three the Hope that maketh not ashamed. Leave the first out of the sum, the bone-ache, with the heart-ache not seldom, and the *painstaking* which must go into all he has to do,—where, then, and what, then, would be the harvest home?

Leave out Patience, so near of kin very often to Impatience, and small blame to my good husbandman, I say for one,—patience in despite of the droughts, the water-floods, the weeds, the canker-worms, the rust, the rot, the blight, and all the pests that come between the sowing and reaping, the blossom and the ripened fruit; and let my man say: “It is all no use. Fate and doom have the whip-hand of me: I will try no more,” then what would the harvest be?

Or leave out Experience, what the good old father taught him, and what he has learned year by year, trying and failing, and trying again, like the very Bruce with the spider,

then where would be the thirty, the sixty, and the hundred-fold?

It is through the fore-elders, I say, that Hope comes to my man on strong wings and in full song; and she can come in no other way. She is not of the Spring in her full-plumed glory, and is not the child of the soft and sunny heavens alone, but of the darkness also, the frustration and the storm.

Shall we touch another similitude, and liken our life to a voyage from the hither to the other haven, what truth do these wonderful palaces teach us which cross the oceans now within a time so true that you may know to a day or almost to an hour when to look for your great steamer, and where to look for her on the great circle on any given day or night!

Well, is not this true again,— that these marvels, these miracles, of our modern time, have grown to be what they are through Tribulation, the foremother of Patience, while Patience has given birth to Experience, and Experience to the Hope which has come so far toward her full fruition?

Is not this the truth, also, when you get to the heart of it all, that in your grand creation fitted for its perfect purpose — of which may we not truly say that every beam has been “battered by the shocks of doom and dipt in baths of hissing tears to shape and use”? — the wonder, the miracle, was born of all the shipwrecks in the circle of the world's great life, all the heart-breaks for widows and children left desolate, widows like the one I knew whose husband went down in the “Great Western” when we who are of the elder world were young, but to the end of her life his chair was set and his cup at the table to be ready when he should come home?

All the wrecks, all the tempests, all the frustrations, and all the ships that have passed through the sunshine into the midnight for which there was no morning.

All the false reckonings that have landed ships and men on angry and fatal reefs, all the chronometers that lied when

the sole hope of salvation lay in a rectitude which should be like the sun's own truth, which is the shadow of the truth of God.

All the anchors, the cables, and the sails, have they not been forged and twisted and woven when you reach their last secret through untold Tribulation, of which Patience was born in due time, and then Experience, and now the Hope full-plumed, when we know almost the hour she will be at her dock with our beloved returning home from the far-away lands?

And the enginery which drives the great wonder through the tempest or in its teeth, and makes food for laughter in doubling Cape Horn,—well, again there is not a shaft, a wheel, a pinion, or a piston, which has not come to us through the travail of some soul tried as the soul of James Watt was, who, when the burden of his great discovery lay on his early life, longed and moaned for the sweet benignity of death, so sore was the burden; but Patience came, the good angel, and born of her was Experience, and then Hope came all radiant at the last, with fruition on her wings, so at fourscore and five one who knew him says he was probably the sunniest old man in England.

So I look on the wonder many a time, and say in my heart there is not a sigh in the blind, dumb giant when the levers lift which is not the answer to a sob from myriads of hearts, and through untold years since, as Wendell Phillips used to tell us, they ran their small steamer on the sacred lake by the Nile.

A great physician over there in London says: "I was in Constantinople when a telegram came to me of the dangerous illness of a great nobleman, my friend, and begging me to hasten home. I answered, 'I will be at your bedside at a quarter to three on such a day.' I was there to the minute." The giant had lifted him over the space, and his friend was rescued from the shadows of death.

Is it a long, stern fight we have to make for life and life's

worth, it may be through years of time, what can touch us more nearly or tenderly for illustration of our apostle's thought than the grand story of our great captain and his true men in the fight for freedom from the yoke of the motherland and for the new life in this New World,—the story of the way he was driven from post to pillar, the great good captain, and from fastness to fastness, striving and failing, as it seemed, but only to try again and always again, while Hope lay low so often, and silent; and, then, at the long last,—as the folk say who have not many words, and so must make them strong—through the great Tribulation Patience was born, and Experience, and then Hope came, not on strong wings at the first, as we all know, and with no clear notes, but she grew to the radiant presence we see now from afar, came and sat on all the banners and in all the homes worth the name, and made the rock on which our city stands musical as Memnon at sunrise, when the great captain came here, and said so simply, "Gentlemen and comrades, I must shake hands with you all, and then say good-by."

I think sometimes it will take us centuries yet to read aright the story of those pregnant years to be aware of his greatness, the great Captain George Washington, and to see and say that the story of this republic is far more sacred to us than the Hebrew story written in our Bible.

Shall we turn for a moment to the story of the genius in our manhood and womanhood which has come to its greatness through the fourfold mothering, and given us its most priceless treasure? I love to open, then, one of the immortal books of our century, magnificent in passages as Dante and homely again as the talk of the Scotch peasant at the fireside, and, as I read, to remember that this is the choicest treasure we possess from the foremother Tribulation in this man who was heart-sick so often, brain-sick, all sick from the crown to the sole. But there it was born in the true fourfold succession, the great and wonderful book,

of which the first volume was borrowed by his friend in the manuscript and lost past all hope.

And so he must begin again, and dwell with Patience,—this most impatient creature of his tribe in all the world, I suppose,—must dwell with Patience born at such a cost, and welcome the Experience which had come through the fire; and then, when it was done, he said to the good wife, “Jeanie, my lass, what they will do with the book we do not know; but they have not had for two hundred years any book that came more truly from a man’s very heart.”

And now the story is told, the great and noble story of his life, the great and noble poet of these last times, the book which has taken out of my own heart the fear that I might not live to read this book and touch the secret of his genius, so far as we may in this revelation.

The early manhood demanding that stern fight with a sadly lamed fortune, when the father was dead, reaching through many years; a soul all musical, but with few to listen to the music or mark the marvellous promise, while in one great town I can name in his own land the early volumes teeming with genius were cast out from the public library as books not fit for reading; the great domed brain haunted in these early years by the doubts and dubitations which belong to our time, and, in some fashion, to all time since the book of Job was written,—tribulations that find a channel in “The Two Voices,” and the utter desolation when the dear friend died who was so much more to him than all his brothers were. But still through it all the true-born succession held good; while here lies the secret of his genius, crowned for us by his “In Memoriam,” sung over the dust of the dearest friend, and crowned by the hope which is not seen, so that, when you read the story, you say, “It pleased Him in whom all fulness dwells to make this dear son also perfect through suffering.”

And, again, I take this to be true,—that our apostle would be the last man in the world to say that his thought of the

fourfold succession touches only what we call the religious life, as this stands separate from the human life in the common interpretation of these terms.

It must be of our whole life he speaks, in which we must all confront the foremother, as some of us know who have seen much of life in the many years, who have found that our first hopes are but the dreams of our youth, of which, by Heaven's blessing, some, indeed, do come true, while some, as the patriarch cries in his sorrow, are as untimely births.

Tribulation smites us, the fight is on us, and the fair hopes of the youth-time, the first-born, not the last, seem all withered, as the snowdrops wither in the harsh spring weather; and then we are ready to say: "There is no more left to live for. Here are the great stone walls of fate and doom. What is my hope?"

But will you permit one old man to say that, if there is the soul in us we find in this man who had gone through the dark pass, then we can — if we will we *can* — have Patience, the good angel born of Tribulation, to hold us by the hand in the true way of life; and she will be the mother of Experience for us, while wisdom will dwell in her heart. And then, some day, — not too soon, not too late, but true to her birth-time and her fulfilling, — we shall find Hope full-plumed, singing and soaring, the last-born and most blessed.

And then we shall see how much better for us it is that she should come in the good and true succession than that she should drop down for us instantly from the heavens, because the waiting and the winning make us all the more true to his word of whose winning I have spoken that "man is man, and master of his fate," just as the winning from all the storms and all the wrecks has gone into the great ship which came to anchor this morning, perfect in poise and purpose and in her time on the great circle which lies between the Old World and the New.

So may I speak to you who have not yet found the fourfold truth verified in your life this man found who speaks to

us now from the eminence of the immortals, and who knew the secret of the tribulations in our earthward life and the work God gives us to do, in which the true stroke of the hammer on the iron in his name must be as sacred in its degree as the stroke of the poet's pen who has crossed the bar and left the world his debtor.

These elders will bear me out when I say that, when we were where you are now, we found no way through the troubles, and can find none now, save by holding on, if not to the whole strong hand, then to a finger of the good angel Patience, leading us through the probation in which we all win Experience, and finally Hope.

These were the terms for us of the good succession, or there would have been another wreck like those we have so often seen which whelmed some poor impatient brother man in the dark waters of doom. So "Have patience," the children of the desert say, "and the mulberry leaf will become satin"; and "Patience," some who hear me have had to say, "and then the handful of ragged wool we have gathered from the thorns and briers of misfortune were woven into a vesture to keep us warm until the angel of hope came to sing her song of deliverance."

And now, because this is all so true in the world's wide life, so it must be true of the tribulations which lie deepest in the soul, and wait for the hope which is within the veil. So that, if I say, "Where is now my hope?" when all I seem to have to my name is a low green mound in some "God's acre" on the earth,—if this should be my fortune, and the great walls seem impregnable, let me mind his word who speaks from the deepness of his own soul's life, and by the inspiration of God, that Hope does not come first even then on the heavy wings of my woe; but the good angel Patience waits for me to clasp her hand, with the Experience born of my probation biding her time, and then Hope,—these all come in the true succession, as they came to him, shall I say, who builded the great mother

church of our common Christendom, crowned by the golden cross.

Yes, and I must beware of the lure also my apostle found in his heart when he wrote these pregnant words, — that the heavens would open on some day of the Lord very near at hand, the angels come flying through the great azure vault, and then there would be no more sorrow or crying or pain for the noble old man and his comrades forevermore.

They had still to confront the Cæsars with a diviner right of kings, and to make good at the block or in the arena the truth that the radiant angel Hope comes in the fourfold succession; but then she comes to bear us on her wings, and make true another word from the great heart, that “the eye hath not seen, or the ear heard, or the heart conceived the things which God hath laid up for them that love him.”

And now, if these are the primal conditions of the eternal Hope, as they are in the whole treasure of the things I have touched for my illustrations, — Tribulation, the fore-mother of Patience, with the crown always above the cross, — then, if I am true to the law of their succession, why should I hug my woe, and talk of the great walls of Fate and Doom; and why should you?

It is told of the widow of a great and noble singer that her life seemed to be buried in tribulation in the last years. She grew blind and deaf; but she grew ever more patient, and was the most cheerful and hopeful old soul you would find in her Westmoreland. They all dwelt together at last in the good old heart, the fourfold succession; and the fairest and sweetest made the old home in the vale by the lake as the very gates of heaven.

So I would to Heaven we might all attain to this most beautiful beatitude, and rise to the eminence on which our apostle stood when he said to these friends, “Let us *rejoice*, therefore, in our tribulation,” knowing this, that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience

hope, because the love of God has been shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit. Then shall we

“ Walk beneath the shelter of God’s wings,
While, by our pathway, Hope, his angel, sings
Of the unseen and everlasting things,—
Sings to us all of heaven, the great homeland,
Our own eternal home not made with hand,
Prepared there for us by his own command.

“ And not as strangers shall we reach that shore,
Friendless, an unknown country to explore :
Our elder brothers have gone on before.
And then Hope ends with the majestic chord,
So shall we be forever with the Lord.
Be it to us according to her word.”

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>20 cents.</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatise. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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CIVILIZATION AND WAR.

I HAVE chosen two passages of Scripture to be taken as a text. First, from the second chapter of Isaiah, the fourth verse,—“And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people ; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks : nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.” And then from the second chapter of the Gospel according to Luke, the fourteenth verse,—the angels’ song, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”

This is Palm Sunday: this is the day on which the Church is accustomed once a year to celebrate the triumphal entry into Jerusalem of the meek and lowly Prince of Peace. And yet, as we read the story of the week that followed that entry, we learn the lesson that the peace which was symbolized and prophesied was far away from the hearts of the people of that time. The Prince of Peace himself in a little while was surrounded by conspiracy, and in a few days plotted against, murdered and cast out.

Some twenty-six or twenty-seven hundred years ago the words I read from the prophecy of Isaiah are supposed to have been uttered. Nations should turn their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks. Nation should not lift up sword against nation ; they should not learn war any more. Something like two thousand years ago the words of the angels’ song are supposed to have broken upon the listening ear of the shepherds, announcing peace on earth, good will toward men. But where is the prophesied peace, where is the condition of things that the

seers of old caught alluring glimpses of in visions, where is that state of human society of which ecstatic poets have sung? It is a curious comment on Christianity, as the religion founded by Him whom all speak of as the Prince of Peace, that there never was a time since this little planet of ours first swung off by itself into the blue when there was so extensive preparation for war. These Christian nations who worship the Prince of Peace, armed to the teeth, all of them, only waiting for a signal to fly desperately at each other's throats!

Let us glance back and down the pathway of human advance for a moment, and observe the condition of things at the outset,—see how natural, see how inevitable, have been the struggles that have afflicted mankind. At the first humanity was not, as the Psalmist says, a little lower than the gods: it was a little higher than the beasts. For it is demonstrated beyond rational question that we trace our ancestry to the lower forms of life below us; and the first men, with a little larger brain power, more intellectual capacity, a keener cunning had all the passions, all the wild and lawless impulses, of the animals from which they had ascended. The snake, the hyena, the wolf, the tiger,—all these were in early man. Man was a barbarian; and barbarism, as we shall see perhaps more than once before we are through, is a condition in which exists chronic war. Barbarism and war are synonymous terms; and, when the world, however seemingly civilized, plunges into war, and no matter for how sacred a cause, for the time barbarism is on top again, and man is a wild beast ravening for blood.

The early condition of man, then, I say, was one of chronic warfare. As the ages have gone by, he has become, here and there over the world, not generally, partly civilized. What does that mean? It means that civilization, as far as it has gone, has been a process for the elimination and the suppression of the animal. It means that man has been climbing out of animalism, out of bar-

barism, up into heart and brain, conscience, soul. He has made a little progress,—some nations more, some less. But, as you trace the progress of history, it is one long line of conflicts, of bloody struggles, cruelties, oppressions, wars. Where are we to-day? Just think. More men under arms to-day than ever before since the world began. The flower, the pick, of the young men of all the great nations of the world trained systematically into—what? Into fitness, with the utmost skill and power, to kill the young of some other nation. That is what it means. And, as we sail down our harbors and approach our river mouths, we have to recognize the fact that under these peaceful, lapping waters are mines; every lovely headland capped with trees, carpeted or robed with verdure, a masked battery ready to blaze out fire and death at the approach of a foreign ship. And all the seas of the world patrolled by steel-clad monsters, fitted up as no engines have ever been before for the destruction of property and human life. So far have we come. Here are we to-day.

And now I wish you to note what is the summed-up quintessence of war. I have had occasion to tell you, perhaps more than once in the last two years, that, if you sit down and carefully make out a list of all the thoughts, feelings, impulses, actions, that tend to injure men, you will find the things that we are accustomed to call vices and crimes. If you make another list of all the thoughts, feelings, impulses, and actions which help, that tend to build up society and promote human welfare, you find all those things that we are accustomed to call virtues, what we mean by goodness. Now I wish you to note, and to note carefully,—because I think we are not accustomed to analyze these things as we ought,—that under the word “war,” with its three little letters, is contained every conceivable vice and crime. War means systematized and intended barbarism: War means anger, hatred, jealousy, envy, theft, assault, arson, murder,—means everything you can conceive

of as bad, as anti-human. That is what war is for. War is to destroy people.

And so you will note—and I wish you to note it with care—that war is anti-human, the most anti-human of anything we can conceive. John Wesley said of slavery what I will quote him as saying, and apply to war,—that it was “the sum of all villainies.” Every conceivable villainy has its legitimate place as a part of war. I said that war is barbarism, the enemy of society, the enemy of civilization. Do you not see how of necessity it is so? All this class of actions and thoughts and feelings that I have referred to, that find their place in war are the ones that tear down, that disintegrate and destroy. And all the things that we call good are those that tend to build up, help on the happiness and welfare of mankind. I do not say that war is never justifiable,—far from it. But I do say that even justifiable war is temporary barbarism and destruction, and that that is what it means, and what it is for.

I wish now, because it seems to me there is so much flip-pant, unchristian, inhuman talk abroad on the streets and in the newspapers,—I wish to detain you for a little, while I suggest some of the necessary evils that accompany any war, however good it may seem to be. Look over the face of the civilized world, as we call it, to-day. I suppose that in Germany there are from three to four hundred thousand men in arms; about the same number in France; two or three hundred thousand in Austria; four or five hundred thousand in Russia; one or two hundred thousand in Italy; one or two hundred thousand in Spain; one or two hundred thousand in England. And so in all these great nations we are confronted by this fact. Here are these immense numbers of young and vigorous men taken right out of the work of production, even if they are not engaged in the work of positively destroying the accumulated property of the world. Think of the financial loss: not only that, but these immense numbers of men have to be supported by

those who have not been taken away from the industries and productive activities of the time. If the enormous amounts of money which are thus expended wastefully could only be turned to the purposes of civilization, think of the schools, the public libraries, the art galleries, the musical associations, all the grand and fair buildings and monuments, think of the thousand things that beautify and glorify a civilized country which might easily be created by the means that thus goes to waste. Think how the low levels of poverty and ignorance might be lifted into the sunlight of knowledge and peace and joy. Then not only is that true, think of the enormous debts that are entailed: only look, for example, at our own case,—from one hundred to two hundred millions of dollars a year simply for pensions. Think of the amount of property that has been destroyed and never replaced, all the nation unspeakably poorer because of the righteous war—the necessary war—we had to fight, but which, nevertheless, was, on this side of it, an unspeakable disaster.

There is another evil about war: it deranges and destroys all industrial and productive pursuits; and it introduces into the industrial life of the people, the commercial life of the people, false standards, false ideals. Certain things seem necessary as war measures, which prove to be, when prolonged, calamities afflicting us year after year in times of peace.

There is still another evil,—a perversion of the ideals of patriotism, of what it means to serve one's country. And I think that this is a calamity that very few people even begin to appreciate. The standard of virtue in battle is precisely the reverse of the standard of virtue in time of peace. Let a good man get to be known as "fighting" this or that, "fighting Joe" or "fighting Tom,"—it makes no matter what his name may be,—and he may be an unconscionable scoundrel, profane, foul-mouthed, low-lived, everything vicious and evil,—and yet he is a popular hero.

Why? Because he has skill and a kind of bull-dog courage that can worry and destroy his fellow-men; and this factitious reputation perverts the minds of our people, the plastic minds of our children, while they are studying these things that are supposed to have been so glorious in the time of war.

And, then, think of the deaths and the heartaches. If these men who are crying loudly for war could see and hear a battlefield, and could think of their own sons as there, it might hush their barbaric enthusiasm a little. Think of the hundreds and thousands of men, their bodies torn, mangled in every conceivable way, trodden over by the infantry, ridden over by the cavalry, wounded, neglected, crying for a cup of water, thrilling through every nerve with pain, dreaming in their agony of the loved ones at home. Then go to the rear, and see the surgeons at work,—see the piles, perhaps of arms or legs, tossed out like wood chopped and piled up in a yard. Then go to the hospital, and listen to the moans of the sick and dying; see the pale cheeks and the lack-lustre eyes; what wounds, gangrene, and decay,—and remember this is war! No matter how righteous the war may be, it is somebody's father, it is somebody's brother, it is somebody's son that is going through all this.

Then there are sadder things, it seems to me, than these. Somewhere to-day out in the country is an old man, bent with years, and an old woman, his wife, also bent with age. They have been struggling for a long while to pay off the mortgage on their little farm, but are sinking deeper and deeper into their financial difficulty every year. They had expected the boys to help them carry this burden. But the boys were shot at Memphis, Shiloh, or Antietam, or died of starvation in Libby or Andersonville. And now, when the twilight comes, the old father and mother sit side by side by their fireplace and think and listen,—listen for the coming of feet that never will be heard again. And a case like this is multiplied by thousands as the result of every great war.

A widow with her little children, left because her husband has been murdered in a battle. A woman,—we speak of them sometimes flippantly as old maids: we do not look beneath the surface, and read the patient, simple, tender, heroic tragedy of a lifetime,—a woman fighting her way alone in the world, her pathway desolate because her lover was shot in the war, and she has kept only the image of that young strong fair face as the one treasure of her life.

These things are what war means. We may have to face them; but, when we talk war, let us remember what we do have to face, and not speak of it flippantly and lightly as though it were not to touch us, but only to desolate the country or home or life of some other. War, as I said, means everything that is evil.

Now I wish to note just for a minute some of the reasons that have been flying about in the air and in the newspapers within a short time for going to war. There are people so fatuous, so thoughtless, so inhuman, it seems to me, as to talk about its being a good thing to have a war because it would make business livelier. Think of it! Of course, it would make certain kinds of business very lively indeed. They do not seem to remember that it would paralyze certain other lines of business, impoverish and destroy on every hand for the sake of making persons in certain favored occupations rich. But, if you wish to make business lively, there is no need of having war. Just let us get together and set fire to the city of New York in half a dozen different places one of these nights, and let the fire get under way; and it would make business very lively indeed. Suppose we go down to the lower part of Broadway, and with charges of dynamite blow up some of the beautiful business blocks. It would make business very lively. It would call for builders on every hand to replace the destruction; and we could do all this without killing anybody, and we could do it without destroying the property of any other people.

It seems to me so strange that people can speak so care-

lessly about these matters, not looking below the surface to see what it means.

There is another thing that is talked about very lightly,—our honor, about our being insulted. Let us be sure, friends, that it is not the duellist's or the pugilist's honor that is being talked about. What is the honor of a great strong people? Can we be insulted by a barbaric nation in such a way that we must avenge and wipe out that insult by putting ourselves on their level, and suddenly becoming barbarians ourselves? I remember a picture of Landseer's that has a moral. You will recall it,—that great, magnificent-looking dog, lying calm and peaceful, while a little yelping cur is bristling with petty and impotent conceit, and trying to stir up his anger. Would you have more respect for the great magnificent brute if he put himself on a level with the cur to avenge his insulted dignity and honor?

In certain civilized parts of the world we are getting beyond this duellist's code. What does a duellist fight for? To prove that he isn't a coward, to avenge, we say, his slighted or insulted honor. But, when the duellists have got through with their conflict, is anything settled? It is said simply that one of the antagonists got wounded or killed, but no principle of right or wrong is disposed of. All these remain where they were before. So, when two pugilists engage in a contest, we say it is to settle which is "the better man." Which is the bigger animal would be the truer way of putting it. But no principle of right or wrong is disposed of. Let us be sure that our real national honor, the dignity of this great people of seventy millions, has really been impeached or insulted before we lose our temper and lose control of our judgment.

There are reasons — and I must hasten to speak of them now — which justify war. There are times when there is nothing else to be done but to fight. I have been trying as carefully as I know how to discover how many such causes there are. I can think of only three or four. In

the first place, a nation has the right of self-defence. It has a right to fight in its own defence against any other nation. We say of a man that he has the right of self-defence, the right to kill another man, if that is the only way he can protect himself; and it does not make any difference whether he is a bad man or a good man. And we may as well remember that Spain has this right as well as we. The right of self-defence,—that is one thing a nation may fight for.

There is another thing; and I confess there have been times during the last few years when I have wished our country was a trifle more sensitive in this direction. I believe that our flag ought to be respected, and that American citizens ought to be as safe as though they were walking on Broadway, in any place around the world. And I believe that it is justifiable for us to unmask our batteries and get ready our guns for the sake of attaining that end, if need be.

There is another thing that it is sometimes justifiable to fight for. There may be points in the history of the world's advance where the next step ahead, on the part of civilization, demands war as an absolute necessity. I shall have occasion to refer to one of those in a few moments.

Then there is another cause for war. Some people may be so intolerably oppressed, there may be such cruelty exercised towards them, that a civilized nation cannot stand by quietly, and see the thing go on. This also may justify war.

But now let us see where we are. I wish, as guardedly and carefully as I may, to discuss a little the present situation in which our country finds itself. I may not venture to hope that you will all agree with me. I shall not speak dogmatically. I shall try very carefully to weigh my words. The practical question that is in the minds of all of us to-day is as to whether we are to fight Spain over the issues which have arisen concerning her relations and our relations with Cuba. I thank God, for one, that a man like

Mr. McKinley is President to-day at this juncture in our affairs. I can say this all the more heartily because he was not my first choice. But he has proved himself so manly, so sympathetic, so patient, so wise, that I feel the country is safe so long as he can hold the helm, and not be interfered with by any of the excitable crew. I am thankful, also, that we have a man of a similar temper at the head of the House,—a man who cannot be excited, who stands like a rock while the waves of popular passion beat against him, and who will not be persuaded, intimidated, coaxed, into doing other than what he believes to be right and manly and true.

Now what is the situation? Let us, if we can, look at it for a moment on the side of Spain. I said a little while ago that any nation, the same as any man, had the right of self-defence. When any part of a nation chooses to rebel, they take their lives into their own hands, and risk on that throw everything they have and everything they are. They know that, and they know perfectly well that the nation against which they are rebelling will do its utmost to crush out the endeavor; and, according to the law of nations, any people has this right to protect itself against internal enemies as well as external ones. Spain has been exercising that right. We exercised it during the Civil War. If a people succeeds in rebellion, then it becomes a revolution, and a new nation is born. If they fail, they are crushed out, and remain rebels. But, when the rebellion begins, all sensible persons who move in it know that those are the conditions of the struggle.

Now Spain has a right to maintain the integrity of its kingdom by every means in her power. There is only one possible limit to that right; and that is a limit that it is not easy to draw. She has no right to engage in methods of warfare that are admitted by all civilized people to be barbaric and inhuman. She has no right to indulge in extreme cruelty. But, friends, when people go to war, where does

legitimate warfare end and cruelty begin? It is assault and arson and murder in any war. It is not very easy then to draw the line. Just what is our relation to Cuba? We have certain commercial interests there. Is it wise for us to spend more money in the destruction of property than we should save by winning in fight? At least, it is worth while to look at that side of it. And now, if the latest news that came to us last night be accurate, it seems to me that we are in danger of putting ourselves in a false position. We insisted that Spain should grant two things: that it should grant Cuba autonomy, and that it should consent to the relief of the *reconcentrados*,—people who are starving and suffering. Spain has conceded both of these,—something that is not very easy for a haughty nation to assent to. Autonomous government already exists in Cuba; and the President and the authorities of that government have recently appealed to the United States, begging us to let them alone,—to keep hands off, to see what they can do. They claim to represent the majority of the people, and the majority of its commercial interests. Spain has also consented to our other demand. It seems to me, then, that it would be no derogation of our honor if we wait until we see what is to be the outcome of these two moves on the part of Spain and the autonomists in the island.

But I have not yet said a word in regard to another matter, which lies close to the hearts of us all: that is the destruction of our great battle-ship, and the loss of two hundred and sixty lives. But let us be calm and patient here. We are seventy millions, with unbounded resources. Spain, perhaps, has eighteen millions, hopelessly in debt. Can we not afford, even in the presence of the destruction of the "Maine," to be patient, and to be sure of our way? The reports that have come to us have not attempted to fix the responsibility. We may feel practically certain—I do, just as thousands do, without being able to tell precisely why—that the ship was blown up from without. But even

that does not prove that the Spanish authorities were responsible for it; and even suppose the Spanish authorities were responsible,—that we should find out so by and by,—has not the world grown enough yet, so that there are certain civilized ways of disposing of matters like these? Must we turn barbaric, because Spain has not become civilized? Then let us remember that the head of the Spanish Government, Sagasta, is a Liberal, personally a Republican, and that he is doing all he can, consistently with the safety of the kingdom.

If we can make it clear to the world that Spain is responsible for the destruction of our battle-ship, there is no question of our being able in some way to be indemnified. Which now is the best way? Just let us look at it all round. Is it the best way, because two hundred and sixty men have already been killed, to kill ten or fifty or a hundred thousand more,—not only Americans, but Spaniards as well? And did it never occur to you in all these matters that it is never the right person that gets killed when you go to war? These men that we should send out in our armies, they are not responsible. Why should we kill them? The poor Spaniards that would meet us in defence, they are not the ones that blew up the "Maine." Why should we kill them? In the barbaric periods of the world there was that sense of corporate responsibility everywhere. If an Indian, for example, killed a member of another tribe, that tribe revenged itself by killing the first Indian of the first tribe it could discover: it did not seek the man who did the killing. So the Old Testament teaches that for David's sin seventy thousand Israelites, who had nothing to do with the matter, were killed. But this is hardly up to our civilized ideas to-day.

Let us wait, then, and be certain there is no other way out of it before we engage in this destructive, barbaric, unchristian, and inhuman business of war. As Goethe said in regard to suicide,—which he contemplated once

when he was a young man,—he had decided to postpone it, because he could commit suicide any time. It seems to me that we need to be in no hurry. We can fight any time, but, when we have begun, we must take the consequences.

I said a moment ago, there are contingencies connected with the great advance of civilization that make war seem inevitable; and I intimated that there was one of those conditions which I should speak of before I was through. And now I wish to suggest to you what I regard as a more just and righteous ground for possible war to-day than anything connected with Cuba. England is standing to-day in the Far East alone against Russia and Germany and France—for what? For English rights, yes; but for human rights. She does not propose to monopolize them except as her business ability may enable her to do it. She stands for open doors, for a chance for human civilization, for free commerce in the Far East, for the next step, on that part of the planet, of the advancing footsteps of the race. I believe that this country of ours must surrender its old ideal of isolation. It is an unworthy policy, I believe; it is an inhuman policy. What right have we, because we are rich and prosperous here at home, to say we will take no account as to how the great problems of civilization are solved in other parts of the world? It is English blood in our veins, and it is English liberty which we are working out here on this continent; and I believe that we ought to make ourselves strong, have a fleet so powerful that, when we speak in regard to any great question touching any part of the world, those that listen will know there is force behind our words.

I believe in this for the sake of peace. I believe that we ought, when we have fitted ourselves to play such a part, to stand squarely beside England for the interests of England, the interests of America, the interests of the civilized world. I believe that there is nothing else so needed for the further advance of the race on this planet as a cordial understand-

ing and a mutual agreement on the part of all the great English-speaking races of the world. If not a league offensive and defensive, I believe we ought to understand each other, and stand together; and, when any great question comes up that needs to be settled in the interests of some higher advance on the part of the race we ought simply to say, "It must and shall be done!" And, if we could get over our petty, foolish jealousies and stand thus together, we could hold the destiny of the earth in our hand, and shape it for God and humanity and a nobler future.

There are, then, possible occasions for war; but, if the position one occupies be not just and right and clear, then, in the words of the poet Campbell,

"Murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:
What can alone enoble fight?
A noble cause."

Dear Father, who dost not only whisper to us words of peace, but, when the time comes, dost teach our hands to war and our fingers to fight, let us be sure that we are speaking Thy words, that we are just and true, and then let us be faithful to the occasion, whatever it may be. Amen.

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IF WE ARE IMMORTAL.

My theme this morning is an uncompleted sentence,—“If we are immortal.” I take as a text the last clause of the twenty-first verse of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians, “To die is gain.”

If we are immortal, this is true; but how many people who claim to believe unwaveringly that we are immortal really believe or feel that to die is gain? You will notice that I have purposely made the subject of my discourse conditional in its terms,—“If we are immortal.” Those of you who have no question on the subject do not need that I should spend any time this morning with the matter of proof. Those who have serious doubts would not be convinced by any brief treatment of those doubts which would now be possible. I therefore waive all question of evidence one side, and assume, for the purpose that I have in mind, that we are immortal.

Two preliminary points I wish to notice as briefly as possible. I do it because in my correspondence and in personal contact with people week by week they are constantly recurring. Within the last few days some one has said, “If I did not believe in continued existence after death, I would not endure the conditions of the present life a week: I would take myself out of the way.” I have had my share of the ups and downs, the tears, the heartaches, the perplexities, the burdens of life; and yet I cannot understand this state of mind. I have never seen one moment since I can remember when I was not simply glad to be alive, and that without any regard to the end or the issue. Is it not worth while to have looked out over this wondrous earth, to have seen the

expanse of plain, trees, brooks running down the hillside, the river sweeping to the sea, the ocean, the mountains, the light of the blessed day, the stars brooding over us at night, the moon walking in her beauty amid them? Is not this worth while? Is it not worth paying for by pain, by suffering?

Oh! when I look upon the laughing face
Of children or on woman's gentle grace;

Or when I grasp a true friend by the hand,
And feel a bond I partly understand;

When mountains thrill me, or when, by the sea,
The plaintive waves rehearse their mystery;

Or when I watch the moon, with strange delight,
Threading her pathway 'mid the stars at night;

Or when the one I love, with kisses prest,
I clasp, with bliss unspoken, to my breast,—

So strange, so deep, so wondrous life appears,
I have no words, but only happy tears!

I cannot think it all shall end in naught;
That the abyss shall be the grave of thought;

That e'er oblivion's shoreless sea shall roll
O'er love and wonder and the lifeless soul.

But, e'en though this the end, I cannot say
I'm sorry that I saw the light of day.

So wondrous seems this life I live to me,
Whate'er the end, *to-day I hear and see!*

To-day I think and hope! And so for this—
If it must be—for just so much of bliss,—

Bliss threaded through with pain,—I bless the Power
That holds me up to gaze one wondrous hour!

Hesitate a little, then, before you pronounce it not worth having, if you cannot have more.

There is another class of people the echo of whose thought constantly comes to me,—people who say to me, it

seems thoughtlessly, "If I really had no doubt of any future life, I would not live here a week: I would not bear the ills that now burden and overwhelm me." Do you ever stop to consider what this means? Would you burglariously batter against the door that leads one into the presence of the Eternal, unasked, perhaps unwelcome? If you believed that an acorn would some day, if planted, develop into an oak, would you tear it up by the roots, and expect a miracle,—that it should be developed into a century-old oak in a week or a year? I believe in continued existence after death, but I believe also that there is a vital, genetic connection between the life we are living here and that which is to come; and so I wish naturally and simply to grow up to and blossom out into that other life.

Now, if we are immortal, what? We are all of us troubled by the imperfections, by the inequalities, of the present life. People are constantly urging them upon my attention as though they were a valid indictment against the Power that governs the world. They say: "Here is one man who is well, another who is sick. Here is one man who is rich, another who is poor. Here is one man who keeps his circle of friends unbroken around him for years: here is another who stands in the midst of a depleted and broken group. Here is one man who is learned, has had an opportunity to drink at all fountains: here is another who has been set so hard to the task of earning the necessities of life that he has no time or strength to learn of the wondrous facts and mysteries of the universe around him, and is ignorant. Here is one man who occupies a high station in society, another who is obscure; one man who is famous, another who is unknown." Now, if we are immortal, think! Let us take the point of view of an immortal; then what do we see?

I remember standing on the summit of the Eiffel Tower some years ago; and all Paris lay flattened out at my feet,—its inequalities of building, roof, tower, spire, practically

departed. If we are immortal, then this little life, which the old Psalmist talked about as a span, a moment, becomes practically insignificant, except as it bears on the immortal life. What difference, after all, do these inequalities make? How important are they? They are of no importance at all unless we permit them to stand in the way of soul-culture, unless we permit them to become stumbling-blocks over which we fall in our pathway of progress towards the highest. The one thing is as to what we do, being poor or rich, being sick or well, being learned or ignorant, being high or low, being famous or unknown. What do we do with these conditions? Do we let them trip us up, or do we make them serve us in our life race?

And, then, we need to remember, as bearing on this a little further, that, when we get over there, another standard is the one by which we are to be judged. It will make very little difference when we come into the spiritual life as to what the condition of things around us might have been while we were here. People are not to be judged over there by their style of dress or the house they live in or the opportunities they had for intellectual culture or any of these matters which seem to us of such immense concern while here. These will have faded away, and become of practically no importance at all. So, if we are immortal, we can afford at least to be faithful, to be patient, to wait.

One other suggestion as to this question of equality or inequality. I do not think we are always very wise when we are speaking about these matters. A world in which there was no inequality would be a dreadfully dreary, monotonous world. If all the level of the earth were lifted up to the height of the highest mountain, there would be no mountains at all, but one dead level, as though they were all wiped off the face of the earth. All the beauty, the wonder, the glory of life, come from just these inequalities. If we were all Beethovens or Shaksperes, if we were all Ciceros, if we were all marvellous in our intellectual power or in any

one direction, life would be unbearable. And there is no reason why we should raise these utterly irrelevant questions of equality or inequality. Who shall tell me whether an Easter lily is the equal of a rose, or whether the lily or the rose is the equal of an oak or pine? The question of equality or inequality is out of the court. The one thing we need to do is to cultivate the highest and finest and sweetest things in us ; and then, whether we are one of the California big trees or a violet in a valley, we shall help on the beauty and glory of the earth. ~

One other point. If we are immortal, one kind, and only one kind, of life becomes rational. We should live in and develop those faculties, those powers, those qualities, which will come into play when we get over there. This does not mean that you need to become a monk or a nun. It does not mean that you are to withdraw from human life. It does not mean that you are to leave your business, unless your business is incompatible with the higher life. It does not mean that you are not to devote yourself to the affairs of this world. An unworldly life does not mean a life lived out of the world : it means living in those things which are high and fine and human in the midst of the common conditions of life. But, certainly, if you think of it a moment, you are able to see that any quantity of the things that concern us now will be of no use over there.

Paul says, "If there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." It is literally true. A knowledge of geography, I suppose, will be of no advantage to us over there. Ordinary knowledge of mathematics, knowledge of the ways of the stock exchange, political knowledge, most of that which concerns us to-day and absorbs us, will have passed away, like the things which interested us in our childhood. And so, if you analyze your faculties and powers, you will see that a large part of that which is of chief importance to us now we shall outgrow. Is it not wise for you, then, to climb up into the spiritual? What does that mean? It means to

live a life of justice, a life of truth, a life of love, a life of help, a life of tenderness and pity and care. These things that we call divine, these are the immortal parts of us; and, if we are immortal, the only rational thing for us to do is to cultivate and develop these. So that by and by, when we have disrobed, put off this mortal and entered into the immortal life, we shall be fitted for the conditions on which then we shall have entered.

Another point. If we are immortal, death is abolished. If we are immortal, there is no need for us to fear death any longer. My friends, I do not claim any special degree of attainment; but it is years since I have had the slightest fear of dying. There is only one thing about death that ever troubles me; and that I will speak of in a moment. If we are immortal, then going through that almost universally painless experience is simply an incident of life, that is all; and large numbers of people have had experience confirmatory of this great trust. I had a dearly loved friend in Boston who died, as we say, only a little while ago. But two or three years before he went out, he went clear up to the door, which was ajar, so that he looked in, and came back, and said that the experiences of all those hours were a simple delight, peace, joy, beyond any words. Suppose there is a little rough experience, as though we were climbing a Swiss pass on our way to the plains of Italy. Let the fogs gather, let the wind blow, let the sleet drift in our faces for a little while, the sunny land is over there; and who cares? Can we not be brave enough to face it? I must read to you that magnificent challenge of Browning's:—

“ Fear death ? To feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place;
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe,
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear, in a visible form ?

Yet the strong man must go ;
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,—
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter ; so — one fight more,
 The best and the last !
 I would hate that Death bandaged my eyes, and forbore
 And bade me creep past.
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old :
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold.
 For, sudden, the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end ;
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest ! "

That is the way to face dying. If we are immortal, and if we believe it and know it, it is the way we can face it.

I have said, there is just one thing about death that troubles me. I see no way by which any advance of human thought or life can ever escape that. What is it? It is the fact of temporary separation from people we love. If one of my friends enters the boat, and it is pushed off from the shore, and I see it go out into the mist and disappear, shall I not have heartache, though I know he is landed on a fairer shore? If I must get into the boat and push out and disappear in the mist and leave the one I love behind me, shall I not still have heartache? This is inevitable. I see no way by which the All-wisdom, the All-love, or the All-goodness can prevent this. We cannot all be born at once. If we all died at once, the world would stop, and civilization be no more. We come into the world then, alone, one at a time : we must go out alone, one at a time. But let me tell you what I believe about the going

out there, as I know about the coming here. When we came here, we came not unexpected. We had been looked for; love had been making preparation for us; and, when we came, we were folded in arms of tenderness and care. So I believe, when we go, we shall go expected: we shall find there has been preparation; we shall be received into arms of tenderness and care. So, though we go alone, let us not fear. The great Power that prepared for our coming will prepare for that new arrival; for each step of progress from the far-off beginning until to-day, up the pathway of the millions of years, has been a path of advance in all that is light and sweet and good. Do you think the law changes suddenly now, and that the next step is to something poorer? I do not believe it!

The one thing, then, for us to concern ourselves about is, it seems to me, as to what we shall do with the time of separation. You have lost a child, you have lost a husband, you have lost a wife. Some one has gone out that makes life seem vacant and empty. Hopes have broken, and the world seems poor. Now what will you do? If we are immortal, what ought you to do? Sit down selfishly, and weep? Weep indeed you will and must, but not selfishly,—not sit down brooding and nursing your grief, saying, There is nothing in the world now for me to do: I am alone. There is something for you to do; and it is just as selfish to let the sacredness of grief take the meaning and power and sweetness out of your life as it is to let any other influence take them out of life. Let me read you some verses from a poem by Frances Anne Kemble, written after she had lost the one that made her life dear. And I hope you will pardon these many quotations, which seem to me to illustrate these points so finely.

“What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?”

" I'll tell thee : For thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

" For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains ;
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

" I will this weary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

" So may this darksome time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine ;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine."

If we are immortal, that is the way to spend the time of waiting,—to make these memories an inspiration, so that, when they do clasp us in their arms again, we may be proud that we were strong and patient and brave, and that we turned the bitterness of their loss into sweetness for the world.

" If we are immortal,"—one thought only at the close,—it seems to me that the point I am about to make now is in itself one of the very strongest conceivable arguments in favor of our immortality. I do not believe that this universe is a conspiracy to cheat us. Now suppose we lived as if we were immortal,—that is, lived in the realm of justice and truth and love and service and pity and tenderness and care. Suppose we lived as though we were immortal beings now and here,—and we are immortal already, if we are ever going to be,—what would be the result? This world would be purged of its evils, and all human life would become helpful and sweet.

There is one word attributed to Paul, which I hope he never said. If he did, and he were here, I should beg

leave, with all earnestness and respect, radically to dissent from his opinion. Arguing in favor of the resurrection, he says, "If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die." That is, there is no motive, no reason, why we should be tender and true and helpful and loving, if the dead rise not. As I said, I cannot agree with that statement, even though its author be Paul; for, whether the dead rise or not, and if we lived as those who are immortal, instead of eating and drinking and falling into the slough of selfishness, then the pain, the evil, the suffering, the injustice, the wrong of the world, would gradually fade away as the mists fade in the morning, and the world would become bright and fair.

It seems to me, then, that for the sake of this world it is worth our while to live as if we were immortal. So doing, death shall not be a shock when we come to it. This life is only, as I trust and most thoroughly believe, a twilight, in which we see forms and movements dimly; but, as time goes on, as life advances, the red in the east increases, and—the hour of death is sunrise. And yonder, beyond the mountains that we call the barriers between this life and the next,—yonder, out of that flood of sunlight, glows the Perfect Day.

DR. COLLYER'S FAREWELL WORDS TO HIS CONGREGATION.

Dear friends, I thought I should like to say good-by before I disappear for a longer time than I have ever taken before in the two churches of which I have been the minister,—to say good-by in the old sweet English sense of “God be with you,”—for that, they say, is the origin of the term,—and to say it with all my heart, you may be sure, when the memories come to me, as they always do about this time, of the way I came to this New World and the welcome I found here—shall I not say the love also?—in all these years. It will be forty-eight years on Tuesday next since I left my mother’s fireside, with the dear wife and mother you knew and loved for my companion, to seek our fortunes in this New World; and I remember wondering, as I took leave of one place after another, just the last look I could have at the place where the dust of my kinsfolk lies, if I should ever come back to the old home again, and, if I ever should, what would be my experience between that moment and the moment when the beautiful valley should break on my sight as I turned that sharp corner.

Forty-eight years ago come Tuesday we started together —“mother,” as we called her lovingly, and I, newly wedded —to find our new home. Fifteen years after that I could make my way back again to see the old friends, to sit by the old fireside, and to report what this New World can do for a man if he will try to do something for himself. It is no matter that I should dwell on the nine years of my life at the forge; but I had been at that time when I made my first return six years minister of that new church, Unity Church in Chicago, and had been washed very clean from

the grime of the forge, which I never felt was a disgrace, but, rather, a mark of honor. And I had altered so much that, when I went into the cottage where I left my mother fifteen years before, and said, "Mother,"—she was sitting in the old rocking-chair, her hair had grown as white as snow in the fifteen years,—she lifted up her hands, and looked at me with a touch of wonder as tears filled her eyes, and she said, "O my lad, I don't know you, but I know that voice." Something belonging to the immortal in us touched the mother's heart, and so I came home for the first time.

But, do you know, I had never seen the moment in all those fifteen years in my thought by day, and can never remember the moment in my dreams by the night, when I wanted to go back to the dear old home to stay. I found, when I got here, that I ought to have been born here really, that I belonged here in some mysterious fashion I couldn't understand; and I have the feeling down to this moment when I am speaking to you.

I went back to all the places I had longed to visit again, walked by the old rivers, drank at one old well where the water was sweet to me as the water in the well at Bethlehem was to David, the king,—did everything I dreamed of doing, I think,—and, what is very touching and sweet to me now after all these years have elapsed, I found every friend alive I had longed to see when I went back, if I ever went back. All my kinsfolk, all the dear friends that had dwelt in my heart, everything was just as if it had been prepared on purpose for the poor fellow to go back and get his heart full of satisfaction. But one of the happiest days of all the time I was home was when I set foot on the steamer, was to come back home to Chicago.

I have gone over seven times. Friends have vanished. They that are left are growing gray, and some are still alive and remain who were dear companions and friends forty-eight years ago.

And so my heart wants me to go once more, and to try and go this year; for you see, when a man gets as near to seventy-five years old as I have, he has got to make short contracts, as Sydney Smith used to say. And it is being made so easy for me, and so good for me in every way to feel how well the church will fare, how well you will be blessed in every way, so that my absence cannot be felt as it would be if I was still your sole minister; and I am going.

I did think that I should give it up, when these war-clouds gathered; and I said a word to Brother Savage about that this morning, and he put me down. He wouldn't hear of it; and, when a man talks to me in that way, with the right he has, then I am silenced. So I am going again, just once more. I won't say it is the last time. My kith and kin are waiting in France and England to see me; and the few old friends that are left are waiting to see me; and I am waiting and eager to see them. I want to hear the old tongue again, the broad Yorkshire tongue I had to unlearn when I came forty-eight years ago to this New World. For an old German by descent, though he understood English well enough,—after I had been preaching for some time in Pennsylvania during the first part of my ministry,—said to me one day, “Mr. Collyer, the first three or four years I heard you preach I didn't understand half what you said when you were talking; but I felt good.” I had to unlearn that speech: I had to learn your speech.

And now, just think of it, when I go back after forty-eight years, I don't know, dear friends, where I am to look for an enemy, a man who hates me or who would do me an evil turn; and I know that I can number my dear friends by thousands, all the way from the rim of the Atlantic eastward to the rim of the Pacific westward. And I go with that love in my heart; and, please God, I shall return feeling it still beating in my heart, and meeting it when I come back. The only touch of trouble is that I have just men-

tioned. It may gather to a storm, this cloud that is over us; and then my heart will be with you, and I don't know but I will break away from everything, and come right home. I don't know whether I can stand it if you should be here in the midst of these convulsions, if they should grow to that, and I should be sitting quietly in some retired spot in England or on the continent. I don't know anything about it. I only want to say, God be with you. And I know how brave and bright your hearts will stay if the clouds grow ever so heavily over our dear United States.

And I trust that I may live to come back. I believe I shall. I am in no hurry to die. Brother Savage makes it almost desirable, when he talks this way, that we should be dying right along. Well, I shall not be. I shall be just as eager about not dying at all. I want to die as dear old Miss Franklin died. Dr. Furness, who knew her in the early years of his ministry (she was own niece to the great Benjamin), told me her niece was with her when the last moments of the last day came. She woke her to give her some medicine, and she opened her eyes, and said, "Why did you wake me? I was dying so nicely." And, when she said she was sorry, she replied, "Give me the medicine, then, and I'll try again."

We don't lose anything, I think, by holding in our heart these cheerful, encouraging, hopeful, deep, sympathetic thoughts we have heard this morning. And so, dear friends, I will say good-by.

Shall we not, dear Father, all together touch the great and loving heart that sent us here and holds us here and will beckon us away, and feel that, wherever we may be in these months to come, we are with Thee, one family dwelling together in love? Amen.

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REAL AND SPURIOUS PATRIOTISM.

I TAKE as a text from the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm the fifth verse, or a part of it,—“If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning.”

In one of the very finest of the “Biglow Papers,” Lowell represents the supposed author as sitting by the winter fire-side in his New England farm-house, while a snow-storm is going on without. It was in war time. He was trying to think of the pictures that the open fire so frequently calls up, trying to dwell on the ordinary themes that engaged his poetical power, trying to dream of the beauty of nature and the world all around, but continually haunted by the thought of what was going on in the South, the sufferings in the hospital, the dead and dying on the battlefield. And all this, with the inimitable power which Lowell possessed, he suggests in four lines:—

“Snowflakes come whisperin’ on the pane,
The charm makes blazin’ logs so pleasant;
But I can’t hark to wut they’re sayin’,
With Grant and Sherman ollers present.”

Do whatever he would, he was haunted by the thought of the war.

As you know, it had been my intention to resume this morning my series of sermons that has been for several Sundays interrupted; but, as the Sunday came, do what I would, I found myself haunted by the public condition of affairs. And I had the feeling that, whatever I might talk about here, you would be thinking of Washington and Cuba and Madrid and London, and wondering what next. So it seemed to me that I must turn my thoughts also the way in

which my sympathies were going, and that I could do no better thing this morning than to call your attention to certain phases of patriotism, real and spurious, and help you to see what is involved in a real devotion to that ideal of our country of which we may well be proud.

The old Jew, as he wrote the Psalm,— a phrase of which I have taken for my text,—saw in his ideal city of Jerusalem all that was high and fine in the way of country; and he said, flaming out in his patriotism, “If I forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning.” And well might he say it; and well may we give utterance to the same magnificent loyalty. If we forget our country,—the true country, the high country, the real country,—then let our right hands forget their cunning; for the country means not broad acres, not great rivers, not high mountains, not mines in the hills, not crops from the soil,—not these things alone. It means the protecting conditions that make it possible for all the things we care for to live and flourish. It means personal liberty. It means the opportunity for you, gentlemen, to carry on peacefully and quietly and successfully your business affairs. It means a place for a home, and all that love and friendship mean. It means the possibility of education. It means moral culture and development. It means all which the Church stands for and all that the Church suggests of future hopes and glory. The country is an atmosphere that is kindly to all these, and permits their natural and successful development, if it be a true country. Well may we, then, express our consecration and loyalty to the land we love.

But now I wish, by some examples, ancient and modern, as we look over the world, to help you to see that which the country essentially and permanently means. Perhaps we can get at this idea, as well as in any way, by glancing back and around us for a little while, to see what the things are which the great countries of the world have contributed to mankind, for which mankind cares, and for which we gratefully remember them to-day. Following this line of

thought, what has China done for the world? It has given us Lao-tze and Confucius, some of the finest social, governmental, ethical teaching that the world knows. That is all. Who remembers China for the vast extent of its empire, for the swarming millions of its people? The thing that China has given is certain thoughts, certain aspirations and inspirations, of two or three great minds.

What has India done for the world? Here, again, certain great religious and philosophical teachers have contributed something to the world's ethical and spiritual life; and that is what India means for mankind,—that and nothing more.

What has Persia done? It has given us certain religious and ethical inspirations connected with the name, real or mythical, we neither know nor care, of Zoroaster. It has given us one or two poets. And that is what Persia means.

We turn to Egypt. There are remains of ancient temples, there are the Pyramids, there is the Sphinx. There are a few choice, sweet sentences from the Egyptian Book of the Dead. And that is Egypt's contribution to the world.

When we turn to Greece, there is Homer, Pindar, Aristotle, Plato, the great group of tragic poets, the architects, the sculptors; but all you see which Greece has done for the world and which the world cares for is up in this intellectual and spiritual realm. This is what Greece means.

Ancient Rome has given us samples of law, governmental power. It has given us Virgil and Horace, Cicero,—a few thinkers. And that is Rome's contribution to the world. Who values to-day the vast extent of her empire? It is her empire over the thought and life of mankind that we care for.

And, when we come to the modern world, Italy has given us Dante, it has given us the great group of painters that has made the country famous, it has given us builders.

What I wish you to note is that these contributions are not on the lower levels. All that we care for, as we study

the history of a nation, is as to what that nation has contributed to the permanent welfare and growth of mankind.

We turn to Spain. What has she done for us? She has given us Murillo, Velasquez, Calderon, Cervantes; and that is all, except memories of hideous and cruel superstition that we would like to wipe out.

Austria? Nothing.

Hungary? The example of religious liberty fought for and maintained for hundreds of years earlier than it could be found in any other nation of the world,—that with Kosuth and some passionate aspirations towards liberty. This is Hungary's contribution.

When we turn to Germany, we find Goethe and Schiller, great philosophers, and the musicians, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, ending with Wagner,—inventors, discoverers,—this is Germany's contribution to the world; and this is what we mean when we say Germany.

France? Great poets, great painters, great historians, great discoverers and inventors; Comte, a great philosopher; an ill-regulated and passionate love of liberty. This is France.

Holland? Discoverers, a refuge for liberty lovers, defiance of oppressors, the temporary home of those who planted the civilization of our new world!

And, when we turn to England, such a body of literature, poetry, drama, novel, history, as the world nowhere else can begin for one moment to match,—that, and leaders in the great world battle for liberty. The liberty we enjoy here in this country is simply English liberty, fought for on the little island for hundreds of years, transferred here, and wrought out under new conditions. Philosophy, religious reforms, stalwart defenders of the right of men to think,—all these is what England means. Discovery, voyages, invention, and the greatest man, as I believe,—a man still living,—that the world has ever known,—this is what England means.

I have passed by, purposely, one little country, because it is such a supreme and superb illustration of what I mean,—

a country insignificant, a country contemptible, a country with no mountains that are distinguished by their height, with no rivers that are navigable, with no ports, no harbors, nothing to constitute physical or material greatness; a little strip of land along the Mediterranean shore, about as big as the little State of Massachusetts,—Palestine. What does Palestine mean? It means Abraham and Moses and Isaiah and Jesus and Paul. It means the development of an ethical monotheism for the first time in the history of the world. It means a grand spiritual worship of the universal Father, as taught by the lips of the Nazarene. It means the breaking down of all barriers, and giving to the world the grandest religion which it has yet developed. And, when we say Palestine, that is what we mean.

A country, then, is that which it develops of permanent worth as a contribution to the civilization of mankind. What has America done thus far? In suggesting it, I cannot do better than just to hint a line of thought ably carried out by President Eliot of Harvard. You will find it, if you care for it, in the October number of the *Atlantic* in the year 1896. He details America's contributions to civilization. What are they? It seems almost the irony of fate to mention the first contribution now; but here it is. It is arbitration instead of war. For, in spite of our present position, this country has done more than any other in the world to further and forward that triumph of civilization over the barbaric. The next contribution is religious toleration. The next is manhood suffrage, proving by experiment so far that it is safe to give a man the ballot just because he is a man, and for no other reason. And the next great contribution is the proof that it is possible for people of all races and of every kind of past history to live here together peaceably and on a basis of political equality. And the next contribution is the fact that we have developed here a larger measure of welfare for the common people than the world anywhere else has ever known. Now,

according to one of the best thinkers and writers and scholars of this country, these are the things that America has done that are of international and world-wide worth. You notice he has not said a thing about the millions of acres of wheat, the ore, iron, lead, silver, copper, gold, in our mountains, the fact that we have the longest river in the world, the fact that we have some of the biggest lakes in the world. He has not said anything about the matter of which the ordinary American is apt to boast. And yet the civilized historian of the future will put his finger on these, and say, This, during the first century of its career, is what America meant. Up here, then, and not down there, in the material facts of human life, should we place our country. This is that to which we should be loyal.

Now I wish to call your attention for a few moments to certain things which I think—I hope you will agree with me—we ought to consecrate ourselves to in the near future,—certain things that we ought to try to do for our country as an evidence of our patriotism. The patriot is he who loves his land, who loves the best thing that that land can be, and is ready to render it the noblest service that he can conceive. That is the true patriotism, is it not? What are some of the things, then, that we ought to try to do for our country?

In the first place, I think we ought to give ourselves no rest until we have done all we can to devise an electoral system and to create a condition of public opinion which shall enable us to put our best men to the front, and keep them there. We know perfectly well to-day that it is only here and there that we are represented in public office by our noblest and best men. I do not overlook the conspicuous examples of character, education, manhood, who occupy positions of trust and power to-day; but I do say that there is a serious lack in this direction. If a man wishes to go to Congress, for example, for a second term, it is true—in a good many parts of the country, at any rate—

that it is not wise or safe for him to look after public affairs too much, to be too independent, to try to serve his country instead of his district. He must work from the very beginning to keep in favor with the electors that have sent him there, that he may go back again. But, when we send a man to Washington, it ought to be to serve the whole country, to be independent, manly, true, faithful to the highest ideals. If we love our country, then,—I am not here to tell you how to do it,—we shall devote a certain earnest part of our time in trying to create a condition of things which shall make it easy for us to put the very best men we have in positions of authority and power, and then keep them there.

The next thing that we ought to work for is to bring about such a condition in our industrial world, to have such laws passed, such conditions created, as shall give every man an opportunity, at least, to do all that is in him and to become all that is in him, so that necessary poverty may exist no longer in this land. There is no need of having any poverty in America that is not culpable, unless it is caused by illness or inherited incapacity. We can create such a condition of affairs here in America that every man who wants an honest living can have it; and, if we love our country, that, it seems to me, is the next thing that we shall try to do.

There is still a third thing. We have glorified, in our talk, for so long our educational institutions that we are apt to think that there is no chance for any further improvement in that direction; but I am inclined to believe that we have only begun to learn here. If we love our country and care for its honor and glory, let us try to create such a system of public education as shall make available for every boy and girl of America the summed-up experience of the world as to how to live; for that is what education is for.

Perhaps I need say very little in regard to another point, that of religious liberty. We have that; but we have not carried it quite so far as we need to yet. We need not only

to tolerate people : we need to confess frankly their equal right to agree with us and their right to differ from us. I do not want any man's toleration ; for that carries with it the implication of looking down upon me, and yet telling me that I can have my way. I want a frank recognition of my right to think, and just as I am ready to grant it to every man that lives.

The outcome of this is what? If we love our country, we shall try to create here such a condition of things that every man, woman, and child may have an opportunity to unfold, to develop, all that is noble, fine, and sweet, to create the best conditions possible, and so to live a free, grand, manly, womanly, life. And, if we love our country, we shall hold this magnificent ideal of her as being just, humane, anxious to be right, anxious to play her part in the midst of the nations of the world, so that the future may read her history with reverence and with honor. This is the kind of country we shall try to create, if in deed and in truth we are patriots.

But now I wish to call your attention to two or three spurious types of patriotism which are apt to come to the front, and make themselves specially important and specially obnoxious in a crisis of affairs like the present. I have in mind five of this kind of patriots to which I wish to devote myself for a few minutes.

In the first place, there is the patriot who is modelled on the plan of the duellist and a bully, who talks loudly of honor, of being insulted, of avenging insults, and whose idea of avenging insults, of righting wrongs, is simply that of theirs who has not yet risen from the level of barbarism up to the level of civilization ; for, gentlemen, if you stop to think of it for just a moment, diplomacy entails consideration of facts, deciding what is right and true. This is the human, this is the civilized, way of doing it. If a man is insulted, or thinks he is, does it right the insult, does he correct any wrong, by knocking a man down, by putting himself on a level with the

duellist and the bully? That is the old way which the world is gradually leaving behind. It is the world as illustrated by the duel, by the vendetta, by the feud continued for years, which we are beginning slowly to outgrow.

Then there is the patriot who is willing to see his country plunged into a great war because he imagines it may be for his personal or pecuniary advantage or for the advantage of his friends. I remember some years ago I was on my way from Berlin to Vienna. I fell in with a young Austrian officer, who spoke English fluently and pleasantly; and we entered into conversation. I found that he was burning and eager on any pretext—he cared not what—that there should be war. Why? He wanted a different epaulette on his shoulder, he wanted an opportunity for promotion. If he would stop and think of it a moment, he would know that that meant of necessity the killing of the man whose shoulder-strap he wished to wear himself. It meant destruction of property, it meant murder, it meant poverty, it meant devastation; but it meant promotion for him, and he wanted war. And yet I have no doubt that in private life he was kindly, tender, and loving; and no doubt he thought he was civilized. But he was not: he was a barbarian, with only the external veneer of that which is human and civilized.

So there are men to-day in plenty who are ready to welcome war because they happen to be engaged in a business that would be benefited by it. I was talking to a man the other day, who said to me he had no doubt that in the minds of thousands and thousands of people in this country there was lying the thought that, if Spain was only driven out of Cuba, it would be a magnificent field for American business and American enterprise and the use of American capital. Very likely, if the conditions were developed in proper shape, it could; but the horror of it! Stop, and think just a moment what it means. That is down on a level with burglary, with highway robbery, and with piracy,—to be willing to burn, devastate, ruin, murder, people for business.

There is another type of patriot,—the kind of men who are prouder of the country when she is mighty than they are when she is right. You remember that magnificent saying of a man—I forget who it was—who said that he would rather be right than to be President,—a sentiment perhaps not shared by the multitude, but certainly the wonder and glory of which we can appreciate. And right in there I would like to call your attention for a moment to that wonderfully fine saying of Lincoln which illustrates this point. During the war, the early part of it, it is said that certain persons came to him, and said: “How is it that you feel so certain that we of the North are right, that we are going to win, that God is on our side? The people down South are praying to God to help them, just as we are. What makes you feel sure that God is on our side?” With that peculiar smile of his which illuminated his racy and humorous truths, as he put them in such an inimitable way, he said: “It has never occurred to me to raise the question as to whether God is on our side or not. The thing that I am anxious about is not to get God on our side, but to find out where God is and get on his side.”

The thing of importance, then, for him who is a true patriot, is to be anxious that his country shall be right,—not that she shall be able to whip another people, not to quote the greatness of her army, the magnificence of her navy, her resources of all kinds, but to know that she is right, that she is true.

Then there is another type of spurious patriotism to which I must devote a word; and that is the man who, so far as talking is concerned at any rate, is so ready to die for his country, but who is not willing to live for it. What we need to-day is not a hundred thousand men ready to die for America. It is seventy millions of people ready to live for America. We want some men who are ready to take the trouble to purify the elections, to select good candidates, who are willing to put themselves out to vote, even if it

interferes a little with their business ; who are willing to do a little conscientious thinking in regard to public platforms, to find out which way the welfare of the people would lead them, and not which way lies partisan success. We need people who are willing patiently, day by day and year by year, to live lives of patriotic citizens. We need that a thousand times more than we do men who under the impulse of passion are ready to try to kill somebody else. We can always get that kind of patriotism ; for it is a poor and cheap kind compared to that which is ready to consecrate itself to the welfare of the country year by year.

Then there is another which I must speak of a moment ; and that is the patriotism of a certain type of newspaper whose conscience is in the counting-room, and who are only anxious that they may attract the attention of the people, and increase their own circulation, and so pile up the revenue that comes from advertising, and win that kind of popular and financial success. If there is any one thing in our country to-day that seems to me of ominous import, it is the success of papers like these. For what does it mean ? It means, not that there are men so infamous beyond any words as to be willing to compose and publish such papers, but that there are hundreds of thousands of men willing to buy and read them, willing to advertise in them, and so support them. This is the ominous fact, the one that troubles me more than any other. These papers care for nothing but this kind of success ; and they would speedily seek the way of virtue if they were convinced that it would pecuniarily pay. What shall we do about it ? I marvel that men keep on buying them. What do they buy them for ? Certainly not for the news ; for they do not get the news. Day after day, day after day, day after day, buying some manufactured lie, only to find it out in the next edition. I should think they would get tired, and would want now and then to get the facts as they are.

Then I marvel that people still cherish that superstition

— for it is nothing short of that — that attaches importance to a thing just because it is printed. If you should meet on the street to-morrow morning the man whose editorial opinion you have reverently and religiously read to-day, and he should express to you in words his sentiments, the chances are nine times in ten you would treat him with perfect contempt. Who is it that writes these ponderous opinions? Some hack writer, who is paid so much a column, whose opinions are not even his own, but dictated to him from the counting-room. But, forsooth, because it is in print, it carries so much of importance. I was sitting by a famous newspaper man not a great while ago; and I asked him this question: "What is the use of my reading editorials? How do I know I am reading any one's opinion, even the man who writes it?" And he answered, "As an illustration of this, I will give you this fact. I don't know how it is now; but about a year ago every single editorial writer on the blank, one of the best-known Democratic papers in the world,— every single editorial writer on that paper was a Republican." And yet we keep up the superstition that it is important — these opinions are important — merely because they are in print.

I wonder, in the next place, why people buy these papers. I wonder that business men who are reputable should advertise in them. It is the only way to beat them down, among other vipers, under our feet, to cease to support them. And then I wonder at another thing: that ministers, under the guise of having an opportunity to preach to the masses, should allow themselves to contribute to these papers; for the only object that they have in the world is to make the impression that the minister is indorsing it. Let me give you an illustration of what kind of conscience these papers have. One of them came to me last year, before I knew as much about them as I do now, and asked my opinion about something. I had a little conversation, nothing written down at all. The next day there was a long inter-

view published, any number of things which I had not said at all; and the one thing I wish to call your attention to is that there was a long sentence of fulsome flattery and commendation for the paper itself put into my lips, as though I had uttered it,—an infamous lie. And this is the kind of papers that we support,—that are doing all they can to inflame the passions of the mob and to lead the consciences and intelligences of people astray.

I wish to take only a very brief review, if you will pardon me for it after what I said two or three weeks ago, of the situation. I want to intimate, in my judgment, where our beloved country ought to stand to-day, so that we can love her, be loyal to her, and be proud of her history during this crisis, when by and by it comes to be written.

We are on the eve, possibly, of war; and we are being led into it, I think, with unseemly haste, by Congressional action that shuts off debate, that does not give time for calm and careful reflection, that even threatens to overstep the limits of its power and encroach on the prerogative of the chief magistrate himself,—by a Congress that demeans itself in the House to the extent of flinging missiles one representative at another, and in the Senate by bandying the lie between one supposed gentleman and another. I wish that the consciences of this country were such that these men who desecrate their positions in Senate and House in this way could be banished for life from the possibility of ever setting foot in the city of Washington again. The manhood and womanhood of this country ought not to endure the disgrace of having Europe look on and see a country hurried into war by people whose moral and intellectual conditions are such as to permit of their making that kind of display of themselves.

What is the situation? I will venture to set it forth from my point of view,—not dogmatically. You may disagree with me. You have a right to, provided you can build your opinion on a basis of fact. The queen regent of Spain desires peace. Sagasta, a republican, a sympathizer with

everything that is fine in human government, the prime minister, desires peace. You must remember that the authorities in Spain are handicapped. We ought to give them time. Behind them is the threatening shadow of the pretender, Don Carlos, and an ignorant and passionate populace. They have not only got to consider what is right and fair in dealing with us: they have got to consider the question whether the throne of Spain is going to be overthrown. They are handicapped. We ought to give them time. We asked them for autonomous government in Cuba; and it is granted. We asked them to stop the process of slow starvation that is going on; and they are willing to stop it. And now what? There are thousands ready to go to war on account of the "Maine" incident. It played a big part in the discussion of the Senate last night. But what are the facts? Our own commission declared that it could not place the responsibility; and Consul-general Lee has gone down a good many degrees in my estimation by the fact that he ventures before a Senate committee to express his personal opinion. What right has he with a personal opinion, when war is the issue? And yet, before that same commission, he says that, for anything he knows to the contrary, the mine might have been carried out there by four men in a row-boat, and placed in its position,—four utterly irresponsible men; men, perhaps, in sympathy with the insurgents, and whose purpose was to compel the United States to become embroiled with Spain. Consul-general Lee gives testimony like this; and yet we are, as a sane and patriotic people, to go to war on an issue like this. It seems to me there may be a time for war in the future; but it would be a disgrace, utterly inexcusable,—something for which the future historian of this country will have to apologize,—if we go to war in the face of such a confusion of ideas.

The true patriot, then, it seems to me, if he has any patriotism, will do what he can to get the Senate to endorse the resolution of the House, which means practically put-

ting the matter into the hands of the President; and it means that perhaps diplomacy, the civilized way, may even yet succeed in attaining all that we desire in Cuba and all that is best, not only for Spain, but for us.

Since coming down to my study this morning, I accidentally came across the following lines which I wish to read as the conclusion of my sermon. They are entitled "The Flag goes by," and are written by H. H. Bennett. Who he is, I must confess I do not know:—

" Hats off !

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky !

Hats off !

The flag is passing by !

" Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipt, ordered lines.

Hats off !

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

" Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State !
Weary marches and sinking ships,
Cheers of victory on dying lips ;

" Days of plenty and days of peace ;
March of a strong land's swift increase ;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe ;

" Sign of a nation great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong ;
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

" Hats off !

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high.

Hats off !

The flag is passing by !"

And, if we love the flag, let us be the kind of patriots who shall see to it that it is never dishonored, that it always stands for justice, for the right, for humanity, and for the forward movement of the world.

Father, we consecrate ourselves to our country ; and, if we truly do this, we consecrate ourselves to humanity and to Thee. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>.</i>	<i>20 cents.</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatise. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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SERIES ON
OUR UNITARIAN GOSPEL

XIV. Evolution Loses Nothing of Value to Man

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Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Messiah Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, \$1.50; single copy, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

EVOLUTION LOSES NOTHING OF VALUE TO MAN.

I TAKE two texts, one of them from the New Testament. It may be found in the fifth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the seventeenth verse,—“Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets: I came not to destroy, but to fulfil.” The other text is from Emerson:—

“One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.”

The theory of evolution to-day, in the minds of all competent students, is quite as firmly established as is the law of gravity or the Copernican theory in astronomy. But, when it was first propounded in its modern form by Herbert Spencer, when he issued his first book, and when Darwin's “Origin of Species” was published, there was an outcry, especially throughout the religious world. There was a great fear shuddered through the hearts of men. They felt as though the dearest things on earth were threatened and were likely to be destroyed. Essayists declared that this theory undermined the foundations of morals. They said that it took away, not only the Bible, but God and all rational religion. They told us that, in tracing the ancestry of man back and down to the animals, humanity was being desecrated, and that the essential feature of man as a child of God was being taken away.

If I believed that any of these things were true, I might not be an enemy of evolution, if indeed it be established; for there is very little reason in a man's setting himself against an established truth. But I should certainly be

very sad, and should wish that we might hold some other theory of things. But I believe that it will appear, as we study the matter a little while carefully, that not only are these charges that have been brought against the theory baseless, but that right here are to be found not only the real progress of the world, but the true conservatism. Evolution is the most conservative theory that has ever been held. It keeps everything that has been found serviceable to man. It may transform it. It may lift it to some higher level, on to some loftier range of life; but it keeps and carries forward everything that helps. This inevitably and in the nature of things.

There are two great tendencies which are characteristic of that method of progress or growth which we call by the name of evolution. One is the hereditary tendency, and the other is the tendency to variation. One, if it were in full force, would merely, forever and forever, repeat the past: the other, if it were in full force, would blot out all the past, and forever be creating something new. It is in the balance of these two tendencies that we discover the orderly growth of the world; and this orderly growth it is which constitutes evolution. Let me illustrate: Here is a tree, for example. The tendency that we call heredity would simply constantly repeat the past: the tendency to vary would vary the tree out of existence. The ideal is that it shall keep its form, for example, as an oak, but that, in the process of growth, the bark shall expand freely and sufficiently to make room for the manifestation of the new life. Now, if the bark had power to refuse expansion, of course, you know, the tree would die. If there were not power enough to maintain the form, then, again, the tree would cease to exist. This you may take as a type and illustration of the method of all life and all progress everywhere.

Those people who naturally represent the heredity tendency — what we call the conservative people of the world — are the ones who are always afraid of any change. They

deprecate the utterance of new ideas. They hesitate to accept any new-fangled notions, as perhaps they call them. They are afraid that something precious, something sweet, something dear, that belonged to the past, may be lost.

This manifests itself in all departments of life. I suppose that there never was an improvement proposed in the world that somebody did not object to it in the interests of the established order. And yet, if these people that do not want any changes made had had control of the world ten thousand years ago, where should we be to-day? We should still be barbarians in the jungles. For it is because these people have not been able to keep the world still that we have advanced here and there in the direction of what we are pleased to call civilization. You remember, for example, as illustrating this opposition, how the working-men, the laborers of the world, a few years ago, in England, fought against the introduction of machinery. They said machinery was going to take their work away, it was going to break down the old industrial order of the world, it was going to make it impossible for the laborer to get his living. A few machines were to do the world's work; and the great multitude were to be idle, and, not having anything to do, were to receive no pay for labor, and consequently were to starve. This was the cry. The outcome has been that there has been infinitely more done, a much larger number of laborers employed, employed less hours in the day, paid higher wages; and in every direction the condition of the industrial world has been improved. I speak of this simply as an illustration of this tendency.

When we come to religion, it is perfectly natural that the opposition here should be bitterer than anywhere else in the world; and it always has been. If you think of it just a little, if you read the history of the world a little, you will find that the last thing on earth that people have been willing to improve has been their religion. And this, I say, is perfectly natural. Why? Because men have instinctively felt

—and rightly felt, as I believe—that religion was the most important thing in human life. They felt that it was the most sacred thing, that on it depended higher and more permanent interests than on anything else; and they have naturally been timid, naturally shrunk from change, with the fear that changing the theories and the practices and the thoughts was going to endanger the thing itself. They have said, We will hold on, at any rate, to these reverences, these worships, these precious trusts, these hopes; and we will hold on to the vessels in which we have carried them, because how do we know, if the vessels are changed or taken away, that we may not lose the precious contents themselves? This, I say, has been the feeling; and it has been a perfectly natural feeling.

I wish then, this morning, for a little while to review with you some of the steps in evolution that the world has taken, and let you see how it has worked in different departments of human thought and human life, so that you may become convinced—if possible, as I am—that evolution has never thrown away, has never lost, anything precious in any department of the world since human life began. If I believed it did, I would fight against it. For instance, here is a devout Catholic servant-girl. She believes in her saints. She counts her beads and recites her *Ave Marias*. She goes to the cathedral on Sunday morning. And this is her world of poetry and romance. Here is a source of comfort. This throws a halo around the drudgery of the kitchen, the service of the house in which she is an employee. Would I take away this trust, this poetry, this romance, untrue as I believe it to be in form, inadequate as I believe it to be? Would I take it away, and leave her mind bare, her heart empty, leave her without the comfort, without the inspiration? Not for one moment. I would take it away only if, in the process, I could supply her with something just a little better, a little more nearly true,—something that would give her comfort, something that

would be an inspiration to her, something that would buoy her up as a hope, something that would help her to be faithful and true in the work of her daily life. This is what evolution means. It means taking away the old, and, in the process, substituting therefor something a little bit better. I would not take away the idol of the lowest barbarian unless I could help him to take a step a little higher, so that he should see the intellectual and spiritual thing that the idol stood for, and so enable him to walk his pathway of life as firmly, as faithfully, as hopefully, as he did before.

I have been watching the work that has been going on in our streets during the last months. You, too, have seen how they will replace the track on an entire line of railway without stopping the running of the cars. They take away the old and worn and poorer, but constantly substitute something better for it; and human life moves right on. Everything is better; the change has come; but that change is an improvement. This is what evolution does; for evolution is nothing new in the world. It is only the name for the method of God, which is as old as the universe itself,—new to us because we have just discovered it; but as old as the light of a star that has been travelling for twenty-five thousand years, and has just come into the field of the astronomer's telescope, so that he announces it as a new discovery. This is what it means.

Now let me call your attention to the fact that in the world below us—the world of the trees and the shrubs and the flowers and the plants—this evolutionary force is working after precisely the same method that I have just been indicating. All the fair, the beautiful things have been developed under this process, in accordance with this method, out of the first bare and rough and crude developments of vegetable life. Nothing has been thrown away that was of any value. Take it, for example, in regard to the wild weeds which have become the oats and the wheat and the barley and the rye of the world. All the old

that was of value has been kept and has been developed into something higher and finer and sweeter. The aboriginal crab-apple has become a thousand luscious kinds of fruits; and the flowers—all their beauty, all their fragrance, all their color and form—are the result of the working of this method of God's power that we have called evolution. Nothing of any value is left behind in the uncounted ages of the past. All that is of worth to-day has been transformed and lifted to some higher level, and made a part of the wondrous life that is all around us.

So, when you come to the animal life, you find the same thing. The swift foot, the flashing wing, the beauty of color,—all the wonders of animal life have simply been developed in accordance with this method and under this impelling force which we call evolution, which is only a name for the working of God.

When we come up to the level of man, what do we find? Man as an animal is not the equal of a good many of the other animals in the world. He is not as swift as the deer, he is not as strong as the lion, he cannot fly in the air like a bird, he cannot live in the sea like the fishes. He is restricted to the comparatively contracted area of the surface of the land. He is not as perfect as an animal; but what has evolution done? It has given him power of conquest over all these, because the evolutionary force has left the bodily structure,—we need expect no more marked changes there,—and has gone to brain; and this feeblest of all the animals—physically speaking, he would be no match for a hundred different kinds of animals that are about us—is able to outwit them all, that is, to outknow,—he has become the ruler of the earth. And not only has this evolutionary force gone to brain, it has gone to heart; and man has become a being whose primest characteristic is love. The one thing that we think of as most perfect, that we dream of as characterizing his future development, is summed up in his affectional nature. Then, too, he has become a moral being.

There are times, like the present, when it seems as though the animal were at the top, and the affectional nature suppressed, and the conscience were ruled out of court; and yet, if you study the methods of modern warfare as compared with those of the past, you see how pity and tenderness and care walk by the side of every gun, hide in the rear of every battlefield to attend to the wounded and suffering. And you know what talk there has been of pity for the hungry, the desire of the world to feed those that need; and the one dominant note in the discussion of the war all over the world has been the question as to its being right. No matter how we may have decided, whether the decision be correct or not, the civilized world bows itself in the presence of its ideal of right, and demands that no war shall be fought the issue of which is not to be a better condition of mankind.

Evolution, then, tends to the development of brain, heart, conscience, and the spiritual nature of man. It has left nothing behind that is of any value to us. It has transformed or sublimed or lifted all up into the higher range of the life that we are living to-day, and contains within itself a promise of the higher and the grander life that we reach forward to to-morrow.

I wish now, for a moment, to illustrate the working of this in regard to some of the institutions of the world. If I had time, I could show you that the same law is apparent in the development of the arts,—sculpture, painting, poetry. I must pass them by, however. As illustrating what I mean, let me take the one art of music. From the very beginning man has been interested in making some sort of sounds which, I suppose, have been regarded as music by him. Most of those that are associated with the barbaric man would be anything but music to us. The music, for example, that they give in connection with a play in a Chinese theatre would not be acceptable to the cultivated ear of Americans. We have left behind much that the

world called music. We have left behind any number of musical instruments. We do not now have those that the Psalmist makes so much of,—the old-time harp, the sackbut, the psaltery. I do not know, though you may, what kind of instruments they were. The world has completely forgotten them, and left them out of sight. And yet no musical note, no musical chord, no musical thought, no musical feeling, has been forgotten or dropped along the advancing pathway of the world's progress; and in our organs all the attempts at instruments of that kind from the beginning of the world are preserved, transformed and glorified. In our magnificent orchestras all the first feeble beginnings are developed until we have a conception of music to-day such as would have been utterly incomprehensible to the primeval man. What I wish you to note is — and this is the use of my illustration — that the advancing growth of the music of the world has forgotten nothing that it was worth while to keep.

Let me give you one more illustration. Take it in the line of government. The first tribes were governed by two forces, brute force and superstitious fear. These were the two things that kept the primal tribes of the world in order, such order as was maintained in those far-off times. The world has gone on developing different types of government, different types of social order. I need not stop to outline them for you this morning: you know what they are; and I only wish you to catch the thought I have in mind. I suppose that every time one of the old types was about to pass away the adherents of that type have been in a panic lest anarchy was threatening the world. Believers in these types have said that it was absolutely necessary to keep them, in order to preserve social order. Take the attitude of the monarchy to-day, for example, as towards the republic. When we attempted to establish our republic here in this western world, it was freely said by the adherents of the old political idea in Europe that it would of necessity

be a failure, that there was no possibility of a stable human order without a hierarchy of nobles with a king at the top ; and I suppose they believed it. But we have proved beyond question that we can have a strong government, an orderly government, without either nobility or king. There is less government in the United States here to-day than in almost any other country of the world, a nearer approach to what the philosopher would call anarchy. Anarchy does not mean disorder, when a philosopher is talking : it means merely the absence of external government. And that is the ideal that we are approaching.

Paul says, you know, that the law was made for wicked people,—for the disobedient and the disorderly, not for good people. How many people are there in New York to-day, for example, who are honest, who pay their debts, who did not commit a burglary last night, who do not propose to be false to wife and home, on account of the law, the existence of courts and police? The great majority of the citizens of America to-day would go right on being honest and kind and loving and helpful, whether there were any laws or not. They are not kept to these courses of conduct by the law. They have learned that these are the fitting ways of life, that these are the things for a man to do ; and they despise themselves if they are less than man. In other words, this governmental order, which exists as an outside force, at last gets written in the heart and becomes a law of life.

Now precisely the same process is going on in other departments of the world : it is going on in religion. And now let me come to religion, and illustrate the working of the law here. The old types of religious thought and life and practice, the first ones that the world knew, are long since outgrown. We regard them as barbaric, as cruel. We have learned that there are not a million gods of whom we need stand in awe. We have learned that God is no partial God. We have learned that God does not want us, as universal man once believed, to sacrifice the dearest ob-

ject of our love. We have learned that he does not want us to sacrifice our first-born child, as the old Hebrews used to, and the remains of which custom are plainly visible throughout the Old Testament everywhere. We have left behind these old types of religious thought and life; but the world has lost nothing in the process. The world has not left religion behind. The whole process of growth and development in the sphere of the religious life and the development of man has been one of outgrowing crude and partial and inadequate thoughts and feelings about the universe and God and man and duty and destiny.

We do not care so much about ceremony as the world did once. The most civilized people in the world are not so given to these things in their religious development. We do not care so much about creed as they did a thousand or five hundred years ago. We do not believe that God is going to judge us by our intellectual conceptions of him and of our fellow-men. And I suppose it is true, always has been true as it is to-day, that the adherent of any particular form or theory of the religious life has the feeling that, when that is threatened, religion is threatened; and he defends it passionately, fights for it, perhaps bitterly, feels justified in opposing, perhaps hating, those he regards as the enemies of God and his great and sacred and religious hopes. And yet we know, as we study the past, whether we can quite appreciate it as true in regard to the theories which I am voicing to-day, that the truth has never been in any danger, and the highest and finest and sweetest things in the religious life have never been in any danger, are not in any danger to-day.

Let me indicate in two or three directions. There has been a class of thinkers, which has done a good deal of talking and writing in this direction, who are telling us that the poetry, the romance, the wonder, the mystery, of the world — those things that tend to bring a man to his knees and to lift his eyes in awe and reverence — are passing away; that

science is going to explore everything ; that there is going to be no more unknown ; and that, when we have completed this process, one of the great essentials of religious thought and feeling and life will have perished from among men. I venture to say to you that there has never been a time in the history of the world when there was so much of mystery, so much of wonder, so much of reverence, so much of awe, as there is to-day. We are apt to fool ourselves in our thinking, and, when we have observed a fact, and labelled it, to think we know it.

For example, here is this mysterious force that we call electricity, which is flashing such light in our homes and through our streets as the world has never known before. The cars, loaded, are speeding along our highways with no visible means of propulsion. We step up to a little box, and put a shell to our ear, and speak and listen, and converse with a friend in Boston or Chicago, recognizing the voice perfectly, as though this friend were by our side. We send a message over a wire, under the deep, and talk to London and all round the globe ; and we have labelled this force electricity. And, instead of getting down on our knees in reverence, we get impatient if our communication is delayed two minutes or three. We fool ourselves with the thought that, because we have called it electricity, we know it, we have taken the mystery out of the fact. Why, friends, do you know anything about electricity ? Do you know what it is ? Do you know why it works as it does ? I do not ; and I do not know of anybody on the face of the earth who does. The wonder of the "Arabian Nights" is cheap and tame and theatrical compared to the wonder of this everyday workaday world of ours, in the midst of which and by means of which we are carrying on our business and our daily avocations. The wonder of the carpet that would carry the person through the air who sat upon it and wished is nothing compared with the power of electricity, steam, any one of these invisible, intangible powers that are thrilling

through the world to-day. There never was so much room for mystery, for awe, for poetry, for romance, as there is in the midst of our commercial life in this nineteenth century.

This element of religion, then, is in no danger. We know nothing ultimately. Who can tell me what a particle of matter is? Who can tell me what a ray of light is, as it comes from a star? Who can tell me how the movements in the particles of air striking my eye run up into nerve and brain, and become translated into thought, into light, into form, into motion, into all this wondrous universe that surrounds us on every hand? Then take the element of trust. People used to think they could trust in their gods. Rebecca, for example, stole her father's gods, and hid them in the trappings of her camel, and sat on them. She thought, then, that she had a god near her who would care for her. The old Hebrew, with an ox-team, carried his God, in a box that he called the ark, into battle, and supposed that he had a very present help in time of need. But we have the eternal stability and order of the universe, a God that never forgets, a God on whom we can lean, on whom we can trust, who is not away off in heaven, but here, closer to us than the air we breathe,—a God in whom we live and move and have our being.

And has this evolution of the religious life of the world threatened the stability of truth? There never was a time on earth when there was such a passion for truth as there is to-day. What means all this intense activity of the scientific world?—these men that devote their lives to some little fraction of the universe which they study through their microscope,—not for pay,—to find one little fragment of the truth of God; these critics that are rummaging the dust-heaps of the ages in the hope that they may find one little, bright-glittering particle of truth in the midst of the rubbish? There never was such a passion for truth as there is to-day.

Are we going to lose the sense of righteousness which is

the very heart of religion? There never was a time since the world began when the average man cared so much for righteousness, when he laid so much emphasis on human conduct, on kindness, on help, on all those things that make this life of ours desirable and sweet. The ideal of character and behavior has risen step by step from the beginning, and is higher to-day than it ever was before. Not because men fear a whipping, not because they are threatened with hell in another world, not because a God of vengeance is preached to them,—because they have grown to see the beauty of righteousness, because they know that obedience to the laws of God means health, means sanity, means peace, means prosperity, means well-being, means all high and good and noble things. This righteousness is not driven into one by blows from outside: it blossoms out from the intellect and the conscience and the heart, as the recognized law of all fine and desirable and human living.

What are we losing, then, as the result of this growth of the world in accordance with the law of evolution? Are we losing our hope of the future? The form of that hope is passing away. We no longer believe in an underground world of the dead, as the Hebrews did. We no longer believe in a heaven just above the blue, as Christendom has believed for so long. We no longer believe in a heaven where all struggle and thought and study and growth are left out, where there is to be only a monotonous enjoyment that would pall upon any living rational soul. The form of it is passing away; but there never was a time when there was such a great and inspiring hope, not simply for myself and my friends, not simply for my neighbors, not simply for my particular church. There never was a time when there was such a great hope, including humanity for this world and for the next, as that which inspires us now.

Nothing, then, in religion that is of any worth has the world forgotten or is it likely to forget. All the old reverences and loves and trusts and inspirations and hopes and

tendernesses are here intermingled. They are in the highest and noblest people; and they are being carried on and refined and purified and glorified as the world goes on.

And now let me suggest one thought here that may be of comfort to some. A great many people have been accustomed to associate so much of their religion with the forms of their religious expression that they fancy that the world's outgrowing these means that religion is being outgrown. I said, you remember, when touching upon government as an illustration of the working of the law of evolution, that governmental forms were being outgrown just as fast as the world was becoming civilized. If this world ever becomes perfect, government will cease to be, in the sense of these external forms, simply because there will be no need of it; just as you take down a staging when you have completed a house. So I look forward to less and less care for the external forms of the religious life. I believe they will remain, and they ought to remain, just as long as they are any practical help to anybody; but, because a person ceases to need them, you must not think that he has ceased to be religious. When the world gets to be perfectly religious, there will be no need of any churches, there will be no need any more of preachers, there will be no need of any of the external ceremony of religion. You remember what the old seer says in the book of Revelation, as he looks forward to the perfect condition of things. He is picturing that ideal city which he saw in his vision coming down from God out of heaven. This was his poetical way of setting forth his idea of the perfected condition of humanity; and he said, speaking of that city, "And I saw no temples therein, for the Lord God was the temple of it."

The external forms pass away when the life needs them no more. Take, for example, the condition of things when Jesus came to Jerusalem. You know how they put him to death. And what did they put him to death for? They put him to death because he preached of a time when there

would be no need of any temple, no need of any priesthood, no need of any of the external things that they regarded as essential to religious life. They thought he was blaspheming, they thought he was an enemy of God and of his fellow-men, because he talked that way. He said to the woman of Samaria, You think you must worship God on this mountain, Gerizim, and the Jews think they must worship him on Mount Moriah; but God is spirit, and the time will come when you will not care whether you are in this place or that, but will worship him in spirit and in truth.

You see it was just along these lines that Jesus was preaching and working in his day. So, when humanity becomes perfected, external forms, that have helped mould and shape man into his perfection, will be needed no more. They will fall off, pass away, and be forgotten; but that will not mean that humanity has forgotten or left behind any great essential to the religious life. It will mean simply that he has taken them up into his own heart, absorbed them into his life. He naturally drops them when he is no longer in need of external supports.

This law of evolution, then, is simply the method of God's progress from the beginning,— the same method which was to be found in the lowest, the method which has lifted us to where we are, the method which looks out with promise towards the better things which are to come.

The one life thrilled the star-dust through,
In nebulous masses whirled,
Until, globed like a drop of dew,
Shone out a new-made world.

The one life on the ocean shore,
Through primal ooze and slime,
Crept slowly on from more to more
Along the ways of time.

The one life in the jungles old,
From lowly creeping things,

Did ever some new form unfold,—
Swift feet or soaring wings.

The one life all the ages through
Pursued its wondrous plan
Till, as the tree of promise grew,
It blossomed into man.

The one life reacheth onward still.
As yet no eye may see
The far-off fact, man's dream fulfill —
The glory yet to be.

Dear Father, we are glad that we can trace Thy footsteps up the ages, think over again Thy thoughts after Thee, catch some glimpses of Thy method, and so learn courage and trust in the midst of the changes of time, and also learn how we may co-operate with Thee, and help on the progress of the better age that is before us. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>.</i>	<i>20 cents.</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatise. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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XV. Why are not all Educated People Unitarians?

GEO. H. ELLIS
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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

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104 East 20th St., New York.

WHY ARE NOT ALL EDUCATED PEOPLE UNITARIANS?

I TAKE as a text from the first chapter of the Gospel according to John the forty-sixth verse: "And Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see."

The religious opinions of the average person in any community do not count for much, if any one is studying them with the endeavor to find out their bearing on what is true or what is false. This is true not only of popular religious opinions, but of any other set of opinions whatever; and for the simple reason that most people do not hold their opinions as the result of any study, of any investigation, because they have seriously tried to find out what is true, and have become convinced that this, and not that, represents the reality of things.

Let us note for a moment — and I do this rather to clear the way than because I consider it of any very great importance — how it is that the great majority of people come by the religious opinions which they happen to hold. I suppose it is true in thousands of cases that a man or a woman is in this church rather than that merely as the result of inheritance and childhood training. People inherit their religious ideas. They are taught certain things in their childhood, they have accepted them perhaps without any sort of question; and so they are where they happen to be to-day. If you stop and think of it for just a moment, you will see that this may be all right as a starting-point, but is not quite an adequate reason why we should hold permanently, and throughout our lives, a particular set of ideas. If all of us were to accept opinions in this sort of fashion, and never

put them behind us or make any change, where would the growth of the world be? How would it be possible for one generation to make a little advance on that which preceded it, so that we could speak of the progress of mankind? Then, when persons do make up their minds to change, to leave one church and go to another, it is not an uncommon thing for them simply to select a particular place of worship or a special organization for no better reason than that they happen to like it, to be attracted to it for some superficial cause. How many people who do leave one church for another do it as the result of any earnest study, or real endeavor to find the truth? And yet, if you will give the matter a moment's serious consideration, you will see that we have no sort of right to choose one theory rather than another, one set of ideas rather than another, because we happen to like one thing, and not something else. Liking or disliking, a superficial preference or aversion, is an impertinence when dealing with these great, high, and deep questions of God and the soul, of the true or the false.

Then I have known a great many people in my life who went to a particular church for no better reason than mere convenience. It was easily accessible, it was just around the corner, they did not have to make any long journey, and did not have to put themselves out any to get up a little earlier on Sunday morning, which they would otherwise need to do. A mere matter of convenience! And this is so many times allowed to settle some great question of right or wrong. Then I have known people to select a particular church or a particular church organization, become identified with it, merely because on a casual visit to the place they were taken with the minister, happened to like his appearance, his method of speaking, the way he presented his ideas. Or perhaps they were attracted by the music. There are persons who decide these great questions of God and truth and the soul for no more important a reason than the organization and the capacity of the church choir.

Then there are a great many persons who attend some particular church because it promises to be socially advantageous to them. It is fashionable in a particular town. I have a friend,— I still call him friend,— a Boston lawyer,— who told me in conversation about this subject one day that he deliberately went to the largest church he could find, and that, if in the particular city in which he was residing the Roman Catholic Church was in the majority, he should attend that. There are thousands of persons who wish to be in the swim, and who are diverted this way or that by what seems to them socially profitable. Think of it, claiming to be followers of the Nazarene, who was outcast, spit upon, treated with contempt, on whom the scribes and Pharisees of his day looked down with bitterness and scorn, and who led the world for the sake of his love for God out into a larger truth, who made himself of no reputation,— claim to be followers of him, and let a matter of fashion decide whether they will go this way or walk in some other path! Think of the irony of a situation like that!

Then I have known a great many people who attend a particular church rather than some other because, after looking over the ground, they made up their minds that it would be to their business advantage. They will become associated with a set of people who can help them on in the world. It is all very well, if there be no higher consideration, for a person to be governed in his action by motives like these; but is it quite right to decide a question of truth or falsehood, of God or duty, of the consecration of the human soul, of the service of one's fellow-men, on the basis of supposed financial advantage? There is hardly a year goes by that persons do not come to me, considering the question as to whether they will attend my church. I can see in a few minutes' conversation with them that they have some purpose to gain. They wish to be helped on in the prosecution of some scheme for their own advancement. If they succeed, they are devout Unitarians and loyal followers

of mine. If not, within a few weeks I hear of them as devoted attendants somewhere else, where they have been able to make their personal plans a success.

These are some of the reasons — there are worthier ones than these — which influence the crowd. There are, I say, worthier ones. Let me hint one or two. I do not think it is any sacrilege, or betrayal of confidence, for me to speak a name. The late Frances E. Willard, one of the ablest, truest, most devoted women I have ever known, frankly confessed to me in personal conversation that she was more in sympathy with my religious ideas than of those of the Church with which she was connected, but her love, her tender love and reverence for her mother and the memory of her mother's religion were such that she could not find it in her heart to break away. She loved the services her mother loved, she loved the hymns her mother sung, she loved the associations connected with her mother's life. All sweet, beautiful, noble; but, if nobody from the beginning of the world had ever advanced beyond mothers' ideas where should we be to-day? Is it not, after all, the truest reverence for mother, in the spirit of consecration she showed to follow the truth as you see it to-day, as she followed it as she saw it yesterday?

So much to justify the statement I made, that the average popular belief on any subject is not a reliable guide to a person who is earnestly desiring to find the simple truth.

Now let us come to the answer of the specific question which I have propounded. Why are not all educated people Unitarians? I ask this question, not because I originated it, but because it has been put to me, I suppose, a hundred times. People say, You claim to have studied these matters very carefully, you have tried to find the truth, you think you have found it. You have followed what you regard as the true method of search. If you have found the truth, and if other people, using this same method and being as unbiassed as you, could also find it, how does it

happen that Unitarians are in the minority? Why do not all persons who study and who are educated accept the Unitarian faith? This question, I say, has been asked me a great many times; and it is a question that deserves a fair, an earnest and sympathetic answer. Such an answer I am now to try to give.

In the first place, let me make a few assertions. I have not time to prove them this morning; but they are capable of proof. The advantage of a scientific statement is that, though you do not stop to prove it, you know it can be proved any time, whenever a person chooses to take the time or trouble. For example, if I state the truth of the Copernican system, or that the earth revolves around the sun, and you challenge me to prove it in two minutes, I may not be able to; it may take longer than that; but I know it can be demonstrated to-morrow or next week or any time, because it has been demonstrated over and over again.

I wish now to assert the truth of certain fundamental principles; and these principles, you note, are those which constitute the peculiarity of the Unitarian people as a body of theological believers. For example, that this which is all around us and of which we are a part is a universe is demonstrated beyond question. It is one,—the unity of the universe. The unity of force, the unity of substance or matter, the unity of law, the unity of life, the unity of humanity, the unity of the fundamental principles of ethics, the unity of the religious life and aspiration of the world,—these, I say, are demonstrated. And do you not see that demonstrating these carries along with it the unquestioned, the absolute demonstration of the unity of the power that is in the universe and manifests itself through it? The unity of God; the Lord our God is one; and this is no question of speculation, it is demonstrated truth. Now, as to any speculative or metaphysical division of God's nature into three parts or personalities, there is not, and there cannot

be, in the nature of things, one slightest particle of proof. The unity is demonstrated: anything else is incapable of demonstration.

Next, the Unitarian contention — I say Unitarian, not because we originated it by any means, but simply because we first and chiefly among religious bodies have accepted it — as to the origin and nature of man as science has unfolded it to us, thus precluding the possibility of the truth of any doctrine of any fall. This is not speculation, it is not whim. It is not something picked up by the way, that a man chooses because he likes it, and because he does not like something else. This is demonstrated truth, as clearly and fully demonstrated as is the law of gravity or the fact that water will freeze at a certain temperature. Then the question of the Bible. The Unitarian position in regard to the origin, the method of composition, the authenticity and the authority of Biblical books, is a commonplace of scholarship. There is no rational question in regard to it any more. Next, the question of the origin and nature of Jesus the Christ: the naturalness of his birth, the naturalness of his death, his pure humanity, are undoubtedly demonstrated by every new step which investigation takes; and there is nothing in the nature of proof that is conceivable in regard to any other theory. If any one chooses to accept it, well; but nobody claims, or can claim, to prove it, to settle it, to demonstrate it as true. It becomes an article of faith, a question of voluntary belief; but there is no possibility of holding it in any other way. So as to the nature of salvation. It is a matter of character; a man is saved when he is right. And that he cannot be saved in any other way is demonstrable and demonstrated truth.

Now, these are the main principles which constitute the beliefs of Unitarians; and in any court of reason they are able to make good their claim against any comer. And, if there is no other motive at work except the one clear-eyed, simple desire to find the truth, there can be no two opinions concerning any of them.

Why, then, are not all thoughtful, educated people Unitarians? Well may the listener ask, in wonder, if the statements I have just been making are true. Now I propose to offer some suggestions, showing what are some of the influences at work which determine belief, and which have very little to do with the question as to whether the beliefs are capable of establishing themselves as true or not.

In the first place, let us raise the question as to what is generally meant by education. We assume that all educated people ought to agree on all great questions; and they ought,—note now what I am saying,—they ought, if they are really and truly educated, and if with a clear and single eye they are seeking simply the truth. But, in order to understand the situation, we need to note a good many other things that enter into this matter of determining the religious path in which people will walk. Now what do we mean by education? Popularly, if a man has been to school, particularly if he is a college graduate, if he can read a little Latin and speak French, and knows something of music, if he has graduated anywhere, he is spoken of as educated. But is that a correct use of language? Are we sure that a man is educated merely because he knows a lot of things or has been through a particular course of study? What does a human education mean? Does it not mean the unfolding, the development of our faculties in such a way that in the intellectual sphere we can come into contact with and possession of the reality of things, the truth? Intellectually, is there any other object of education than to fit a man to find the truth? And yet let me give you a case. Here is a man,—I take it as an illustration simply, not because I have anything particular against the Catholic Church any more than against any other body of believers,—who has been through a Catholic college, has made himself master of Catholic doctrine, become familiar with theological and ecclesiastical literature; suppose he knows all the languages, or a dozen of them, having them at his fin-

gers' ends. Do you not see that as a truth-seeker in a free world he may not be educated at all? He may be educated, as we say,—or trained is the better word,—into acceptance of a certain system of traditional thought, that can give no good reason for itself; but his prejudices, his loves and hates may be called into play. He may be trained into the earnest conviction that it is his highest duty to be loyal to a particular set of ideas.

Take the way I was educated. I grew up reading the denominational reviews, and the denominational newspapers. I was taught that it was dangerous and wicked to doubt. I must not think freely: that was the one thing I was not permitted to do. I went to a theological school, and had drilled into me year after year that such beliefs about God and man, and Jesus and the Bible and the future world, were unquestionably true, and that I must not look at anything that would throw a doubt upon them. And I was sent out into the world graduated,—not as a truth-seeker, but to fight for my system, as a West Point graduate is taught that he must fight for his country without asking any questions.

Do you not see that this which goes under the name of education, instead of fitting a man to find the truth, may distinctly and definitely unfit him, make it harder for him to find any truth except that which is contained in the system which has been drilled into him from his childhood up and year after year? Education, in order to fit a man to be a truth-seeker, must be something different from this merely teaching a man a certain system, a certain set of ideas, and of drilling him into the belief that he must defend these ideas against all comers.

A good many people, then, who are called educated, are not educated at all. I have had this question asked me repeatedly: If your position is true, here is a college graduate, and here is another; and here is a minister of such a denomination, or a priest of the Catholic Church; why do they not accept your ideas? Do you not see, however, that this so-called education may stand squarely in the way?

Now, in the second place, I want to dwell a little on the difficulty of people's getting rid of a theory which possesses their minds, and substituting for it another theory. And I wish you to note that it is not a religious difficulty nor a theological difficulty nor a Baptist difficulty nor a Presbyterian difficulty: it is a human difficulty. There is no body of people on the face of the earth that is large enough to contain all the world's bigotry. It overflows all fences and gets into all enclosures. Discussing the subject a little while ago, by correspondence with a prominent scientific man in New England, I got from him the illustrations which I hold in my hand, tending to set forth how difficult it is for scientific men themselves to get rid of a theory which they have been working for and trying to prove, and substitute for it another theory. I imagine that there may be a physiological basis for the difficulty. I suggest it, at any rate. We say that the mind tends to run in grooves of thought. That means, I suppose, that there is something in the molecular movements of the brain that comes to correspond to a well-trodden pathway. It is easy to walk that path, and it is not easy to get out of it. Let it rain on the top of a hill; and, if you watch the water, you will see that it seeks little grooves that have been worn there by the falling of past rains, and that the little streams obey the scientific law and follow the lines of least resistance. There comes a big shower, a heavy downfall; and perhaps it will wash away the surface and change the beds of these old watercourses,—create new ones. So, then, when there comes a deluge of new truth, it washes away the ruts along which people have been accustomed to think; and they are able to reconstruct their theories.

Now let me give you some of these scientific illustrations. First, that heat is a mode of motion was proved by Sir Humphry Davy and Count Rumford before 1820. In 1842 Joule, of Manchester, England, proved the quantitative relation between mechanical energy and heat. In 1863—

note the dates — Tyndall gave a course of lectures on heat as a mode of motion, and was even then sneered at by some scientific men for his temerity. Tait, of Glasgow, was particularly obstreperous. To-day nobody questions it; and we go back to Sir Humphry Davy and Count Rumford for our proofs, too. It was proved — scientifically proved — then; but it took the world all these years, even the scientific world, to get rid of its prejudices in favor of some other theory, and see the force of the proof.

Now, in the second place, it was held originally that light was a series of corpuscles that flew off from a heated surface; but Thomas Young, about the year 1801, demonstrated the present accepted theory of light. But it was fought for years. Only after a long time did the scientific world give up its prejudice in favor of the theory that was propounded by Newton. But to-day we go back to Young, and see that he demonstrated it beyond question.

In the third place, take another fact. Between 1830 and 1845 Faraday worked out a theory of electrical and magnetic phenomena. It was proved to be correct. Maxwell, a famous chemist in London, looked over the matter, and persuaded himself that Faraday was right; but nobody paid much attention to either of them; until after a while the scientific world, through the work of its younger men,—those least wedded to the old-time beliefs,—conceded that it must be true.

The Nebular Theory was proved and worked out by Kant more than a hundred and thirty years ago. In 1799 Laplace worked it out again; but it was a long time before it was accepted. And now we go back to Kant and Laplace for our demonstration.

Darwin's "Origin of Species" was published in 1859. But it was attacked by scientists as well as theologians on every hand. Huxley even looked at it with a good deal of hesitancy before he accepted it. To-day, however, everybody goes back to the "Origin of Species," and finds the

whole thing there, demonstration and all. Lyell published a book on the antiquity of man in 1863. It was twenty-five years before all the scientific men of the world were ready to give up the idea that man had been on the earth more than six or eight thousand years.

So we find that it is not theologians only; it is scientists, too, that find it difficult to accept new ideas. I know scientific men among my personal friends who are simply incapable of being hospitable to an idea that would compel them to reconstruct a theory that they have already accepted. Why are not all educated men Unitarians? Why do not scientific men accept demonstrated truth when it is first demonstrated as truth? It puts them to too much trouble. It touches their pride. They do not like to feel that they have thrown away half their lives following an hypothesis that is not capable of being substantiated.

Then, in the third place, there are men, and educated men as the world goes, who deliberately decline to study new truth; and they are men in the scientific field and in the religious field. They purposely refuse to look at anything which would tend to disturb their present accepted belief. In my boyhood I used to hear Dr. John O. Fiske, a famous preacher in Maine. He told a friend of mine, in his old age, that he simply refused to read any book that would tend to disturb his beliefs. Professor William G. T. Shedd, one of the most distinguished theologians of this country, a leading Presbyterian divine, published — so I am not slandering him by saying it — a statement that he did not consider any book written since the seventeenth century worth his reading. And yet we have a new world since the seventeenth century, a new revelation of God and of man. To follow the teaching of the seventeenth century would be to be wrong in almost every conceivable direction. What is the use of paying any attention to the theological or religious opinions of a man who avows an attitude like that?

Faraday,—to come now to a scientific illustration, so

that you will not think I am too hard on theologians,—Faraday belonged to one of the most orthodox sects in England, and he used to say deliberately that he kept his religion and his science apart. He says, "When I go into my closet, I lock the door of my laboratory; and, when I go into my laboratory, I lock the door of my closet." He did very wisely to keep them apart; for, if they had got together, there would certainly have been an explosion.

Another scientific illustration is Agassiz. Agassiz unconsciously wrought out and developed some of the most wondrous and beautiful proofs of evolution that the world has ever known; and yet he fought evolution to the last day of his life, simply because he had accepted the other theory. And he got it into his head that there was something about evolution that tended to injure religion and degrade man,—not a rational objection, not a scientific objection, but a feeling, a prejudice.

There is another class of people that I must refer to. Institutions and organizations come into being, created, in the first place, as the embodiment and expression of new and grand truths; and after a while their momentum becomes such that the persons who are connected with them cannot control their movements, and these persons become victims of the organizations and institutions to which they belong. So, when a new truth appears, the old organization rolls on like a Juggernaut car, and crushes the life, so far as it is possible, out of everything in its way. Take, for example,—and note what a power it is and what an unconscious bribe it is to those who belong to it,—the great Anglican Church. A man's ambitions, if he has learning, power, ability, tell him that there is the archbishopric of Canterbury ahead of him as a possibility. His hopes, the chances of promotion and power, are with the institution. And, then, it is such a tremendous social influence. It is no wonder, then, that men who are not over-strong, who have not the stuff in them out of which heroes are made, should cling to

the institution and remain loyal to it, even while they are false to the truth that used to animate them and for which alone any institution ought to exist.

Let me give you another illustration. Edward Temple, late Bishop of London, and who is now the Archbishop of Canterbury, had a priest of the established Church come to him and make a confession of holding certain beliefs which he knew were heretical. The archbishop said to him frankly: "As Edward Temple, I believe them, I am in sympathy with your views. As the head of the English Church, I must be opposed to them; and the opinions which you hold cannot be tolerated." That is what the influence of a great organization may come to.

Let me give you another concrete illustration. Here is our American Bible Society, which publishes and circulates millions of Bibles all over the world. It is obliged, as at present organized, to print and distribute the King James version of the Bible; but there is not a scholar or a minister connected with the organization anywhere who does not know — at least, since the revision at any rate — that in many important respects the King James version is not an accurate translation of the original, even if that is conceded to be infallible. So that this organization stands to-day in the position of being obliged to circulate all over the world for God's truth any number of teachings that are simply blunders of the translator, of the copyist, or interpolated passages that have come down from the past.

So men in every direction become persuaded that they must be loyal to the organization. I know cases where a minister in conversation with a friend has said: So long as I remain a member of this Church, I have got a great institution back of me, and I can accomplish so much socially and in every way on account of it. I know I do not believe half of the creed, but any number of other ministers are in the same box. And so they stay true to the organization, while truth to the truth is sacrificed.

One other influence that keeps so many of these old ideas alive—or prolongs their existence beyond the natural term—is right in here. Any number of men, educated, strong, prominent men, give their countenance and influence to the support of old-time religious organizations because they believe that somehow or other they are serviceable as a police force in the world,—they keep people quiet, they help preserve social order. I have had people over and over again say that they believed it would be a great calamity to disturb the Roman Catholic Church, because it keeps so many people quiet. Do you know, friends, I regard this as the worst infidelity that I know of on the face of the earth. It is doubt of God, his ability to lead and manage his world without cheating it. It is doubt of truth, as to whether it is safe for anybody except very wise people, like a few of us! It is doubt of humanity, its capacity to find the truth, and believe in it and live on it. Do you believe that God has made this universe so that it is healthier for the masses to live on a lie than it is for them to live on the truth? Is that your confidence in God? Is that the kind of God you worship? It is not the kind I worship. There is no danger of the ignorant masses of the world getting wise too fast, judging by the experience of the past up to the present time. There is only one thing that is safe; and that is truth. Do you know what the trouble was at the time of the French Revolution? It was not that the people began to reason and think, and lost their faith, as so frequently said by superficial historians: it was that they waked up at last to the idea that the aristocracy and the priesthood had not only been fleecing them financially and keeping them down socially, but had been fooling them religiously, until at last they broke away, having no confidence left in God or priest or educated people or nobility or anything. No wonder they made havoc. If you want to make a river dangerous, dam it up, keep the waters back, until by and by the pressure from the hills and the mountains becomes so

great that it can be restricted no longer ; and it not only breaks through the dam, but bursts all barriers, floods the country, sweeps away homes, farms, cattle, human beings, towns, cities, leaving ruin in its path. Let rivers flow as God meant them to ; and they will be safe.

So let the world learn,—learn gradually, and adapt itself to new truth as it learns,—and there will be an even and orderly march of human progress. The danger is in our setting ourselves up as being wiser than God, wiser than the universe, and doling out to the multitude the little fragments of truth that we think are fitted for their digestion. The impertinence of it, and the impiety of it !

I must not stop to deal with other reasons which lie in my mind this morning. You can think along other channels for yourselves. I have simply wished to suggest that, in the kind of world we are living in, you may not be sure, at any particular age in history, that a set of ideas is going to be accepted by the multitude merely because they are true ; and, because they are not accepted at once, you are not, therefore, to come to the conclusion that they are not true. There never has been a time in the history of the world when the truth was not in the minority. Go back to the time of Jesus : do you not remember how the people asked whether any of the scribes or the Pharisees believed on him ? They were ready to accept him if they could go with the crowd ; but it never occurred to them to raise the question as to whether it was their duty to go with him while he was alone, as to whether two or three might not represent some higher conception of God, some forward step on the part of humanity. Consider for just a moment, let it be in literature, in art, in government, in ethics, anywhere,—find out where the crowd is, and you will find where the truth is not. Disraeli made a very profound remark when he said that a popular opinion was always the opinion which was about to pass away. By the time a notion gets accepted by the crowd, the deeper students are seeing some higher and finer truth towards which they are reaching.

The pioneers are always in the minority. The vanguard of an army is never so large as the main body that comes along behind after the way has been laid out for it.

"Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust."

That is Lowell's suggestion, in that famous poem of his. If we care for truth, we will not wait until it becomes popular. The truth in any direction to-day, if we had the judgment of the world, would be voted down. Christianity would be voted down among the religions; Protestantism would be voted down in Christianity; and the highest and finest thinkers in the Protestant churches would be voted down by the majority of the members.

Do not be disturbed, then, or troubled, because you have not the crowd and the shouting accompanying you on your onward march; and remember that there must be something of heroism in this consecration to truth. I wish to quote to you, as bearing on this truth, a wonderfully fine word which I have just come across in a recent number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*,—the word of the Hon. Thomas B. Reed, the Speaker of the House of Representatives. He says, "One with God may be a majority; but crucifixion and the fagot may antedate the counting of the votes." But, if it means crucifixion and the fagot, and we claim to be followers of the Nazarene and worthy of him, even for that we will not shrink. It is our business simply to raise the question, and try to answer it for ourselves, Which way must I go to follow the truth? And that way I must tread, whether it means life or death, whatever the consequences; for the truth-seeker is the only God-seeker.

Now, Father, we consecrate ourselves to thee afresh. Though our foot stumble, we will follow; though our eyes be dim with tears, we will follow; though with heartache and loneliness, we will follow. For to follow thee means life; and it is the only way of life to-day and evermore. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>20 cents.</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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GEO. H. ELLIS

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

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WHERE IS THE EVANGELICAL CHURCH?

I TAKE as my text from the first chapter of the Gospel according to Mark the fourteenth and fifteenth verses,—
“Now after that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, and saying, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand : repent ye, and believe the gospel.”

As you are aware, there are certain churches that have taken the name of “Evangelical,” thereby, of course, putting forth the claim that in some special or peculiar way they have the gospel in keeping. For “Evangel” is the word translated “gospel,” “evangelist” is a “preacher of the gospel,” “Evangelical” is the appropriate name for the church whose ministers preach the gospel. And the word “gospel,” as you know, translated, means “good news.” It is the proclamation of hope, of something that the world has been groping in darkness for, a message that should lift the burden off the human heart, make men stronger to endure, fill them with cheer in the midst of life’s difficulties and dangers, and give them a trust with which to walk out into the darkness that lies at the end.

A certain section, I say, of the Christian Church has appropriated this name ; and by common consent it has been conceded to it. And as usage makes language, and the dictionaries only record the results of popular usage, why, of course, we must confess that this use of words is right. Right in that sense, I say. But I wish to go back of this popular usage this morning, and raise the question as to whether these churches that claim the title are the ones to

whom it peculiarly or exclusively belongs. I wish to put forward the claim that we, though the idea is entirely against popular thought, are really the ones who are preaching the gospel of God, and that the liberals of the world come nearer to-day to proclaiming the actual original gospel of Jesus the Christ than do any other body of Christians in the world. I wish to do this, not in any spirit of antagonism, but simply by way of clear definition, and that we may understand where we are, and may unfalteringly and trustingly and loyally and hopefully go on to do the highest work that was ever committed to human hands.

At the outset, though, it will necessitate my saying certain things which I have said to you before, I must outline briefly that body of doctrine which goes by the name of "Evangelical." I will not go back two or three hundred years to include in it such dogmas as Foreordination, Election, the Damnation of non-Elect or non-Baptized Infants, though these doctrines still remain in the creeds. I will take what must be considered the simpler and fairer course of confining myself to setting forth those beliefs which are generally accepted, and which are made a part of the creed of the so-called "Evangelical Alliance"; that is, an organization including representatives of all the great so-called Evangelical Churches. These beliefs, in brief, are that God created the world perfect in the first place, and that in a very short time it was invaded by the evil powers, and mankind rebelled against the Creator, and became the subjects of the devil as the god of this world; that man, by thus rebelling against God, lost his intellectual power to discern truth, became mentally unable to discover spiritual truth, to find the divine way in which he ought to walk; and that he became morally incapable, so that, even when the truth was presented to him, he felt an aversion towards it, and was disinclined to accept it. The next point is — this being the condition of things — that God began to reveal himself to the world, first, by angel messengers, by prophets, by in-

spired men, and that then at last, through certain chosen mediums, he wrote a book telling men the truth about their condition, about his feeling towards them, about what they ought to do, and the destiny involved in the kind of life they should live here. After the world had been in existence about four thousand years, according to this teaching, and very little headway had been made even among the chosen people,—the few that had been selected from the great outside and wandering nations,—God himself comes down to earth, by means of a woman specially prepared to be his mother, he is born miraculously of a virgin. He lives, he suffers, he dies. This, after one theory or another, — I need not go into them,—to make it possible for God to forgive, and to enable him to save those who should accept the terms which he should offer.

Then, after his withdrawal from the earth, his Church is organized under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit. Its mission is to proclaim the gospel among all nations. That proclamation has gone on; but after two thousand years not a third of the world has heard the gospel, not a third of the people who walk the planet knows anything about the book that has been written. But they still stumble along in darkness, worshipping anything except the one only and true God. So that this effort up to the present time would strike us, if we judged it as a human device, as being a sad and lamentable failure.

The upshot of this, according to the Evangelical creed, is that the great majority of the world is to be permanently lost. Only a few, those who are converted or those becoming members of the true Church, connected with it sacramentally or in some way,—only the few are to be saved, and the great majority outcast forever.

This, in substance, makes up what has been called the gospel; and those who claim that they are preaching the gospel are preaching these things as true. I am well aware — and I would not have anybody suppose that I

overlooked it — that this creed is undergoing very striking and marked changes, and that a great many of those things which some of us look upon as more objectionable are being left out of sight, and not preached, as they used to be, though they still remain in the creeds.

I am aware, for example, that what it is to be orthodox or evangelical has been reduced to very low terms as compared with those which I have just set forth; that is to say, reduced to very low terms in certain quarters. For instance, Dr. Lyman Abbott, of Brooklyn, tells us that we need not believe in the infallibility of the Bible any more; that we need not believe in the old-time Trinity; that we need not believe that Jesus was essentially different from a man; we need not believe in the virgin birth, unless we find it easy to accept it. But the two things which he tells us we must believe in order to be orthodox, or evangelical, are that in some way, though he does not define how, the Bible contains a special message from God to the world, and that in some way Jesus particularly and specially represents God, so that he reveals him to men, so that, when he speaks, he speaks with authority, as representing divine truth. Everlasting Damnation eliminated, Foreordination not referred to, the Trinity transformed, Infallibility no longer insisted on, the humanity of Jesus granted,—to be orthodox, according to Dr. Abbott, has become a comparatively simple thing.

In my conversations with clergymen of other churches during the past winter I have discovered that there, too, among certain men, the conditions of being orthodox are a great deal simpler than they were a hundred years ago. An Episcopalian tells me it is only necessary to accept the Nicene and the Apostles' Creeds, and that even then one is at liberty to interpret them as he pleases; that this is what constitutes Orthodoxy and makes one evangelical.

But this process of eliminating the hard doctrines has not gone on in any authoritative way on the part of the Church

itself. There has been no proclamation of any such liberty allowed; and I am not aware that the most of these men have made any public statement in their own churches of these positions. It may be known through personal conversations that they hold these views; and, if they are rendering good service, they may not be disturbed by the church authorities in their positions.

So much, then, for a statement as to what constitutes the Evangelical Church, as to what must be the message of the minister who is to preach "the gospel of Christ."

Now I wish to call your attention for a moment to another way of looking at these doctrines. I am not to question their truth. I simply wish to ask you to note as to whether, considering them true, we should be inclined to speak of them as good news. Are they a gospel? Can we with gladness proclaim them to men? For example, suppose God, after creating the world, loses control of it, an evil power comes in,—his enemy,—takes possession of his fair earth, alienates from him the hearts of the only two of his children who are in existence here, and who are to be the parents of a countless race. Suppose that is true. Is it something we would like to believe? Is it good news? Can we call it an integral part of a gospel?

Suppose, again, that God writes a book, an infallible book, and gives it—to whom? To a few people, to the little company of Jews who lived on that little narrow strip of land on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. He does not give it to anybody else. He has given, indeed, according to this theory, the Old Testament and the New to Christendom since that day. But think a moment.

According to what we know to be true now, man was on this planet for two or three hundred thousand years before God revealed himself at all; and the race went stumbling on and falling in darkness, no light, no hand stretched out to help, no voice speaking out of the silent heavens, the world, apparently, absolutely forgotten, so far as God's truth

was concerned. Suppose that, after two or three hundred thousand years, God did give an infallible book to the world. As I had occasion to say a moment ago, comparatively a very small part of his children have heard anything about it. And, then, what is very striking, the proofs of its having come from him are so weak that most of the wisest, the best, the noblest of the world, cannot accept any such claim on its behalf. Is this, if it be true, **good news**? Would we speak of it as a gospel, something of which to be glad, something to proclaim to mankind as a cheer, a message from on high?

Once more, suppose, after the world had been in existence for two or three hundred thousand years, God comes down, incarnates himself, wears a human body, and does what he can to save men. If it is true, in the economy of the divine government, that human souls could be saved in no other way, is that good news? Would we think of it as a gospel to proclaim to mankind, that God himself must suffer, must be outcast, be spit upon, be reviled, be put to death, and that only so could he forgive one of his wandering children, and bring him back to himself?

Then, once more, suppose all this to be true, and suppose that, as the outcome of it all, the countless millions of men and women and children that have walked the earth during the last three hundred thousand years, until the Jews received their first light from heaven,—suppose that they have been lost: that is a part of this gospel. Suppose that since that time all the nations outside of Christendom have been lost: that is a part of this gospel. Suppose that not only this be true, but that all people in Christendom who have not been members of churches have been lost. Suppose even, as I used to hear it preached when I was a boy, that large numbers of those who were church members were not really children of God, and would be lost. Suppose this terribly dismal doctrine be true. Is it good news? Could we proclaim it with any heart of courage as a part of the gospel of God?

It seems to me, then, that I am bringing no railing accusation when I say that those Churches that claim to be Evangelical are not proclaiming a gospel to the world. But, though this be literally true, they may claim that they are delivering the message of Jesus the Christ, and that, from their point of view, this is relatively a piece of good news, — good news, at any rate, to the few who are going to be saved. So I ask you now to turn, while I examine with you for a few moments the essence of the gospel which Jesus proclaimed. Note its terms. "Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, and saying: The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel"; that is, this proclamation of good news, the coming of God's kingdom. Was this the essential thing in the gospel of Christ?

Let me ask you now to look with me for a few moments. You are perfectly well aware of the fact that the Jews cherished a belief in the coming of a Messiah and the establishment of God's kingdom here on earth and among men. You are not so well aware, perhaps, unless you have made a study of it, that a belief like this has not been confined to the Jews. In many other nations a similar expectation has been cherished. We find it, for example, among some of the tribes of our North American Indians. It is world-wide, in other words, in its range. It is no peculiarity of the Jews. But let us confine ourselves a moment to their particular hope. It is a perfectly natural belief. It required no revelation in order for it to grow up. They believed that the God of the world, of the universe, was their God; that they were his chosen people. Do you not see what a necessary corollary would be a belief in their ultimate prosperity and triumph? God would certainly bless and give the kingdom to that people whom he had specially selected for his own. And so, as the coming of the kingdom was postponed, they believed that it was because they had not complied with the divine conditions, they had

not kept the law or they had not been good, they had not obeyed him. Somehow, they had done wrong; and that was the reason the kingdom so long delayed.

Remember another thing. We have come, in this modern time, to place the kingdom away off in another world after the close of this life. The Jews had no such belief about it. They expected it to come right here on this poor little planet of ours; and they expected that a kingdom was to be set up which was not only to place them at the head of humanity, but through them was to bless all mankind. Different thinkers among them held different views, but this in substance was the belief; and they were constantly looking for signs of this imminent revolution which was to make the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ,—that is, his Anointed One.

John the Baptist preached that this kingdom was coming. But he was imprisoned and beheaded, having come into conflict with the civil authority. Jesus, then, having come from Nazareth, where he had studied and thought and brooded over the divine will, takes up this broken work of John, and begins a proclamation of the gospel; and the one thing which constituted that gospel was:—The kingdom of God is at hand, repent and believe; accept this statement. And note that “repent” on the lips of Jesus did not mean what we have been accustomed to associate with it. The New Testament word translated “repent” means change your purpose, change your method of life. You have not been in accord with the truth, you have not been obedient to God; turn about, come into accord with the divine law, become obedient to the divine message.

Jesus taught no kingdom in any other world. He believed that the kingdom was to be here. For, even after he had disappeared from the sight of men,—and this reflects in the clearest possible way the burden of his message,—his disciples expected, not that they were to be transferred to some other planet or into an invisible world to find

the kingdom, but that Jesus was to come back, to return in the clouds of heaven, and establish the kingdom here.

The kingdom, then, that Jesus preached was a kingdom of righteousness here on this earth, among just the kind of people that we are. And, note, he said, This kingdom of God does not come by observation. You are not to say, Lo here, Lo there, look for wonders. He says, The kingdom of God is within you, or among you. It is translated both ways; and, I suppose, nobody knows which way it ought to be. I believe both. The kingdom of God that Jesus preached is essentially in us. It is also, after it is in a few of us, among us, right here already, so far as it extends, and reaching out its limits and growing as rapidly as men discern it and become obedient to its laws.

Now I have been asked a great many times how I can be sure, or practically sure, as to what sayings in the Gospels are really those of Jesus and what are traditional in their authority, what are doubtfully his. I cannot go into a long explanation this morning; but I want to suggest one line of thought. And I do this because I wish it to be the basis of a statement that Jesus has not made any of these things that are to-day labelled "Evangelical" any essential part of his gospel at all. Jesus, for example, does not preach any Garden of Eden or any Fall of Man. Jesus says nothing about any infallible book. Jesus says not a word about any Trinity. He nowhere makes any claim to be God. His doctrine concerning the future is doubtful. But one thing which I wish to insist upon is perfectly clear: the conditions of citizenship in the kingdom of God are the simplest conceivable. He says, Not those that say, Lord, Lord, not those that multiply their services and ceremonies, but those that do the will of my Father shall enter the kingdom. The only condition that Jesus ever established for membership in the kingdom of heaven is simple human goodness,—never anything else.

I am perfectly well aware that somebody may quote to

me, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned." But the reply to that would be, The acknowledged statement to-day on the part of all competent scholars is that Jesus never uttered those words. They are left out of the Revised Version of the New Testament: they are no authentic part of the story of his life or his teaching.

How can we find his words? In the first place there are the great central, luminous truths which Jesus uttered,—the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of men, goodness as the condition of acceptance on the part of God. And, on the theory that he did not contradict himself, we are at liberty to waive one side those statements which grew up under the influence of later tradition, popish or ecclesiastical, and which plainly contradict these. But the main point I have in mind is one which scholars have wrought out under the name of the Triple Tradition. It takes for its central thought, "In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established." We know that the Gospels grew up through a long process of accretion after a good many years. They were not written or planned by any one person; and, so far as we know, they may not have been written by anybody whose name is traditionally connected with them to-day. If, however, we find that three of the four witnesses agree in reporting that he said or did a certain thing, we feel surer about it than when only one witness reported. And if two report, why, even then we feel a little more certain than we do when the report is from only one. And yet, of course, the three may have omitted that which only one has recorded, and which is true. But scholars have wrought out along this line what is called the Triple Tradition; that is, they have constructed a complete story of the life and the teaching and the death of Jesus out of the words which are common to three of the gospel writers. All of them tell this same story; and this story of the Triple Tradition has no miraculous conception, it has no resurrection of the body, no ascension into heaven. The miracles are

reduced to the very lowest terms, becoming almost natural and easy to be accounted for. In this story Jesus teaches none of the things of which I have been speaking.

I say, then, that **along** the lines of the very best critical scholarship, coming as near to the teaching of Jesus as we possibly can to-day, we are warranted in saying that this which has usurped the name of the gospel of Christ is not only not good news, but it is not the news which Jesus brought and preached. As has been said a good many times, it is a gospel about Christ instead of being the gospel of Christ.

I am ready now to make the claim that we liberals of the modern world are the ones who come nearer to preaching the gospel of Christ than any other part of the so-called Christian Church. For what is it that we preach? We preach that the kingdom of God is at hand. We preach that there is not a spot on the face of the earth where we are not at the foot of a ladder like that which Jacob saw in his dream, and which leads up to the very throne of the Almighty. Jesus taught that the kingdom of God might begin anywhere and at any time in any human heart. Note what Matthew Arnold has called the secret and the method of Jesus. He says, The secret of Jesus is that he who selfishly seeks his life shall lose it: he who throws it away for good and God finds it. Do we need to go very deeply into human life to discover the profound truth of that saying? Seek all over the world for good and happiness, and forget to look within, and you do not find it. The kingdom of heaven is within. It is in the spirit, the temper of the heart, the disposition, the life. And the secret of it is in cultivating love and truth and tenderness and care,—those things which bring us into intimate connection with God, which we mean when we say, Be unselfish,—and that in doing this we find our own souls. For the man who gives out of himself love and tenderness and care, of necessity cultivates the qualities of love and tenderness and care; and those are the ones

which are the essence of all soul-building. And he who looks outside for the greatest things of life misses them; while he who looks within, and cultivates the spirit, finds God and happiness and truth.

This gospel, then, that the kingdom of God is at hand, is always ready to come, is the gospel which we proclaim. And now I wish to extend that idea a little. The form in which Jesus held his dream of human good has changed in the process of the centuries. We no longer expect a miraculous revelation of a kingdom coming out of the heavens to abide on earth. The form of it is changed; but the essence of it we hold still,—the same perfect condition of men here on earth and in the future which Jesus held and proclaimed.

Now let me hint to you a few of the elements that make up this hope for man which we liberals proclaim everywhere as the gospel, the good news of the coming kingdom of God.

In the first place, we proclaim the possibility of human conquest over this earth. What do I mean by that? I mean that man is able—and he is showing that ability—ultimately to control the forces of this planet, and make them his servants. Within the last seventy-five years this increasing conquest has changed the face of the planet. We now use water power not only, but steam, electricity, magnetism. All these secret forces that thrill from planet to planet and sun to sun we use as our household and factory drudges, our every-day servants. And it needs only a little imagination, looking along the lines of past progress, to see the day when man shall stand king of the earth. He shall make all these forces serve him. I believe that we have only just begun this conquest. Already the wonders about us eclipse the wonders of novelist and dreamer; and yet we have only begun to develop them. What follows from this? When we have completed the conquest of the earth, when we have discovered God's laws of matter

and force and are able to keep them, it means the abolition of all unnecessary pain,—unnecessary pain, I say; for all that pain which is not beneficent, which is not inherent in the nature of things, is remedial. And we preach the gospel, the coming of God's kingdom when pain shall be abolished, and shall pass away.

Another step:—We preach the gospel of the abolition of disease. We have already, in the few civilized centres of the world, made the old epidemics simply impossible. They are easily controlled. Nearly every one of those that rise to threaten Europe and America to-day come from the religious, ignorant, wild fanaticism of Asia, beyond the range of our civilized control. The conditions of disease are discoverable; and the day will come when, barring accidents here and there, well-born people may calmly expect to live out their natural term of years. We preach this gospel, then, of the kingdom of God in which disease shall no more exist.

We preach a gospel that promises a time when war shall be no more. At present wars are now and then inevitable; but they are brutal, they are unspeakably horrible. And how any one who uses the sympathetic imagination can rejoice, not over the victory, but over the destruction of life and property which the victory entails, I cannot understand. We have reached a time when civilized man no longer thinks he must right his wrong with his fists or a club or a knife or a pistol. On the part of individuals we call this a reversion to barbarism. The time will come, and we are advancing towards it, when it will be considered just as much a reversion to barbarism on the part of families, States, nations, and when we shall substitute hearts and brains for bruises and bullets in the settlement of the world's misunderstandings. We preach, then, a gospel of the coming of the kingdom in which there shall be no more war. And then life under the fair heavens will be sweet.

There shall be no more hunger in that kingdom. To-day

see what confronts us,— bread riots in Spain and in Italy, thousands of people hungry for food. And yet, if we would give ourselves to the development of the resources of this planet instead of to their destruction, this fair earth could support a hundred times its present population in plenty and in peace. There shall be no more famine in that kingdom the gospel of which we preach.

Then, when men have lived out their lives, learned their lessons, and stand where the shadow grows thicker, so that we try in vain to see beyond, what then? We preach a gospel of life, of an eternal hope. We believe that death, instead of being the end, is only a transition, the beginning really, of the higher and the grander life. We cannot look through the gateway of the shadow; but we catch a gleam of light beyond that means an eternal day, when the sun shall no more go down. This we believe.

And we do not partition that world off into two parts,— the immense majority down where the smoke of their torment ascendeth forever, and only a few in a city gold-paved and filled with the light of peace. Rather we believe it is a human life there just as here, that we are under the law of cause and effect, that salvation is not a magical thing, that we are saved only in so far as we come into accord with the divine law and the divine life. And, if anybody says we preach an easy gospel because we eliminate an arbitrary hell, let him remember we preach a harder gospel, a more difficult salvation,— not a salvation that can be purchased by a wave of emotion or by the touch of priestly fingers, a salvation that must be wrought out through co-working with God in the building of human character, a salvation that is *being* right.

This is our gospel; but it is a gospel of eternal and universal hope, because we believe that every single soul is under doom to be saved sometime, somewhere. We preach the inevitable results of law-breaking,— are they to last one year, five, a hundred, a thousand, a million, ten

millions? There is no possibility of heaven except as people are in perfect accord with the divine law and the divine life; for that is what heaven means. You can no more get heaven out of a disordered character than you can get music out of a disordered piano. This salvation which we preach is the constituent element of life. You cannot have a circle if you break the conditions of a circle. You cannot have a river if you break the conditions the very existence of which constitutes a river. So of anything in God's natural world. There are certain essential things that go to make these what they are. So heaven, righteousness, happiness,—the constituent elements of these are right thinking, right feeling, right acting, obedience to the laws of God, which make them possible.

We believe that God, through pain, through suffering, down through the winding ways of darkness and ignorance, one year, a million years, must pursue the soul of any one of his children until that child learns that suffering follows wrong, and must follow it, and that God himself cannot help it, and so, learning the lesson, by and by turns, comes back, and says: Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am not worthy to be thy son: make me at least as one of thy hired servants. And then the love that has pursued all the way, that has been in the light and that has been in the dark, shall go out to meet him, and fall on his neck in loving embrace, and rejoice that he who was dead is alive again, and he who was lost is found.

This is the gospel we preach,—a gospel of God's eternal, boundless love, the good news that every human being is God's child; that here on earth, co-operating with God and discovering his laws, we may begin the creation of his kingdom now; that we may broaden and enlarge it until it encloses the world; and that it reaches out into the limitless ages of the future. And this, as I said, is the gospel of the Christ, changed in its form, if you please, but one in its essence; for he came, preaching the gospel of the kingdom

of God, and saying: The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand. Change your purpose, accept the message, and come into accord with the divine life. This is the gospel that the Christ preached: this is the gospel we preach to-day.

Do I make, then, an extraordinary claim when I say that we are the Evangelical Church,— the church that preaches the gospel is here?

Our God, we rejoice that our ears can hear these words, that our hearts can respond to them, and that we can co-operate with Thee in this divine proclamation and in working to bring to pass the realization of our age-long hope and dream. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>.</i>	<i>20 cents.</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatise. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

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In what Spirit shall we carry on the War?

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

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104 East 20th St., New York.

IN WHAT SPIRIT SHALL WE CARRY ON THE WAR?

FOR a text I take the words found in the fifth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the forty-fourth verse,—
“Love your enemies.”

It is a fact not a little strange and striking that Christendom should have been throughout its entire history such a bitter hater and so warlike. The great majority of its inhabitants believe that Jesus is God. The majority of those who do not hold this belief look upon him at any rate as a perfect and ideal man; and multitudes of those whose thought does not carry them quite so far as that still regard him as the ideal ethical teacher of the world. If there is any one thing that Jesus teaches most explicitly and with tremendous power, it is that we should not resist evil with evil, that we should not fight hate with hate or wrong with wrong. He tells us, without any “ifs” or “buts,” that, while it was held in the old time to be proper to love your neighbors and hate your enemies, those who take him for their teacher must love their enemies. This, I say, is the teaching of Jesus. To what extent has Christendom embraced it? Throughout almost her entire history she has felt at liberty to hate the outside heathen, to hate the Moors, to hate the Jews, to hate heretics; and her history has been a history of bloodshed quite as marked, perhaps, as that of any other portion of the inhabitants of the world. Possibly, I might go further, and say, it has been specially marked by bloodshed. Strange and startling, it seems to me, is this contrast,—in name accepting the authority of Jesus, in fact finding all sorts of reasons for evading that authority.

But is it possible, some one may say, for us to love our enemies? Is it a practical thing? Let us consider it for just a few moments, and see.

Who are our enemies? If a man is your enemy, he must be so for one of two or three reasons. It is quite possible that you have given him some reason to be. If you have, should you hate him for that which is your own fault? Perhaps you have not given him a reason to be; but he may think you have: his enmity is based on misconception. Will you hate him for making a mistake? Would it not be wiser to try to correct the misunderstanding, so that the channel of human and divine love might be free for the tide of love to flow through it? Once more, suppose in the last resort that he hates you because his disposition is essentially a hateful one,—it comes out of the evil that is in him. Even then, if you stop and think carefully, will you hate him? Remember the magnificent sentiment expressed in those words of an ancient Persian dervish,— something as fine, at any rate, as anything that can be found anywhere in the religious literature of the world,—“O God! show compassion on the wicked: the virtuous are already blessed by thee, in being virtuous.”

Is there not something a little better than promiscuous and bitter hate? We pity people who are born deformed in body,—hump-backed, with a withered arm, a club foot. Shall we have no sympathy for those born with moral deformities, morally incapable, perhaps—at present, until they are more highly developed—of anything like a noble and sweet and true life? As you analyze the matter thus, does not the justifiable ground for hating an enemy gradually disappear and fade out of sight?

But can we love that which is not lovable? The old theologians have made certain subtle distinctions between certain kinds of love which may help us a bit in thinking out this matter. These three different kinds of love were taught me when I was in the theological school. They

said, the first is the love of complacency, the love that takes delight in the object loved; the love, for example, which a husband has for his wife or which a parent has for a child or which friend has for friend, the love that rejoices in the object of that love. Then they said there is the love of approbation. It does not go quite so far as this personal delight: it approves, it recognizes the thing as beautiful, as good, and so far loves it. And then, they said there is another kind of love; and this, they pointed out, has that which must distinguish the divine love for its human children, the love of beneficence, the love that wishes to help, the love that recognizes a need, the love that pities, the love that enfolds in sympathy, and that loves all the more when the need is more; the kind of love — one side of it, at least — which a mother feels towards the least worthy of her children; the love that Jesus spoke of in his parable when he said that, if one sheep had gone astray, the good shepherd leaves the ninety-and-nine that are safe in the fold, and goes out in the wilderness after that which is lost.

We can at least, if we appreciate the condition in which a person is who can cherish enmity towards us,— we can, at least, have this kind of sympathetic pity which borders close on to and leads on towards a helpful love.

And there is another reason why we can hardly afford to cherish hate, even if the object of hate be ever so worthy. The hating disposition is hardly that which is worthy of the noblest type of character. We do not need to cultivate these feelings. There are enough of them rising up in daily rebellion within us which we need to trample down and out of which we need to crush the life. This word of Jesus, then, that is so little regarded, when analyzed and looked at closely, appears not only sweet and divine, but, I think, is very practical indeed. The divine love pours itself out as the sun pours out its light. It takes no account of worthy or unworthy. It glitters on and glorifies a bit of broken glass in the gutter as freely as it lights up a diamond. God

sends his rain on the just and on the unjust. He cares for the evil and the good, and pursues the evil with a love which, though it manifests itself in pain, shall, through the process of pain, some time deliver from evil and bring into peace.

So much for the general principle of loving our enemies. We have now what we agree to think of as a public enemy. I wish to consider what ought to be our attitude towards Spain for a while this morning, in what spirit shall we carry on the war. The war is upon us. As you know, I was one of those who had hoped that the world had become sufficiently civilized, at least here in America, so that we might have reached the ends which we desired in a civilized way, —by brains instead of bullets. But no matter for that now: we did not succeed in doing it. The world had not made quite as much progress as I hoped it had. We are, then, in the midst of the war. Now mercy means vigor: it means a quick and forcible ending of the conflict. Prolonging the war now is not kindness to Spain, it is not kindness to us. We sometimes forget, when we see so many people killed on the field of battle, that this is not the place which is most murderous, after all. Those who have made a careful study of almost any war are aware of the fact that more people die in the camp and in the hospitals than are killed in actual engagement. Prolonging the war, then, is not a mercy to ourselves or a mercy to Spain. So that the heart of the nation, I take it, to-day is at one for the most vigorous and complete prosecution of the war that is possible. But this is one thing; and the spirit that shall animate the heart and nerve the arm, is another thing. How, then, shall we think of Spain? and how shall we feel towards her while we carry on the war?

In the first place, let me suggest that it hardly becomes us to do this in a spirit of hate or revenge. I deprecate with all the power of my soul the spirit that manifests itself in the bitter cry, "Remember the 'Maine.'" Can we afford to

carry on a war of vengeance? Is that worthy of us? In civilized life and between individuals we have outgrown the vendetta, that which strikes back with punishment in kind for an injury, that which is satisfied, not that the person who has committed the crime shall be punished or put in a place where he can commit no more crime, but that any one of his friends or relatives should be struck down in the spirit of vengeance. That is the vendetta, and that is sheer barbarism; and that is the spirit, whether we appreciate it or not, that animates the cry, "Remember the 'Maine.'" For let me ask you to remember something else. The poor soldiers on the Spanish side who were killed in Manila Bay had nothing to do with the "Maine." The ones that are suffering and starving in Spain to-day had nothing to do with the "Maine." As I remarked in a sermon a few weeks ago, the great trouble with this rough and brutal method called war is that the right people rarely get killed. And it is not my idea of satisfaction for a wrong that somebody should get killed,—anybody, so that blood may flow.

I was astonished the other day in conversation with a lady in this city whose name would be familiar to you, should I mention it,—a refined, loving, Christian woman, whose literary reputation is as wide as the country. What did she say? She said, "Perhaps it is on account of the English blood in my veins, but I have always hated Spain in memory of the Armada." Think of it! The people living in Spain to-day had nothing to do with the Armada. It seemed to me—and you will pardon the absurdity of the illustration, for I know of nothing else that will quite match it—that it is very like the case of the drunken sailor, who, happening into a religious meeting one night, and hearing a most moving and touching representation of the crucifixion, went out in the street, and knocked down the first Jew he met. And, when the Jew expressed his resentment, and said that the crucifixion happened two thousand years ago, the sailor said he didn't care, he had only just heard of it.

This hating and killing people to-day on account of something that happened in the reign of Queen Elizabeth seems a peculiar sentiment to animate the breast of intelligent and cultivated women in New York in the nineteenth century. It seems to me that it shows something hateful and hideous in human nature not yet outgrown. Take the most of us who are civilized, and uncover that which is boiling up within us, and there is the barbarism and animalism there still,—like the seething under the surface that now and then finds vent in an earthquake or a volcano. We are only a little civilized, and on the surface, after all.

Let us have the war through, then, fight it vigorously, end it as soon as we may; but let us not indulge in hatred and revenge. We pity our soldiers who must go into battle and die. Are these Spanish soldiers who go into battle and die, personally to be less pitied? Do their wives and sweet-hearts love them less than ours love us? Will the home be less desolate when they return to it no more? Let us fight, and fight it through; but let us fight like men, and not like wild animals.

Another thing I would deprecate. Let us not show the spirit of the robber. The wars of the old times have been fought for every motive almost except worthy ones,—for ambition, for glory, for robbery, for conquest. The old spirit Wordsworth has summed up in lines which are familiar to you,—

“Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

That is the way the old-time wars have been fought out. We may indeed find ourselves obliged to keep possession of Cuba or the Philippine Islands. We have broken down, or helped break down, or are breaking down, such governments as have existed. We are under moral obligation to

see to it that their last case shall not be worse than the first. And, in order to do this, it may be necessary for us to keep possession of these islands, and to govern them ourselves. But, if we do, let us do it in such a spirit, and let us carry it in such a way, that history shall have no ground to charge us with having the possession of these islands as a motive or mainspring and spirit of the war. Let us recognize the fact that robbery on a national scale is no less robbery than in the case of the man starving whom we put in prison for taking a loaf of bread. National robbers are big enough to escape because there is no power to capture and punish them. It is the little criminals who are not able to go free.

And, then, once more, let us not fight in a spirit of self-righteousness. I detect a note now and then in personal conversation, and especially in the newspapers, which indicates a feeling that we are set apart providentially to straighten out the tangle of affairs and right the wrongs of the world. Possibly we are; and the rough part of this rôle, at any rate, may be assigned us. But, if it be true, let us not disfigure our work by the assumption that we are holy, and that those who differ from us are necessarily wrong. It seems to me strange to note in the newspapers how this religious spirit manifests itself on the different sides of the conflict. The Catholic Church, for example, is officially authorized in this country to pray for the arms of America: the Catholic Church over on the other side is praying for the arms of Spain. We are all occupied in, or in danger of occupying, the attitude of supposing that we can persuade the Almighty to make mighty our guns, to re-enforce our battalions, to help us to a victory which shall lift us up and glorify our power. Let us recall again the words—I cannot help repeating them—given utterance to by President Lincoln, when he said that he was not at all troubled about getting God on his side: he was only anxious to get on God's side.

Let us not think that we can persuade the Almighty of

this universe to take sides with us, as he was supposed to have done in the battles of Joshua in ancient times. God's pathway leads straight on,—the path of righteousness and truth; and we can have Omnipotence our helper only as we get into accord with righteousness and truth. And this Omnipotent Power can, will, grind and crush whatever gets in its way. Let us not, then, assume that we are better than others, and can therefore persuade God to come to our help and put our enemies to confusion. Let us rather humbly and simply try to find out where the right way is.

When I look over the history of the government of this city of ours, when I note what has gone on the last twenty years in our neighbor city of Philadelphia, when I study the working of municipal affairs in Chicago, I cannot persuade myself that we are so free from any vices or wrongs in our governmental affairs that we can be appointed the judge of the condition of our neighbor. Whatever task is assigned us, let us humbly and simply try to carry it out, and thank God if we may be the instruments in his hands of helping on a little better condition of human affairs.

I wish to turn now for a moment, and look at Spain. I have very little respect, in one way, for the condition of Spain. I have very little hope for its future. As a matter of fact, I suppose there is no sort of question that the Latin races are falling behind in the onward march of man, and are destined to fall behind more and more; and the English and Germanic races, and possibly the Slav, are coming to the front. But have we not enough chivalry in us to remember the history of Spain, and to pity her a little in her misfortune? Suppose we say that she herself is to blame for what she is. Perhaps it is true. Still, if one has been misguided and has gone wrong, shall we withhold all compassion for that? Spain was once the grandest country in Europe, the proudest, the most magnificent in her power. And let us remember that it was Spanish enterprise that sought out for us this New World where we are finding our opportunity.

What was the fault of Spain? It is largely religion, religion misconceived, which has wrought the degeneracy of the Spaniards.

Consider for a moment. Under the influence of religious prejudice, of superstitious fears,—I could show you if I had time,—Spain drove from her borders the Moor; and, when the Moor went, what went with him? Science, secular education, free study, and expanse of human knowledge,—those went with him. And then, under this same misguided religious impulse, Spain for a long period of time persistently pursued the policy of making it impossible for a man to have a new thought, or, if he had it, to utter it. To have a new idea was a crime in Spain, unless you concealed it, and made yourself a hypocrite. And the Inquisition removed out of the way all those disturbed with new thoughts, who were not contented with the old ways, so that Spain for centuries has simply been breeding in superstition, ignorance, fear, and the baser qualities of man; and she has done it under the dictation and guidance of the Church that has claimed to speak for God. If we blame her, then, and say it is her fault, let us mix with the blame the tenderness of pity and compassion which sees that through that which is the noblest in us, as well as in other ways, she has gone astray.

It is said that in some places under the city of Madrid to-day, if you dig, you will find the traces of the blood that soaked down through, from so many slaughtered men who dared to think and to speak.

Some years ago I travelled through Spain. It seemed to me that she was side-tracked, that she had no place in the civilization of the modern world. I thought of the bullfight; and I had the feeling, as I saw priests—it was a Sunday afternoon—and tender mothers with little children on the way to the bull-ring, and as I remembered that this was the great national amusement, and as I saw that the picture of the espada, the popular favorite of the year, was

in all the windows, as the popular opera singers are to be found in ours, and noted how characteristic this was of the condition to which the country had come,— I had the feeling that there could be no future for a country like that unless there should some great upheaval come, some rebirth that should enable her to throw off the incubus of her past, her ignorance and superstition, and start out on some new highway of growth.

This, then, is Spain. Spain cannot govern herself or her colonies; but, as we recognize that fact and carry on this war, let us remember the glory of her past, her greatness; and, while we strike, let us do it with a touch of pity, and with a recognition of the sad influences through the ages that have made her what she is.

I would like to enforce upon people more frequently, over and over again, how true it is that conditions, circumstances, determine what we shall be. For example, during the late war between the North and the South, the difference between the North and the South was not the difference of virtue on one side the line and vice on the other. It was a difference of birth, of environment, of training. Lincoln was broad enough to see this, and man enough to say, what was undoubtedly true, that, if we had been born in the same conditions and trained in the same way, we should have looked at the problem from the same point of view that they did.

So let us remember that, however misguided people may be, however much they may fight against the advance of the world, they personally may be in condition not to call out any righteous hate or anger on our part, but rather the tenderest pity and care.

Then I wish to ask you to note another thing. They tell us that the Spaniards do not know how to fight on the modern battle-ships. Probably they do not in a way to match English or American skill; for England and America are the two great mechanical nations of the world. But, if

the Spaniards do not know how to fight, or do not know how to fight skilfully, they do know how to die, and to die like heroes. I have here the word of the captain of the "Boston," which took part in the battle at Manila Bay, and a word of Commodore Dewey, now Admiral Dewey, which I wish to read. The captain of the "Boston" went with the flag of truce. He said: "You combated us with four very bad ships, not war-ships. We have never before seen braver fighting under such unequal conditions. It is a great pity you exposed your lives on vessels not fit for fighting." And Dewey sent a message to Montojo, which said, "I have pleasure in grasping your hand and offering my congratulations on the gallant manner in which you fought."

This is the spirit with which the men who are actually engaged in the conflict, and who are noble and appreciative men, feel towards an enemy. He is not the best fighter — though men used to suppose he would be — who is the most an animal, who feels the berserker rage for blood, and is mad with the taste of the flesh of an adversary. The best fighters we had in our late war were the most civilized, cultivated, humane people, — men who had climbed up out of the animal into the man; the ones who exposed their lives, were willing to lose their lives, to take life, for principle, but who were ready to manifest every sympathy and extend all tokens of appreciation and care. They were fighting — not men: they were hating — not men. They were hating the evil, and fighting for a principle, and to deliver the men who were the victims of evil ideas, and to lead them up into the higher. That is civilized war.

I can have only respect for men who can do as did those on one of the Spanish ships. When the commander saw that his case was hopeless, did he surrender, beg for mercy? He had his flag nailed to the mast, and went down fighting, knowing he was going down. I have very little respect for any man who can look at a scene like that without his head

bared in reverent admiration; and I care not who it is that is doing the fighting, whether he is called friend or foe. As the great French general said when the Six Hundred made their famous charge at Balaklava, "It is magnificent, but it is not war." So it seems to me that this going down with your flag nailed to the mast is not war; but it certainly is magnificent, and is fitted to call out, on the part of those that fight men who can die like that, a different feeling from mere contempt or hate.

Let us remember, friends, there can be no great glory, in a national sense of that word, in a successful outcome of this war. Note what I mean, do not misunderstand me. This is a nation of seventy millions, with unbounded resources. Spain has eighteen millions, no money, and the people starving and rioting for bread in her streets. There can be no great glory, I say, in the mere fact that we can whip Spain. Of course, we can whip her. She may or may not win in one battle or another; but there is no question as to the outcome. Since, then, we cannot win glory in the mere fact of beating so small and so weak an enemy, let us win that higher glory that comes from displaying a noble and humane spirit in the conflict, and fighting not only for the welfare of America, but fighting for the higher and nobler welfare of Spain.

Then let us remember just one more thing. From her own point of view Spain is fighting for principle as much as we. She is fighting for the integrity of her kingdom. She is fighting for the stability of her throne. And those who are opposed to us are earnest, religious in their aspirations and feelings, and looking to God for guidance and help as they strike their blows.

Now at the end, friends, let us note that a war, if it must be carried on, in order to be a noble war, one of which we can be proud, one for which historians need not have to apologize, must be for some grand end. I hope we shall be worthy of our traditions. We have had four wars in our

history. Three of them have been noble: three of them have been for principle, have been for freedom, have been for righteousness, have been for the advancement of mankind. The other was one, whatever the outcome may have been, of which no true American could be other than ashamed. It was a war for the gaining of territory, to make it possible for us to extend the area of human slavery.

Let this war, then, be a grand and noble one. Let us remember that among things we have a right to fight for are freedom of limb and freedom of mind. We have a right to fight, so that those who are struggling close beside us and who need our aid may become free. If there is no other way of delivering Cuba, then the war is fully and grandly justified. We have a right to see to it that an island close by our shores shall not be a breeding-place of pestilence. We have a right to battle to help on the progress and welfare of mankind. We have a right to join with any other people on the face of the earth to help on the next step that leads to a higher and better condition for the world.

But, as we become noble, humane, true, we shall recognize the fact that the spirit with which we carry on these wars is as important as the aims and objects of the wars themselves. Let us be true and noble men, and show to all the world that we are not seeking glory, not seeking that which belongs to another; that we are not seeking revenge, but that we are fighting for right and truth and love, fighting to help bring in that time when war shall cease and the kingdom of God shall be known all over the earth.

What song shall America sing,
 Young heir of the elder world,
 Whose knee ne'er bent to tyrant king,
 Whose banner defeat ne'er furl'd?
 A song for the brave and the free,
 No echo of antique rhyme,
 But a shout of hope for the day to be,
 The light of the coming time!

From the dark lowlands of the past,
 Swelling loud o'er the victim's cries,
 The hero's shout sweeps up the blast
 While wounded Freedom dies.
 The drum's dull beat and the trumpet's blare
 From the far-off years are heard ;
 But the pæan of kings is man's despair,
 And the hope of the world deferred.

'Tis the song of the free we sing,
 Of the good time not yet born,
 Where each man of himself is king,
 Of a day whose gladsome morn
 Shall see the earth beneath our feet
 And a fair sky overhead,
 When those now sad shall find life sweet,
 And none shall hunger for bread.

Sing then our American Song !
 'Tis no boast of triumphs won
 At the price of another's wrong
 Or of foul deeds foully done :
 We fight for the wide world's right,
 To enlarge life's scope and plan,
 To flood the earth with hope and light,
 To build the kingdom of Man !

Father, in Thy spirit, with Thy love animating our hearts,
 and with devotion to the welfare of mankind, may we carry
 on this war, so that our victory may be untainted, untar-
 nished, being a triumph not for ourselves alone, but for
 those who are conquered as well,—a triumph for the highest
 and noblest things in them and in us. Amen.

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IS GOD AFAR OFF OR NEAR?

I TAKE my text from the twenty-third chapter of the Book of Job, the third, eighth, ninth, and tenth verses: "Oh that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat! Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: On the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him: But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

In the most comprehensive sense of the word, God is the one answer of all human wants. The intellect wishes to believe in infinite order in the midst of the apparent confusion of the worlds. If it may believe in God, the thought, the life, the soul of the universe, then this wish is answered. The heart in the midst of the confusions, the contradictions of love and hate, longs for some perfect good, something that embodies all its highest ideals. If God exist, and if all the apparent good around us is only a partial manifestation of his love and power which is growing through the ages and going on toward completion, then the heart may be satisfied. The conscience longs to believe in some perfect righteousness in the face of all the manifestations of evil, the unattained ideals, the hopes that do not come to fruition, in the midst of the thwarted and blasted lives all around us. It longs to believe that there is some outcome, some When and some Where to crown and justify it all. If God exist, a power that makes for righteousness, and if all that we see is only the imperfection of that which is going onto become perfect, then the conscience may be

satisfied. And so, in whatever direction we look, men have always longed after God, and in the words of Job, or at any rate in accordance with the thought of those words, have been saying, "Oh that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat, might present my cause before him, receive courage and heart and comfort and strength to endure!"

If we may, then, believe in a present God, a God near by, a God who cares, why, then, we can bear anything, we can do anything, we can walk through any darkness, we can face any enemy. Though we stumble over any obstacle, we can rise again. In the midst of poverty, outcast,—no matter what,—we can be patient and we can be strong.

The old conception of God, as every one knows, is fading away. In the old days, if men did believe in the devil, they believed in God, too. He was close by; and he sometimes, so far at least as his favorites were concerned, would confound the works of the devil. But in the minds of multitudes at the present time not only has the devil become a myth; but God also is fading away so as to hardly have the appearance of reality.

Before coming to the question as to whether God may be thought of as very near to us, "a present help," as the old Psalmist phrases it, I wish to ask you to note with me some of the old-time thoughts about him, and see by what process the world has been gradually removing him away out of actual, realizable contact with life. The old Greeks and Romans, the common people, believed in a very present God, or gods, who were always ready to help. Every hearthstone in those old days was an altar; and the Lares and Penates were household, family deities, partaking of the same life, perhaps, or beings who used to live here on earth, their ancestors. Or, at any rate, they were spiritual beings, very powerful, very near, easily placated, easily persuaded to help, and always ready to respond to their call. And among other people substantially the same ideas prevailed. The Gods

were located. Every little while they appeared to one of them, to somebody, talked with him, made him promises. To Moses he was in the burning bush ; to Jacob, where he slept and where the next morning after his wonderful vision he set up a pillar in memory of the fact that this was veritably the house of God and the gateway of heaven.

Among all peoples, then, in this primitive time, the Gods were very near at hand, easily to be reached, ready always to help. In the time of Rebecca it must have seemed very easy to have access to the gods. You remember that naïve, simple story of Rebecca,—how, when she was going away from home, she wished to have the favor and power of the family Gods stay with her ; and so she stole the divine images, hid them in her camel's furniture, and, lest they should be found and taken away from her, sat upon them. Portable gods that can be carried about in that way must give a very realizing sense of some spiritual and helping force. Then, throughout the earlier part, at any rate, of the Hebrew history, God was supposed to be a veritable presence in the sacred box which they called the ark ; and they carried their God from place to place with them, took him with them when they went into battle. He could be captured by the Philistines and taken away from them for a time, then recovered once more. Then by and by, as civilization advanced and they built their magnificent temple on Mount Moriah, the centre of the sacred city, the ark and the Divine Presence were supposed to be in the holy of holies, the inner sanctuary of the temple. Here God, although they had already begun to think of him as inhabiting the highest heaven,—here he manifested himself, made his presence peculiarly and specially known ; and the Hebrews from different parts of the country could make a pilgrimage up to Jerusalem, and through the mediation of the high priest come into the immediate presence of their God and receive the assurance of his forgiveness and favor.

But the process of the growth of thought went on ; and by

and by the temple is destroyed, the ark and its contents disappear forever, and the God of the little tribe, the people of Israel, is lifted into heaven, and becomes the God, not of Israel only, but of the whole earth, of all the nations of the world. And, when that process had become complete in popular thought, philosophers speculated and refined it until he seemed to be very far away from the common life of the people. Philo, for example, the great Jewish philosopher, says that we must not even say that God is good, or that he is great, or that he is mighty, because these words are so utterly inadequate. We cannot say what he is: we may only say that he is. God, as another of the old writers said, is in heaven, and we are on earth; therefore, our words should be few. And in the later stages of Jewish religious life they held the name of Jehovah in such reverence that they did not ever speak it. They substituted for it, even in their services another name, less sacred, and that they might dare to take upon their lips.

So the process of removing God away from actual contact with the life of the people went on. In a certain way Jesus helped on that process when he told the woman sitting on the well at Samaria that God was not to be worshipped on Mount Gerizim or on Mount Moriah, either; that he was Spirit; and that he could be worshipped anywhere by those who worshipped him in spirit and in truth. He ceased, in other words, to be a located God, a God approachable on the part of the common people.

Another process of thought went on. People came to believe that matter was evil, essentially evil, and that God, who was pure Spirit, was at an infinite remove from matter; that he could not have anything to do with it; that he did not even create it, that it was the work of a sub or delegated deity. We have helped—and by “we” I mean Christendom through all ages—to remove God in another way from common contact with our daily life. We have divided the world and all its affairs into sacred and secular. God is

in one day of the week especially: the other days we are apt to think we are away off from him, engaged in our worldly affairs. We consecrate a church; and we think that God, in some peculiar and special way, is there. We do not consecrate our homes, our offices, our stores, in such a way as to think that God just as really is there, and that in our business life we are in actual contact with him. So, in literature, Job and some of the Psalms, certain chapters of Isaiah, are sacred poetry. All the rest of the world's poetry is profane. Sacred writings, a few; secular writings, many. And then in regard to this world. We are taught that God created it, and that it was all good at the outset; but soon the people rebelled, an evil power took possession, so that it is not God's holy sacred world all through any more, as it was at the beginning. So the process goes on of removing God from actual contact with our daily life.

There is another process that I must just refer to, connected with the scientific thought of the world. There are large numbers of writers who are telling us that religion inheres in the peculiar, in the special, the exception; that, just as fast as the world is reduced to order, just so fast it comes under the dominion of law, and God is left out. This is what Martin Luther thought when he said that Newton's discovery of the law of gravity was anti-religious, because it took the sun and the stars and the worlds out of God's hands, and put them into the keeping of a law. So large numbers of modern writers imitate this idea, and say that, if you wish to find God, you must find him in miracle, in the exception, in the unnatural or non-natural, and that the science of the world must take him away from us.

Now let us see how far this is true. The science of the world, in one sense, has taken God away. It has taken away all these old conceptions of God of which I have been speaking. We cannot any longer use, except as a poetic figure of speech, the old terms about God's being in heaven; for, when those phrases came into use, heaven was a

real place just a little way above the blue dome. Science has dissolved all these domes, so that the universe stretches out on every hand,—limitless space; no up, no down, any longer,—one infinite sweep of space, crowded by infinite and countless clusters of stars and worlds.

Suppose we try now, as has been done by a good many preachers and theologians, to locate God and heaven somewhere in this modern universe. Alas! if we do, we must put him very far away. Suppose, even, he were on our sun. I know the old Hebrew writer thought that heaven was up above the blue; and yet it was so near that, while the prophet Daniel was praying, an angel touched him on his shoulder before his prayer was finished, coming with the answer. And there is one of the legendary stories of Mohammed that seems to annihilate distance, space. It says that he was visited by an angel and taken up into heaven, passing through all the seven heavens one after the other, conversing with the different prophets who had preceded him, and receiving instructions from God himself; and that all this was done so quickly that he was brought back in time to save a pitcher of water from spilling which had been touched by the wing of the angel when they first set out.

But let us see how far God would be away from our imagination even if we located heaven in the sun. Figures do not mean anything, but perhaps an illustration like this may: If Shakspeare had started on a train of cars going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, twenty-four hours a day, every day in the week, every week in the month, every month in the year, and had been travelling toward the sun from that day to this, it would take him at least fifty years longer to reach it. If we locate God, then, in the sun he is not the near God, the present help, that the soul longs for, that we desire in our Father and Friend and Keeper.

Science, they say, has taken God away from us; science has put us in the keeping of force and law. Let us see a moment if this is true. We stand here and look around us

over this earth, at the beautiful stars over our heads that night reveals to us; and what shall we think about it all? The subject is so large I hardly know where to begin or at what point to pick up an illustration. I must touch one or two things which may perhaps suggest to you the whole. We talk about the law of gravitation, the force of gravitation. It is a force that reaches from the sun to the earth without taking in the process any appreciable time. It is instantaneous, whatever it may be. We talk about Newton's discovering it. What did he do? He simply at last came to understand a fact which demonstrated that a certain unknown power acts in a certain way. Did he explain anything? He explained nothing. For what is this power of gravitation? What is this which grasps the worlds in its arms, that holds them in their positions, that keeps them in their unerring round, their magnificent order? We call it gravity; but law is not power,—law is only a name, a label for a process, for something that we recognize as going on around us. So, when we have said "force" and when we have said "law," we have explained nothing; and we are compelled, it seems to me, to go back of all thought of law and force, and come into the presence of an intelligence and a life manifesting itself as force and in accordance with law. So it seems to me that scientific reason itself compels us to recognize that all the worlds are in the immediate hands of God; and we can say with Kepler that, if we think of these things, we are simply thinking God's thoughts over after him.

We take up in our hand a particle of matter,—dirt, if you choose to call it; for dirt is only matter out of its proper place. We ask what it is. They talk about "dead matter," and some power as working on this dead matter, and shaping it after this form or that.

But let us see if we can try to find out what it is. We pursue it until we are in the presence, imaginatively, of the atom, the ultimate atom, which no stretch of our power of

sight has ever been able to approach. What is an atom? Faraday talks about "a point of force." What is "a point of force"? Other scientists to-day are beginning to talk about "vortexes,"—"vortex atoms," "vortex movements of the ether," a finer kind of matter which we only discover through reason, and which nobody ever saw or touched or handled. You say matter does everything. Is it matter that colors the flower? Is it matter that is fragrant in the rose? Is it matter that looks out of the eyes of a little child into mine? matter that glows on the cheek, matter that laughs on the lips, matter that shapes the viewless air in speech, matter that creates the songs, the anthems, the oratorios of the world, matter that dreams dreams and sees visions, matter that has written the wonderful plays of Shakspeare, matter that has taught the divine ideals and given us the precepts of Jesus? Is this matter? If so, then you have simply changed the definition of matter, and made it something that thinks, something that feels, that loves, that hopes: you have made it human, you have made it divine. If you say that there is something back of matter, that thinks and works through it, then what is it? Power, a law, force? These mean nothing. If you say that matter is the garment of God, eternally woven, eternally unravelled and woven again, that God dominates matter and uses it; or if you say that God is inherent in matter,—say what you please,—here is thought, here is love, here is hope, here is tenderness and pity; and all these things that are manifested within the range of our human life are only tiny, partial manifestations of that which is unexhausted, infinite on every hand, and which reaches forth forever, the promise of something higher and finer still to be. Whatever your thought about it or however you talk about it, we are in the presence of an infinite and eternal Being, our Father, our Mother, who has made us, in whose favor is life, on whom we depend every moment for all that we desire, who was here before we were born, who will be here after we have

passed away,—eternal, infinite, wondrous, beyond any power of speech. Well may Wordsworth sing in words trite because so wonderful and so often quoted, where he speaks of

“ A Presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thought ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit that impels
All living things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”

And well may Pope put what is at least a partial truth into the wonderful words, as they seem to me :—

“ All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same ;
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame ;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives in all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph, that adores and burns :
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. ”

Whatever we choose to say, then, we are in the presence of this infinite, wondrous, inexplicable life ; and I know of no word that we may use in the attempt to symbolize and express it so fit as the word God.

Science, then, in giving us these magnificent conceptions of the modern world, although it has destroyed the old and partial and inadequate thoughts, has given us back, it seems to me, the near, the present, the immanent God, so that he is nearer to us than the world ever dreamed, nearer than he

was to the old Hebrew when he was just up above the blue, when he was in the holy of holies in the temple, nearer than he was when they were carrying him about in the ark, nearer than the household deity symbolized by the fire, nearer than anything that is merely outside of us, though it touch us, though we hold it in our arms.

In the light of what science has to say to us, then, let us think for a moment in regard to this wondrous theme,— see how God has been given back to us in nature. I hold a rose in my hand ; and I am watching the immediate activity, the presence, the power, the beauty, the glory, of God. In the spring I go out in my garden. I have planted a seed ; and by and by a little tiny blade begins to push the earth one side, and creep up into the sunlight. I kneel down, and watch it ; and I am looking into the very workshop of God. I am seeing him create all this beauty and all this wonder. I sit by the seashore when I am tired, and watch the waves lap on the sand at my feet ; and I think this is the result of the tides, and my imagination goes out two hundred thousand miles away to the moon. And I say, The moon creates these tides ; but I must travel farther yet, to the sun, for that also is concerned in this mystery that is so commonplace and yet so inexplicable. But moon and sun are nothing except as manifestations of that Infinite Power that is back of all phenomena, that one infinite and eternal Energy, as Herbert Spencer says, of which all the phenomenal universe is only a partial manifestation, this life that is of all items of human knowledge most certain. God, then, is in the music of the tiny waves as they soothe my weary brain. I rest in God as really as though he took me in his arms and clasped me to his heart. I listen to the winds, hear the music of the leaves ; and I cannot explain it any better than to borrow the old Hebrew poet's figure of speech when he talks about the chariot of God moving in the tops of the mulberry-trees. It is God's life in the winds, God's music in the greenery that canopies my head.

And so, whichever way I look, the natural world is instinct with God, thrilling with a divine life in every part, and bringing me close into contact with the God who is never very far away from any one of us.

Turn now to our human occupations. I said a little while ago that during six days of the week men imagined they were living secular lives, away from religion, and as if, when they allowed religion to have enough to do with their daily life to keep them honest, they felt they had done all. They do not feel any necessity of finding that this secular life is sacred, and that it is God in whose presence they are living, and that it is God's power which is helping them to be honest in their daily avocations. Let us see for a moment what is the case with the agriculturist, the farmer. He scratches the surface of the earth a little, and drops his seed. Does he make it grow? He simply waits on God,—God's sun, God's rain, the mysterious and inexplicable forces, the divine forces that operate on seed and soil and air; and God gives him the increase. Then when he comes to the work of distribution: what is it when a train starts and rushes across a plain, over rivers, through gorges, tunnelling mountains, carrying the provisions of the world, keeping up the work of the world's exchange? Is it the glory of Watt and Stephenson only that are apparent here? What did Watt and Stephenson do? Simply discovered the mysterious, divine power that inheres in every drop of water, turned it into steam, invented machinery adapted to the working of these eternal and tireless energies,—that is all. So that it is God who sweeps the plains and tunnels the mountains with our flying trains, as really as though they were carried by harnessed angels,—God working for us in every direction. The sun gathers up the mists from valleys and seas, and the clouds bear them on. They are condensed by coming into contact with the cold. The mist drops as snow or rain and runs down the valleys and the streams, and the rivers rush back to the sea; and man in-

vents machinery, placing it on the banks of the rivers, in connection with the waterfalls, and God turns his wheels for him and makes his machinery hum, and produces all the marvellous results of the mechanical work of the world. It is God who takes our ships across the sea, God in the steam that whirls our engines and makes us able with our great steamers to ride in the face of tide and wind and storm. It is God that we deal with every day in our commonest avocations, if we but had eyes to see and ears to hear and a sense sympathetic to feel. It is God co-operating with us in our commonest avocations.

And so if we come to our common human life. Are we alone and without God here? Let us see. A mother brings an infant into the world; and in the chamber uncover your head, stand hushed and awed in presence of the creative power. God in this new life that has been born to play its little part here on this stage of the world, with a magnificent setting and scenery of star and cloud and sun. Then this mother,—watch her as she cares for the child,—the patience, the tenderness, the love. Let the child prove to be wayward, lead such a life as to break the mother's heart; yet here is love that never is weary, that follows the child, and not because of a return, but because of the child's need. And are we not in the presence of that infinite and eternal love that sends its rain on the evil and the good, shines on the just and the unjust, folds in arms the wanderer, welcomes back the prodigal son, waits on and loves and watches and redeems? And so God is in our common human life everywhere, if we have only open eyes to see, hearts to feel, sympathies to be touched by his presence.

Modern science, then, with its new and grander conceptions of the universe and of human life, has given God back to us after theology and the Church had taken him away; for it is modern science, let me hint here once more, that has demonstrated the futility of all our theories of materialism. The Church has always been afraid of materialism,

has always preached against it, has always fought it, and it has been right in so doing; but it has been afraid of science, too, and it has been wrong in so doing, because it is Science, by her methods of investigation, that has come to the rescue of the grandest and noblest contentions of the Church, and has proved that a materialistic theory of things is unscientific. So science demands that we shall find something back of any dead matter, in order to account for and explain the things that we see.

Living thus in the immediate presence of God, what shall we say? Let us remember, first, to account all life as sacred, get rid of the thought that anything is secular, that any place is profane, that any day is unholy. Let us remember that all our life, if we are true — life in the home, on the street, in the office, in the store, in the factory, in the mines, on the sea or on the shore, wherever we are,— finds its secret and meaning and beauty in the ever-present God,— God who is in us and with us; a God who is nearer to us than the beating of our pulse, a God who is nearer than the throb of the heart, a God who is nearer than the innermost thought of the brain, the secret aspiration of the heart, a God who is the life of all these. Remember, as Tennyson has said, that

“Closer is He than breathing,
And nearer than hands and feet”;

for in him, as the old-time apostles said, in all literalness, “we live and move and have our being.”

And, then, remember that not only is all life sacred, but that no true life can by any possibility be a failure. Take courage, have good heart, face any obstacle without fear, walk in any darkness, knowing you are not alone or deserted. Remember the magnificent faith of one of our American singers, who has said,—

“If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea.”

If we die, we die unto him; and that means life forevermore. If we are defeated, crushed, no matter: nothing can by any means harm us. There can be no real defeat except being unfaithful to the highest and noblest ideals of our life.

And now let me hint at the end that the people who think they doubt or who fear they doubt, or who do not think that they are in any vital contact with God, still do, deep down in their hearts, believe,—they may call it by some other name, but they recognize the great Reality. This thought I have found expressed in these words, that I have long been familiar with, but the authorship of which I do not know:—

“There is no unbelief.

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

“Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
‘Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,’
Trusts the Most High.

“Whoever sees ‘neath winter’s friend of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow
God’s power must know.

“Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

“Whoever says, ‘to-morrow,’ the ‘unknown,’
‘The future,’ trusts the Power alone
He dares disown.

“The heart that looketh on when eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God’s comfort knows.

“There is no unbelief,

And day by day and night, unconsciously,
The heart that lives by faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.”

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WATER TURNED INTO WINE.

As a text, I take a few words from the second chapter of the Gospel according to John, the ninth verse, "The water, now become wine."

You are not to be perplexed or troubled this morning by any discussion on my part concerning the fact or the possibility of miracle. It is something deeper than that which I have in mind. I hope to show you that the divine processes on every hand are something quite as inexplicable, fully as wonderful, as any reported miracle that has come down to us from the past.

Water turned into wine. Let us use this as a parable, a poem, if you choose, a figure of speech, an illustration; and let us see how, from the lowest clear up to the highest, this is the divine method from the beginning, now, always, everywhere. We may find an easy and fitting illustration of it, of its beauty and its wonder, if we merely open our eyes on any one of these spring days. Do you appreciate what a marvel it is when a blade of grass comes up out of the ground, or when, on what has been apparently a dead and dry bush, a bud bursts out, and turns into a flower with all its color and its odor? Lowell has summed up the process in two or three lines in "Sir Launfal," —

"Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Examine, so far as we can, what has been taking place. Here is just soil,—dirt we call it when it gets in our way. We take a seed, which falls into this soil: examine it, take

it all to pieces. You find no life there that is visible to you. Grind it to powder, and it seems like any other dust. But out of this dust, under the influence of sunlight, mixed with a little rain, comes this green blade of grass, comes this bud, comes this opening flower, wonderful in shape, beauty of form, tinted with no end of colors, sweet with a hundred different kinds of fragrance. And in some cases let the blossom be that of a peach or apple, pear or apricot, and the wonder goes on through the summer, and becomes luscious, juicy fruitage. Think a moment: out of this raw material, that had no taste, no color, no form in the sense of beauty, no fragrance, comes all this wonder! Turning water into wine seems cheap and commonplace compared to it. And yet this is what is going on on every hand around us. It is the daily divine method, the process of lifting the low into the high, of transforming the formless into form, the colorless into color, the ugly into beauty, the bitter to sweet.

In the inorganic world a parallel process is taking place. Again, out of these same rough, raw materials,—how, nobody knows, for the world has been seeking to discover the secret for ages, and so far in vain,—the copper and silver and gold, the ruby, the sapphire, the emerald, the diamond,—crystals of wondrous symmetry, colored and thrilling and flooding with light,—all these are produced from the common, that which seems to possess none of the qualities which the final product displays. Man can imitate within certain limits some of these wonders. Chemistry extracts some of its sweetest and most delicate essences from the waste products of the world, even from the sewer and the gutter. It also extracts most beautiful coloring materials and performs a thousand marvels merely by finding out God's methods and, afar off, following them.

And, as we trace the method by which the vegetable processes, the growth of plant and tree, go on, we see a similar thing here. If we go back far enough, we find nothing that to-day we call flowers, nothing that to-day we

call fruits, nothing that to-day we call grains, only rough growths, weeds. But, by the divine alchemy, these weeds became flowers, they became fruits, they became barley and rye and oats and wheat and corn. So here, again, it is the divine method, figuratively speaking, to turn the commonplace water into the life-giving, flashing, beautiful wine.

And we see the same principle illustrated in the evolution of the human race. Now look at the early world. Barbarism everywhere; men naked or dressed merely in skins, hiding in caves for houses; battling against each other instinctively; crouching and trembling with fear at the dark, at the wind, at the river, at the storm,—everything; one huge fear, and him abject in its presence. Who would have dared to prophesy that out of a humanity like that would come Athens, the Italy of the Renaissance, modern Paris, Berlin, London, New York, all the beautiful architecture, all the statuary, all the painting, all the music, all the marvelous things that make up what we call the common civilization of to-day? Here, again, water turned to wine, the lower lifted to the higher, the divine process of transformation going on, making of that which is ugly the beautiful, that which is coarse the refined, that which is hateful the loving, that which is cruel the tender, that which is beastly the human and the angelic.

They used to tell us that there was nothing good in this ordinary, commonplace human nature of ours; that all our faculties were only tendencies to evil; that men gravitated towards the wrong as naturally as the sparks fly upward; that man was only a creature able to hate, a creature of greed, of selfishness, of envies, jealousies, all evil tendencies. We are learning at last that in ordinary human nature there is no fact, no tendency, no faculty, no power, which is essentially or necessarily evil.

Did you ever stop to think that there are only two ways by which anybody can possibly do wrong? You can use some right faculty in excess or you can pervert it. You

cannot possibly do wrong in any other way; and there is nothing in man that is necessarily or inherently evil. Let me illustrate for a moment concerning some of those qualities that generally people are pretty certain to question. Take the quality of hate or anger. Is that necessarily wrong? It is wrong when misdirected or in excess; but, if you hate that which is evil, you cannot hate it too much. It is a wrong only when you hate that which you ought to pity or to love. Take, again, the quality that is called selfishness, self-seeking. I have found very few people who have thought analytically enough to disentangle themselves from a very common confusion in here. We ought to desire everything that is good, everything that is necessary for our life and upbuilding. This is not selfishness: it is simply the natural hunger for the materials on which to grow. We must grow, we must have, if we are to be anything, if we are to become able to serve and help our fellow-men. So here, again, selfishness in that sense is not an evil. Selfishness is wrong only when it is willing to take that which it desires at the expense of the welfare or happiness or the life of another. Take, again, envy, emulation. It may degenerate into bitterness at the success of another: it may simply become a stimulus pushing us along noble and right highways that lead up into the higher things. If we compete with other people in being good, compete in the matter of service, compete in the matter of help, there cannot be too much competition. And, if we develop ourselves in these directions, we only develop an ability to be more and more grandly useful to our fellow-men.

Take ambition: is that wrong? It depends. An ambition like that of Napoleon, willing to trample down thousands for the sake of grasping power; the ambition that is willing to vilify or blacken a rival; the ambition that is willing to climb to its coveted height, no matter at what expense to the welfare of others,—this is only evil. But be ambi-

tious to be noble, to be true, to serve your fellow-men, and then I do not agree with Milton that it is

“That last infirmity of noble minds.”

It may become the crowning glory of a noble mind. So you take any quality of human nature you please; and these things that work evil when used in wrong ways, or used to excess, become transformed into powers and tendencies of good, of truth, of nobility, of loving care.

You see, then, that the divine method here is not to take away or to kill out anything which is a part of human nature,—simply to turn the water into wine again, to transform, to beautify, to glorify the natural until the natural seems to be divine.

Note that this same principle appears as we look out over the commonplace world. Before man had lived in a certain country, what was it? There were so many acres of ground, rivers, lakes, brooks, trees, mountains, a stretch of seashore, and that was all,—common, raw, rough material of soil and tree and rock and water. How different does this become when a little country or a great one has been for years the scene of the history of a people,—when battles have been fought on it, when heroic deeds have been wrought, when lives of study have been lived, when works of consecration and self-sacrifice have been performed, when the country becomes a suggestion at every step of something higher and finer than it was at the outset!

As an illustration, take Scotland. It is a rough country enough; and, if there were nothing there but the lakes and the heather and the hills and the mist, I question whether very many of us would visit it. We do not go to Scotland to-day to see the raw materials of which the country is made. We see it peopled, it is alive, there is romance, a glamour over every hillside. There is a story attached to every stream, every lake has a voice, every mountain lifts us with suggestion. Scott has peopled it. Burns has trod

its common highways; and there are some of his immortal songs about its commonest flowers, about the mouse whose nest is in the furrows, about the birds on the wing and the dogs that he loved, until the whole country has become transformed, become a romance, a poem, a beauty, on account of this marvellous process which has been going on, and turning the commonplace water into the poetic and artistic wine. So any bit of country becomes transformed if a poet looks at it and sings about it, if an artist paints it, if a romanticist tells his story about it. Thus, everywhere, the common earth is becoming transfigured and glorified by the suggestions, the memories, the hopes of humanity.

As I speak, I go back in memory to a little country town in Maine. I see the river emerging from between the hills, — those hills overtopped by the distant mountains, which make a playground for the fancy, the common trees. It is a beautiful town; but there are hundreds of beautiful towns. But I see more than the river. I hear more than the winds in the tree-tops when I am there. I listen to the voices of old playmates that nobody else can hear. I see forms invisible to other eyes. I live over again the days, hallowed by the sacrifices of a hard-working father, made beautiful by the tenderness and love of a mother who was always tenderness and care. And so it is more than a little town down in Maine, more than a place on the map, more than a post-office, more than raw material which the farmers use, or a stream on the banks of which you can build a mill. It is a memory, it is an inspiration, it is a poem, it is art, it is beauty, it is life,— it is all that is fair and sweet, merely because this divine process has been going on, and has transformed these raw and rough and crude materials into living and lasting beauty.

The same principle is illustrated often, and might be illustrated more frequently, in our common daily lives. What is the ordinary life of most of us? We get up in the morning; we dress; we eat breakfast because we are hungry and

must sustain this body ; we go to our business, go through the routine of toil, struggle, fight our little battle, lose or win, as the case may be. We go home at night ; we are very tired ; we eat our dinner ; we play, perhaps, or rest or read, talk with our friends ; go to bed again, utterly weary, to sleep so that we can repeat the same process to-morrow. It looks like a rather intolerable round of weary repetition as we think of the days that make up the weeks and the months and the years. And, if this were all, it would be intolerable ; but other and finer essences have to be considered. There are friendships and loves, and dreams and hopes and aspirations. There are memories. There are hours of communing with our friends and of communion with God ; and there is a purpose in it all,— the education of the children, perhaps ; care for father or mother in their age, some one depending on us. There are spiritual ends and issues that redeem, transform, lift up, beautify, glorify all this round of commonplace until, in pursuing these spiritual ends and aims, we forget all about this eternal repetition of the commonplaces of life in the living and spiritual glory of those engaged in occupations not unworthy of the angels in the very presence chamber of God. The drudgery, the care, the worry of the mother ; the disappointments, the successes, the failures, the losses of the father,— all these are mere incidents : it is a spiritual road we are walking and spiritual ends we are reaching out after, higher and finer things than these, that seem to us, when we look at them alone, poor and sordid.

I could show how the same thing applies to the merchant as he carries on his business, if there were time and it were worth while. If he regards himself only as engaged in buying or selling wheat or lumber or groceries, then his life may be a bare or poor one. If he remembers that he is playing a part in the great world's exchange, helping on the processes out of which have come the highest and finest civilization, if he thinks of the countries that produce the

materials of his trade, the peoples, their history, and thinks of himself as only a part in this great network of wonderful human life, then the ideal confronts him; and he is lifted out of the common into the strange, the noble, the beautiful.

I have touched on these different phases of the theme, because I wish to impress upon you the fact that this is God's method everywhere, from the beginning as far as we can see towards the endless outcome of the future, from the lowest clear up to the highest.

I wish now to suggest to you a few practical and, I trust, helpful lessons as we confront some of the sadder facts of life. There are a great many persons who start out as Jacob did on his journey,—young, full of dreams. They lie down upon the barest place; but their imagination and their youthful enthusiasm turn it into Bethel, the house of God, the gate of heaven. They see the angels ascending and descending; and it is a wonder world to them at every step. But they go on; and all this gradually fades as the mists of the morning fade, as the tender color fades out of the sky until it becomes hard in the glare of the noon, and the road is dusty and they are weary. Their illusions, perhaps, have gone. They have loved; and the object of their love has proved unworthy. They have sought social success, and have found, what so many people find, that, if they look for anything very fine and high in this direction, they are disillusioned, that it is a rather low and common and vulgar kind of competition, the desire to outshine or outdisplay somebody else,—very little in it to feed a man on finest things; and they turn their backs upon society. They have started in to make money, believing that, if they could gain success here, they would have at least in their hands the power by which they might transform all the supposed evil of life into good. They may have succeeded. Only by the time that they have multiplied care and worry and thought in the process of accumulation, they find out how bitter and how selfish and how mean and poor human nature can be.

I have a business friend in Boston who has told me that the outcome of his business experiences is that he has failed entirely to have any such ideal of humanity as he thinks I cherish. He says, "If you could have dealt with men day by day as I do, you would have found they are not the angelic or excellent kind of creature you think them at all." Or, perhaps, they have failed in making money, and stand in their middle or old age battling still for life, when they expected to have peace and ease in their old age. In whatever direction, they have become disillusioned. They say of the world it seems hollow to them, it seems poor, that life is hardly worth while,—were it not for the cowardice or disgrace of the thing, they would have done with it. There are a great many people, I think, of this mood of mind. But I do not think there is any need of any man's staying in this mood of mind. I believe that the same principle we have been dealing with may be applied right here. A man may fail on the lower levels of life; but, if he is wise, he will not make up his mind that that is all there is to it. He will climb up on to some higher level out of these material successes or failures,—up into the mind, up into the heart, up into the spiritual nature,—and will know that all these experiences are capable of being transformed, made over, glorified. There is no failure for any man so long as he keeps a firm grip on the hand of God, and keeps faith in himself and in the outcome of things.

There is another way in which this principle can be applied to our human lives. We all of us constantly make mistakes, we are all of us every little while facing failures. We are facing something worse than that: we are facing that which for lack of a better name we are compelled to think of as sins, as moral wrongs. We know, as we look back, that we have not always done the best we could. We have not always been true to our highest ideals. We have been willing to do things which have injured the lives of other people, and all of this merely for our own sakes. But

here, again, there is no failure, unless we lose heart. No man can do anything without making mistakes, and no man has lived who has not consciously done wrong; but shall we give up for this? Shall we merely cry out to God for a cheap verbal forgiveness that leaves us just where we were before, or shall we understand that out of the materials of our blunders and our sins we can construct a nobler thought and a higher life?

And we may learn something that perhaps an angel is not able to understand: we may learn sympathy, we may learn tenderness. Do you know, I have been acquainted with some people who, I think, would have been all the better if they had sinned; that is, sinned consciously. It is a very striking fact to me, as I study the life of Jesus, that all his bitterness is for good people or people who thought they were good. Never a word except unspeakable tenderness for people who knew that they had soiled their robes and had fallen into evil. It was the self-righteous people that he blasted with the bitterness of his breath. If these people who think they are so good that they shrink from contact with sinners, from common people, who have no pity, no sympathy for those who go astray, if they could be tempted some time and fall, it might be the better for them. For they would learn the divine touch of community with weakness, they would learn sympathy, they would learn pity, they would learn help. I do not believe it is possible for God to make a being suddenly and outright morally perfect. We become fine and beautiful and noble through the experiences of falling and rising again; and we learn that infinite sympathy that takes all the weaknesses and frailty in its arms, not because it loves evil, but because it loves people who are evil and wants to love them out of it.

Here, again, then, out of our sins, out of this commonplace life, can be wrought and transformed the beauty and glory of the highest and finest moral stature of manhood and womanhood.

There is another aspect of life that I wish to touch on for a moment. I have been talking only recently with a woman, more heart-broken, it seems to me, than any one I have seen for many a long year. The one tenderest object of her love was suddenly taken away ; and she says that she has always felt that the day when her boy died she must die, too,— that life meant nothing when he was gone. This is an illustration of what is not an uncommon experience. All of us, if we live long ourselves, have to say good-by to somebody dearer to us than life, so that our lives are full of these losses,— sorrows that seem to drape the heavens in mourning, put out the light of the sun or make it seem an impertinence, turn all the beauty and song and joy of nature into a discord, and make us feel that there is nothing left worth our while to live for. Now, friends, there are several ways by which we can meet experiences like these. We may sit down selfishly, and simply brood and mourn, and accuse high heaven. We may say, “ We will have nothing more to do with life,” and violently thrust open the door and rush out into the beyond. Is that the nobler way? Is either of these the nobler way?

Let me suggest two or three other things that can be done. Here is a woman. You find her, perhaps, living in some college settlement. She is chastened and sober, and yet glad, apparently, in the ability which she has to help her fellow-creatures. But her life is alone. If you could go back and read its history, you would find, perhaps, a lover, or some dear friend that was leaned on in the past, who has been taken away ; and she has bravely gathered up herself, and, with the memory of these for inspiration, has consecrated her life to the service of the world.

You will find another woman — we speak of her, perhaps, as an “ old maid ” — who is living with a sister as the years go on, devoting herself to this sister’s children, sharing the life of her sister’s home. If you were able to untangle the possible history of her life, you might find that it was some-

thing similar to that which I have just referred to. As in the case of the other, a blighted life, in a way, so far as her own personal happiness is concerned, but finding happiness in self-forgetting love and devoted service for somebody else.

And so all over the world you may come across these cases. It may be a woman in a hospital, devoting herself year by year to some noble form of charity. If we will, if we can appreciate that there are these high possibilities in us, then we can transform even the sorrows, the moans, the heartache, and complaints of our lives into glory and service and music and poetry.

And, if it be true, as I believe it is, that those we love and call lost are not lost, have only gone a little way before us, is it not the worthier, the nobler thing for us for their sakes to so serve here that, when we face them, when we take them by the hand, we can say: "If you were able to look over the path of our lives that we were treading alone, you were able to see that we did not even let your loss make us selfish, make us poor, make us mean. We braced ourselves in the thought of it, and made it a motive for something grander and finer"?

And so in every department of life you may see the working of this principle. You may note that the working of it is possible if only we will. At the end, then, one or two suggestions. As we note that this is God's method from the beginning as far as we can see and from the lowest up to the highest that we can discern, is it not reasonable for us to have a little more practical and helping faith in God? Is it not altogether reasonable for us to believe and, because we believe, to be strong?

In the next place, may we not learn not to judge results until we see results, not to judge processes until they are complete? One of the grandest lessons of the great science of evolution, which is being proved more and more to be the universal method of God, is that things are not finished. John Stuart Mill judged the universe, but he judged

it before he knew about evolution ; and evolution is a complete answer to his judgment. The universe is in process, man is in process, our lives are in process, the development of the soul is in process. Let us wait until the process is finished ; then, if it be unworthy, pronounce judgment.

And, then, may we not keep faith in ourselves ? May we not learn the patience of waiting, may we not learn to be strong, may we not learn to believe that there is something in us finer and nobler than has yet been,—for the outcome of this life, if it be anything, is the development of a soul ? All the raw and rough and crude materials of the universe, of experience, the processes through which we pass, find their reason, their outcome, simply here : this fine essence of a human soul in the likeness of the Father, a soul that thinks and that loves, that is tender and pitiful and sympathetic and helpful and serving, a soul that is self-forgetting,—this is the quintessence of life, the one thing to justify all the processes, the one thing to reach forward towards. And, if out of these experiences we get to this, then such a thing as failure is impossible. There can be no failure ; and there is only one thing fatal in human life, and that is despair. So long as we trust and believe and follow, so long all things are possible.

Dear Father, may we co-operate with Thee in this great faith, this great trust, this great hope, not judging things by what they are to-day, but using all these commonplace experiences of ours as material out of which to produce something fine, sweet, and true of character, of advance !

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

<i>Price, Paper, per Copy,</i>	<i>.</i>	<i>20 cents.</i>
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatise. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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RECREATION AND LIFE

A PRE-VACATION SERMON

GEO. H. ELLIS
141 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1897

NOTE.

With this sermon *Messiah Pulpit* closes for the current year. Dr. Savage is going away for a much-needed and long rest. The issue of his sermons will be resumed in October, and will be continued to all present subscribers, unless otherwise ordered.

RECREATION AND LIFE.

THE subject on which I am to speak this morning is "Recreation and Life,"—a pre-vacation sermon.

My text I have chosen from the First Letter of Paul to the church in Corinth, the ninth chapter and twenty-fourth verse: "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all,"—that is, all run,— "but one receiveth the prize. So run that ye may obtain."

The New Testament writers were accustomed to choose illustrations for the spiritual truths which they wished to impart from the commonest experiences of life. I presume that Paul, when he was a young man, like most young men, may have been intensely interested in the athletic sports of his time. At any rate, more than once he draws his illustrations from these sources. As we read him, we see the arena with the thousands and thousands of excited spectators rising tier on tier, and bending eagerly over to witness the contest that is taking place. He pictures this life of ours that we are running as a race. He calls attention to the fact that those who ran in these ancient contests ran for a perishable crown not only, but for a crown which only one of the contestants could win. They all run, he says, but only one can gain the prize. But I suggest the contrast between that and our life race in hinting the fact that we can all win the life prize if we will. And I will suggest the complement of that fact by saying that we can all lose it. There is no necessity in this life race for anybody's winning the prize: there is no necessity for anybody's losing it.

What is this life prize? What is it for which we run? In other words, what is the object of living?

You might suppose, if you judged by observing human society, that the object differed in different cases. One man seems to be running for purely selfish indulgence; another one seems to be running for a prize of gold; another one is striving after fame; another one is trying to win social distinction; another one is trying to attain political prominence or power. There seem to be a great many different objects, a large number of goals towards which the different members of the human race are striving; but, if we analyze them a little, we shall find that there is only one thing that we are all after. We may seek that one thing in different directions or different occupations or different attainments; but the one object of life is living.

We care for money only as it may contribute to the satisfaction of life. We care for power, for fame, we care for indulgence of any kind, only as these may help fill life full of satisfaction.

Enjoyment, then, or satisfaction, happiness,—whatever you choose to call it,—that which we find most attractive in life, this is the thing for which all of us live. Moralists may tell us until they are tired that it is wrong for us to desire happiness; but we cannot help it. We cannot desire that which we do not desire; and we cannot help desiring that which we wish for. The mere statement of the fact shows how inevitable it is.

The one thing, then, for which men and women live is life; and in this modern world of ours it is getting less and less to be the case that we are fixing our attention on the far distant future, the condition that we expect to be in after death. We have learned that it is all God's universe, in this world, in any other world, spiritual or material; that it is one method, one law, one order everywhere; and that by saving ourselves here we save ourselves to-morrow and forever. So we are fixing our attention, I say, less on some far-off future world, and more and more on the present world; and we are living for life.

What do we mean by life? We can look at life in two ways; and we do regard it, whether we analyze it or not, in both those respects.

Life is, first, continuous. We expect, or at any rate we desire, long life. But, if that were all, I question whether we should care for it much. Life merely as a continuous process of breathing, of eating, of sleeping,—if that were all,—would soon grow intolerably monotonous, and we should be glad to have done with it.

So it is something more than life merely as continuous. The principal thing about life we care for is that which philosophers talk about as the content of life, that which we put into it, or, to change the phrase, that which we can get out of it, that which it contains, the fulness, the high tide, the excitement, the exhilaration, the flow of life. The meaning of it to us is here.

Now I wish to raise the question with you for a little while as to what are the special contents of life that are desirable for us to seek. I am talking now for a little of the ideal life, so far as I can see it.

What ought we to desire? What, if we are in tune with the universe, with God and our fellow-men, are the things that we shall care for most in life, that we shall seek to attain as the end of this life race in which we are engaged?

You will note, of course, that the contents of life necessarily differ at different stages in the history of the world, different epochs, different periods of human civilization. Five, ten thousand years ago it was not possible for the human race to seek the same specific things which we seek to-day: it was not possible five thousand years ago nor five hundred years ago; and yet the type of things that we seek after and care for changes very little from age to age.

What are the things, then? Of course, I shall not include them all. I propose to ask your attention to a few groups of thoughts, which shall include, at any rate, the chief things that make up the value, the beauty, the glory, of life.

In the first place,—and above everything else and below everything else, at the very heart of humanity, as we analyze it,—we find that man is an affectional being. He is a creature who loves, and who seeks the companionship of those whom he loves.

In the first place, then, if we will make our life round and full and complete, we shall have a home. We shall have friends, we shall have loves.

It is interesting just here to note how much men are alike, no matter what their genius, their culture, or the land of their birth. You will all remember, perhaps, the late so much loved and so much lamented Robert Louis Stevenson, the one who has fascinated us all by his wondrous power of telling tales. He was an invalid. All his life he struggled against this invalidism, worked under difficulty and in pain, and died prematurely as the result of it.

Some one asked him one day, "Stevenson, if you could have three wishes, what would they be?" He thought a moment, and very naturally said, "First, health." "What second?" He had struggled with pecuniary difficulty, and on account of his health had been unable to win so large a share of success pecuniarily as many others. So very naturally he said, "Well, in the second place, I would wish for five hundred a year." A modest wish,—five hundred pounds, twenty-five hundred dollars a year; enough, at any rate, to assure him against positive want. Then his friend said, "What third?" "Third, friends."

Health, five hundred a year, friends.

Here, then, we see this genius, this tender, loving man, felt at the heart of him the same love-hunger which is the deepest, the highest, the sweetest thing in us all.

Now another thing that I wish to speak of, that all of us ought to seek after as one of the principal contents of our lives. That is, something in the way of a knowledge of the world's literature, the accumulated stores of the world's thinking. We may not be able to command the kind of

society that we would choose among the actual people that we talk of as living; but, if we will, we can go into our libraries,—the poorest of us are able to command enough to secure this,—we can go away with our books, and find ourselves in the very best, choicest, noblest of all good company. We can associate with the finest, sweetest, truest spirits that ever walked the earth.

I said a moment ago we might not be able to command our association with living people. Who are living, if these are not? These people we think are alive and are walking the streets are not half as alive as they,—they whose thoughts are imperishable, and whose impulses are felt thrillingly throughout civilization, and are lifting the level of millions of human lives.

We ought to be able to read something, then, of the best books of the world.

I have had thousands of people tell me during the years which I have been preaching, and whom I have been advising to read, that they had no time for it. There may be one person in a million who has not time to read the best books of the world. There are not more than this. The trouble is—and it is one of the greatest temptations and dangers of this modern time—that we waste time enough to read the best things in reading the things which are hardly worth our attention at all.

I would not suggest anything against the newspapers. I have the greatest admiration for the marvellous power, activity, genius, universality, of their work. I could criticise them in many serious directions if this were the place or the time. I am not saying anything against them; but I am saying something to you about wasting valuable time over the newspapers,—more than is necessary for you to get out of them that which is worth anything to you.

I know people who would tell you they have no time to read a book who might have read a dozen of the most famous books of the world in the time that they would waste

over newspapers in one year, or magazines that are of very little more value. Pick out of these as you go, on the run, so to speak, the news of the world,—all the great events that are happening, the things that you ought to know to be in touch with the onward and upward movement of the race. Then leave them, and give your time to reading something that is of permanent value.

No time to read a book? Do you know how long it would take? It is said that George Eliot did not write more than twenty or thirty lines, sometimes, a day in the composition of her great books; and yet there is quite a library of them. You could read at least that amount; and, if Emerson tells the truth, in the time that it would take you to read as many books as George Eliot wrote you could read all the greatest books that the world has produced.

I have been asked what these greatest books are. I do not remember just what Emerson's list comprised, but I will hint to you a few.

Suppose you were familiar with Homer; that you listened to the principal things that Plato had to say to you; that then you looked into the life of Rome through the eyes of Virgil or Horace; that you studied the Middle Ages as concentrated in Dante; that you made yourselves familiar with the principal things and thoughts of Shakspeare; that you read Milton, in order to sum up the great Protestant universe as he condensed it in his epic. Read a book like Draper's "The Intellectual Development of Europe"; some history of the scientific growth of the human mind in its comprehension of the universe. Of course include the Bible,—some great text-book on the origin, the growth, the development of religion. Read Spencer's "First Principles" and Darwin's "Origin of Species."

You could do this in five years, in your leisure time, the time you waste over the papers,—most of you could; and then you would know a hundred times more about the development of this wonderful humanity of ours than most people know when they die.

Let it be one thing that you seek after,—to take out of life the satisfaction that comes from knowing something of the greatest and best thinking of the world.

In the next place, cultivate a taste for the world's beauty, for the fair, sweet things of the world. This world is not a commonplace world except to commonplace people. It is packed full of beauty and wonder, whichever way you turn. A walk of a mile on our streets, to one who has open eyes, reveals materials for hundreds of magnificent poems, lyrics, dramas, epics, hymns. Every wayside flower has in it the suggestion of the Infinite.

You remember Tennyson said, when he plucked the flower out of the crannied wall, if he could understand all that had to say to him, he would know God and humanity both.

Keep your eyes open, then, for the world's beauties. You can see fine pictures enough, you can see beautiful statues enough, as you pass through life, even if you cannot own them, to set on fire your æsthetic taste, to teach you what beautiful things are. And the principal thing we need here is not money to buy: it is eyes to see.

There are thousands of men who own statuary and own pictures, so far as the title-deeds go; but they are as completely shut out of the world which these represent as though they were beggars on the streets. You own that which you can appreciate, which you can understand, which you can enjoy, no matter who has paid for it or who pays taxes on it.

A man may build himself a beautiful house; but, if I can appreciate the fine architecture, he may have the bricks. I own the beauty. If a man has a park and beautiful grounds laid out, he has paid for them; but, if I can appreciate them more completely than he, I can own the spiritual essence, at any rate, of the beauty, and can rejoice in it every day.

Learn, then, to see the beautiful things of this world,

whether they are in books, in character, in statuary, in grass, the trees, the wayside flower, the glinting of the sun on a leaf, the magnificence of a mountain or the roll of the ocean.

Put this into your life: take this out of it.

Then the world of music, which, so far as any technical apprehension of it is concerned, I regret to say I am not able to enter. I feel sometimes as I stand outside the portals as though I were like the Peri Thomas Moore sings about, who stood at the gate of Eden disconsolate. And yet I catch the glimmer of a wing now and then, I listen to the silvery fall of a note that touches something in me that responds to it, and I rouse myself to the fact that here, too, is a great world of glory and wonder, of worship and of joy.

Learn, then, all these high and fine things that life means. Seek after them.

One more point only have I time to note; and that is the point that becomes the pivot on which my discussion turns, and leads me into entirely another side of my theme. Learn the secret inspiration and joy of unselfish service of your fellow-men. Seek the joy of doing good. If you have not found that yet, you have missed the divinest thing on the face of the earth.

The old seers tell us "God is love"; and what does love mean? Love means the lavish giving of yourself to whatever needs. That is what love means. Love means an indiscriminate, all-inclusive outpouring of yourself on humanity, as inclusive, as indiscriminating, as is the sunshine that floods the tips of your spires, the roofs of your buildings, the broken piece of glass, or the refuse in your gutters. The sunshine makes no distinction. It is sunshine, it is gold; and it gilds whatever it touches.

So this loving quality of our human nature is not defiled by coming into contact with that which defiles: it illumines it, reveals the glory latent in it. We partake of the Divine when we partake of this quality of loving, of serving, of helping.

And now note one thing right here. If I give away all my money, I may impoverish myself, so that I might not be able to help in that particular way; and, not only that, but I might put myself in a position where I might injure people by doing it. I might become a burden myself, dependent, so that some one might have to take care of me. It is possible, then, to carry this matter of pecuniary giving too far.

But the moment you leave that realm of life, and come up into the intellectual, the spiritual, the moral, there you are in the presence of a reversal of all those rules that hold in the lower regions. The more lavish you are, the more you have. The more you give away, the more you keep. Give away intelligence, give knowledge to people that need guidance, help people solve their intellectual difficulties, help them to find out a way in their bewilderment: do you lose anything by the process? Many a teacher has found that the wisest and richest and sweetest lessons have been learned in the process of trying to teach others.

So that there is no contradiction here between getting the most out of life and giving the most from life for the help of others. So, when you come into the matter of spiritual service, that inspiration which brings cheer, help, the possibility of a new life to some one, discouraged and disheartened, who has given up and is ready to faint and fall, in all this department of life, you see, that which concerns our helping other people is so related to the divine inflow, to the infinite sources of supply, that it is impossible for us to exhaust ourselves. The more we give, the richer we are.

Here, then, are some of the great things that constitute the significance and the blessedness of life, things to be lived for, things to be sought for the sake of the blessedness, the enjoyment that they may bring to us.

Now I wish to raise a question as to some of the simple conditions of our being able successfully to attain some of these grand results of living. What are they?

In the first place is that thing which Robert Louis Stevenson wished for first,—health.

Though I seem to condemn myself sometimes in the saying, I believe that the very prime moral duty of every man is to be well, just in so far as he can be. It is his first duty, because it is the condition of his being and doing and becoming and serving in every department of life. I know there are cases of people who have been year-long invalids who have wrought out wonderful results; but they would have wrought out a hundred times more wonderful results if they had been well. Invalidism is a source of weakness, and not a source of strength. And we do have this matter very largely under our own control, much more so than we are apt to imagine. We have been feeling that we have an inexhaustible bank account in the way of physical resource, — mental, moral, nervous power,—until by and by Nature, as she always will, sends us a little note telling us that we have overdrawn our account, and that we are bankrupt. And, then, we must wait until we can recuperate, and get ready to go on again.

The first thing, then, that you ought to seek after is physical health. And next is mental sanity and health. What do I mean there?

I can only suggest to you — because this is a large theme for a long sermon in itself — what is the ideal condition of mind as intellect. The one thing we need our minds for is to help us find the truth: that is the one thing,—the truth about God, about the universe, about ourselves, about our relation to our fellow-men, the actuality of things, so that we can know how we ought to live. For there are a hundred things that stand in the way of finding the truth; and most of us are prejudiced, to start with. We have all sorts of prejudices that it ought to be our year-long endeavor to get rid of. We have made up our mind without the facts being all in, and passed judgment; and ninety-nine times to a hundred the judgment is wrong. We ought to get rid of

prejudices, preconceived ideas. The mind ought to be like a piece of French plate glass, that you never look at, but through, to see what is on the other side. Or it ought to be like a perfect mirror, that reflects things just as they are, undistorted. The mind ought to be as unprejudiced as a pair of scales, so that the slightest weight of reality placed in one of them shall tip it, and cause the other side to strike the beam.

We ought, then, to cultivate a mental condition favorable to discovering the truth. How many people to-day are there willing to see things just as they are? How many people are willing to look at themselves? How many people are willing to look at their neighbors? How many people are willing to look at theological questions with the simple purpose of finding out the truth? How many people are willing to study the actual truth in politics?

The most of us are furnished with second-hand and made-up and more or less mouldy or rusty opinions. They constitute the mental furnishings of the larger part of us. We need to cultivate our minds to such an extent and in such a way that we shall see the simple truth of things, because, if we do not see things as they are, we are being the victims of misconceptions, our thoughts and impulses and actions are all wrong, and instead of helping on humanity we may be hindering it at every step.

Then we need to cultivate our æsthetic natures, to keep ourselves in such a condition that we can see the beautiful things of the world. And, then, we need to cultivate our spiritual nature, our religious nature, in such a way that we shall be in tune with God, so that we can see him when he is near us, and hear him when he speaks.

Do you remember that wonderful story of one of the old prophets, where the prophet and his companion were in the mountain, and the young man thought they were alone, and was afraid of the possible enemies that might seek out their hiding-place? And then the prophet prayed God, and asked

that the young man's eyes might be opened ; and he looked and saw, and the whole mountain was full of the celestial horses and chariots, the hosts of God, ready to guard and care for those who had faith in him.

This is a poem, a figure, if you please ; but it teaches a lesson of the greatest truth in the world. God is present with us, and is speaking, and is reaching out his hand to find us and touch us and love us. So we need to be in such relation to him that we can be conscious of this, and find in it strength and power for life.

Now I come to the last division of my theme. The object of life, I have said, is living. In order to attain the great, the grandest end of living, we need to be physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, in condition. But now we front the fact, where our subject touches this matter of the rhythm of life, "a time to work and a time to play," the vacation time.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has suggested to us the curious fact, which becomes apparent the moment we think of it, that walking is only a series of partial falls and recoveries. Every time you take a step you lean over a little beyond the perpendicular ; and, if you did not put your foot out to balance yourself and recover your position, you would fall. As we walk, then, we are all the time falling down and getting up again. That is what walking means.

So, as we live, we are all the time dying. Dying is a part of the process of life. Physically, for example, our bodies are no more stable and constant than is the cataract of Niagara. You may go and look at the cataract to-day, and then you go in a week or a year, and it seems the same cataract ; but there is not a particle of the same water there. Constant flux and change.

So our bodies are in constant change. None of us have the same body we had ten years ago. I do not know what the figures of the last scientist may be as to the time it takes us to get rid of an old body and get a new ; but we

are in as constant flux and change as a cataract. Every muscular effort means the death of some cells, the production of waste material that must be gotten rid of. Every time you think it means that the brain is more or less worn and wasted.

So, every time we try to help anybody, we have put ourselves in a process of decay, we are verging towards death. We sacrifice ourselves, literally, every time we do anything to help anybody else. So that constantly we are wasting: we get weary, worn out; and, unless there was a process of recreation going on all the time, it would be only a little while before we should be like a bit of worn-out machinery in a factory, which is thrown into the lumber-room as no longer useful.

Now I wish to notice the significance and meaning of this matter of recreation. We call it recreation. I wonder how many of you ever thought that, by putting a hyphen after the first two letters, you change the significance of it completely. Re-creation,—that is what it ought to be. And re-creation, or recreation, is quite as necessary to us as work.

Let me say right here a few things in regard to the supposed dignity of work. I am of New England ancestry. The Pilgrim Fathers and Puritans came over to this country, and found a wilderness filled with snow and wild Indians and bears. They began a year-long contest with these wild forces, in order to conquer them, and make a place where they could stand and live. It was absolutely necessary for them to toil day after day, week after week, year after year, their whole lives long. And, as a natural and necessary result of the law of inheritance, it has come to be a Puritan idea that there is something sacred in the idea of work. Get that out of your heads as quick as you can. There is not a particle of virtue in work for its own sake, any more than there is in play for its own sake.

I have had people talk to me sometimes and speak of it

as though it was a special virtue, telling me they had worked hard since they were boys, and kept it up long after there was any necessity for it. They say to me that they have not taken a vacation of a week or two weeks in forty years.

Now it does not impress me at all when a man says that to me. I want to tell him that it is all very well, he can have my sympathy and pity if he cannot help it; but, if he can, he ought to be ashamed of himself.

There is not a particle of virtue in working for its own sake. Thousands of business men, it seems to me, have got intoxicated with work. They have got into such a state of mind that they do not know how to do or how to enjoy anything else. They spend their whole life long in getting ready to live; and they never live at all. They are simply accumulating the means to live, they are going to begin some time; and by the time they are ready to begin you see the notice of their sudden death in the papers.

There is no virtue in any working simply for its own sake. If we lived in a country where nature would furnish us all we needed for the necessities of life, I can imagine how working would become a pleasure simply for the sake of exercise; but there would be no virtue in it for anything else.

Now what are the things we need, in order to rely on the process of re-creation?

I am going to speak of a very commonplace matter, on which the pulpit very rarely touches,—it would be better if it touched on it oftener,—the simple matter of eating, food.

The only way we can repair the waste of the body is by the process of eating. What ought we to eat, then? We ought to study and know our condition, and, so far as possible, eat those things which the body calls for in the way of repair, in the way of building up that which is lacking.

If a man were building a house, and needed a certain

kind of materials to go into its walls and to finish its roof and to ornament it, you would think it absurd if he simply piled in indiscriminately every kind of material which came to hand, expecting the carpenters and masons to use it.

That is largely the way we treat the body. And sometimes we develop abnormal tastes, so that we eat things which are of no sort of use at all, but are a positive injury to us.

Remember, friends, this is not only a question of physiology: it is a question of religion, it is a question of morals. If physical health is necessary for us to play our part in life as the sons of God and the helpers of our brother men, then it is a question of morals whether we eat rightly, whether we do the best we can to put and keep our bodies in perfect condition.

Do you know, friends, I am going to make a statement now that, unless I guard it, you would be sure to misunderstand,—perhaps you will, anyway. I believe that as much harm is wrought in these United States in the course of any particular year by bad eating as is wrought by drinking.

Let me make one careful statement. The man who eats wrongly or the woman who eats wrongly does not go wild like a person who has become insane from the use of whiskey. The person who has wasted and worn his body by bad eating does not break furniture, perhaps does not knock down his wife or beat his children. But it is quite possible for a person's nerves by dyspepsia to be wrought into such condition, for a person's head to be got into such condition, that the life is depressed, the life is miserable, the life is unhappy, the life is blue, the life is nagging, fault-finding, complaining. And it is quite possible, through processes like these, that as much unhappiness may be created in the course of a year as there may be in the indulgence of drink. Quite possible. Think of it a little.

The first thing, then, to do is to feed ourselves as well as we know how; and the next thing is sleep. I want to

read you those lovely lines of Shakspeare about sleep; but I am afraid I cannot remember them, so I will read:—

“Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.”

And, then, that line of Young's, from his “Night Thoughts,” —

“Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!”

How much shall we sleep? There are wonderful stories of Littré, the great French lexicographer, who said he could work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four: and he lived to be a very old man. Rev. Edward Everett Hale says he wants at least ten hours' sleep. How much sleep do we need? Just enough; and it is foolish for us to lay down any rules for other people.

I remember Timothy Titcomb says in one of his papers—you know he was the first editor of *Scribner's Magazine*—that it used to be a saying that six hours' sleep was a proper quantity for a man, seven hours' for a woman, and eight for a fool. And, after quoting it, he adds that, in his opinion, the author of it ought to have slept the last-named number of hours himself. And I agree with him.

I know people—I was brought up in that way myself—who have the insane idea that it is a virtue in itself to get up early in the morning. There is no virtue in getting up early in the morning unless you have slept enough. It depends entirely on what time you went to bed at night.

Sleep enough; and, if you do not get it one time during the twenty-four hours, get it at some other time, if you can.

Then comes the question of play, recreation, in the ordinary sense of that word. How much shall we play? What kind of play?

There is, as you know, friends, a kind of recreation that is really not re-creation, but dissipation. You see it on

every hand. You have been through it as an experience yourself. People go off for a day or two on an excursion or a picnic, and come back not rested, not re-created, not in better condition for work, but dragged, weary, worn, depleted, unfit for work.

How much of that kind of recreation shall we have? None at all. How much of the other kind? All we need, if we can get it: as much as we can get of the amount that we need. Too much play, of course, is evil. The man who plays all the time,—what shall I say about him? There are men, a certain number that are called the “upper class” in England, born titled and wealthy, whose life is given simply to a search for means of enjoyment, who are always hunting after a new sensation. There are certain people in this country born into affluence, and who lead similar kind of lives.

What shall we say about these people? Let me speak with all calmness and simplicity. Let me enunciate the principle, too, before I say it. I do not know whether I have told you — I have spoken of it in public more than once — that we are all the time within two or three years of starvation,—the inhabitants of this little planet. If we should stop the process of production, the world would starve in two or three years. The accumulated means of sustenance, then, is very small. Now what do you say to a man who takes out of that accumulation all that he wants, all that he can get for himself, and puts nothing back into it?

It is the duty of every man to return an equivalent to this little accumulated fund of the world's wealth, to return, by way of equivalent, something that the world needs and wants, and is willing to take as an equivalent. It may not be corn or potatoes or grain: it may not be gold or silver. It may be a thought, a poem, a song, a statue: it may be cheer, it may be inspiration, it may be teaching, it may be something which will build up the world and help it to be better. But return something he must. If he does not,—

what do you call the man if he takes things without paying for them?

Of recreation, then, in the way of play, let us get all that we need or we can get.

And, then, at the last, one thing more,—trust in God, that trust, born of life's experience and of personal relation with God, which takes from the weary and heavy-laden the great burden of carrying the universe, and gives that peace which comes to one who feels perfectly certain that

"God's in his heaven : all's well with the world."

You remember old Dr. Beecher. When some one asked him in his old age how he was getting along, he said, "Oh, I am doing a thousand times better than I used to, because I have made up my mind to let God manage his own universe."

Let us make up our mind that we cannot do a great deal to help the world on, but that it is our duty to do what we can; that it is better not to fret, not to worry, but to find out the divine drift of things, and put ourselves into line with it,—try to chime in with God's purpose, and help on the accomplishment of that which he is reaching forth after through the ages.

If we can do that, we shall find it true which the prophet Isaiah has written for us at the close of his fortieth chapter, where he says, "Even the youths shall be faint and weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

Father, let us be aware of Thy presence, let us be conscious of Thy love, let us feel Thy care, let us be so glad that we can co-operate with Thee in doing Thy work, and let us be patient and faithful, doing all that we can, knowing that the victory shall come in Thine own good time. Amen.

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GEO. H. ELLIS
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SHINE AND SHADOW.

I HAVE chosen two texts, or two parts of one text, the first from the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah, the twentieth verse,—“Thy sun shall no more go down. Neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.” And then from the tenth chapter of Jeremiah, the thirteenth verse,—“When he uttereth his voice, there is a noise of waters in the heavens; and he causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth. He maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasures.”

We live at the same time in two different worlds. One is this outer one, where we stand upon the common earth, and see ourselves rimmed round by the horizon, where we look upon the distant mountains, catch glimpses of the sea, note the brooks running down hillsides, see the trees waving their leaves in the wind, hear the music of the birds, and rejoice in all that makes up this which we call our material existence.

The inner world is, in a certain sense, a counterpart of this. It is a world of feeling, of thought, of imagination; and yet we figure it after the likeness of the outer universe. We seek for ourselves mental, moral, spiritual standing ground. We feel that we are arched over by mental skies, hemmed in by a mental horizon beyond which we cannot see. The sky is sometimes sunny in this inner world, sometimes cloudy, like that of the outer one. At times the pathway which we tread is open, inviting, easy. Sometimes it is filled with stones of stumbling over which we fall. We become discouraged, hurt ourselves, grow weary.

We constantly speak of this inner world in terms derived from the outer one; and this is a necessity of our birth, our origin, our nature. All language originally was a picture, a figure. It has become abstract, as we say, only because we have forgotten its primal meaning, and are using the words now only as symbols. They stand for something without our ever stopping to think or caring why. It has become purely arbitrary with us. But originally, as I said, all our speech was figurative; and this, I think, arises from the fact that we are earth-children, nature-born, nature-trained, surrounded, shaped, impressed, by this natural environment. We may think of ourselves, if we will, to make the matter a little clearer, like gold coins as related to the die which gives them shape and stamps them with their image and superscription. This die may be made of baser metal; but it shapes the gold. And so our minds, our habits of thought, have been moulded, shaped, stamped, by this physical environment which makes up what we speak of as the outer world.

Let me give you one or two illustrations of that which is universal,—if there were time and it were worth while to make it appear so. A man speaks about apprehending a thought or an idea precisely as a police officer apprehends a criminal, seizes upon him, grasps, takes control. So our thoughts, our aspirations, soar as on wings like birds, from which we borrow the figure.

When the primitive man wished some name with which to set forth his first crude conception of the invisible life of which he was conscious in himself, he could find nothing better than the breath of his lips; so that the word, the primal word for soul, is nothing more than this,—the breath, that which seemed to him so intimately associated with his life that he knew no better way of giving utterance to his thought.

When to-day we wish to speak of a man who is ideal in his character, we say that he is upright, like a pillar. If he

is strong, we refer to him as a tower, standing four-square to all the winds that blow. When we wish to figure our idea of righteousness, we find nothing better than to compare it to a straight line, a rule. And so in every department of speech, if you dig to the roots, the original meanings, you find that we are talking about this inner and higher world of ours all the time in terms derived from our experiences in the outer world.

Now in this outer world we are always seeing resemblances and reflections of ourselves. Primitive man, and man from primitive times until to-day, is always seeing this external world as though it were alive. He is always putting himself, so to speak, into the ongoings of this external universe. He speaks of the morning, for example, as smiling. The brook dances on its way down the hillside. The winds whistle or howl or sigh or sing according to the mood of the man who listens. The leaves whisper together; and, as the Psalmist expresses it, "Day uttereth speech unto day, and night shows knowledge unto night." The waves of the sea-shore moan, or the ripples dance and laugh and play.

So this whole outer world we make alive because we see our own emotions reflected in it; and then all these things that we see in the outer world we transfer again to the inner, using the same figures of speech. The inner skies become cloudy: they drip in tears, like rain. Sometimes our pathway is hidden in the mist or darkness; and we cannot see the next step ahead of us. We become mentally lost in the fog, like a ship at sea, wandering we know not whither, waiting, as the ship captain does, for the sun, in order that he may find his latitude and longitude, and start again upon his way.

So these two worlds supplement and complement each other. Now and again they are in curious and sad contradiction. When we are very sad in our inner lives, when the inner sky is clouded or the rains are falling, when the winds in the inner life sigh and are sad over the graves of our dead, we almost resent it that the outer world should go on

as though nothing had happened. We feel hurt even at the shining of the sun. We feel troubled by the ripple of the waters, the gayety of this outer universe, going on its way, and never seeming to care what becomes of the poor earth-children that are so responsive to her moods. Then sometimes we catch the moods of this outer world in a most wonderful way, as a little child lying on its mother's arm will laugh or weep as it reflects the expression of joy or reproof on the mother's face. So these two lives of ours, as I said, complement each other, are intimately blended.

I wish now to note the origin of the life and beauty of this outer world. It is all included in one word,—“sunshine.” So many thousands or millions of years ago that we are lost in attempting an estimate of it, the sun flung off, one after another, the planets which were to make up this family group, so to speak, that circle round and receive light and life from the central and parental source. And, like a tender mother or father, whichever you will, it is a little striking to note that the smaller children are the ones that are kept closest to the parental source. The larger ones that seem more able, in part at least, to take care of themselves, are the ones that swing farthest away in those orbits so distant that it seems difficult for us to compute them. But the ease with which the sun, the father of the planets and the moons, can hold in their orbits all these apparently wayward children, will become apparent if you will reflect as to the relative size of the earth and all the planets and moons combined. As I have talked with people in regard to this matter, I have found very few who were so familiar with the fact as not to be very much astonished at the mere mention of it. If you should take the sun and let it be represented by one hundred, and then take all the planets and all the moons and all the comets and all the asteroids combined and roll them into one and place them beside the sun, they would be represented by about two and a half, or possibly three. That is, all of them together are not more than three per cent. of the bulk and mass of the sun.

As another figure which may be interesting to you. The moon, we know, is about two hundred thousand miles away from us. That is, its orbit is about four hundred thousand miles across. If now the earth were placed in the centre of the sun, conceived as a hollow sphere, there would be room enough inside for the moon to sweep around its four-hundred-thousand-mile orbit without coming anywhere near the rim of the sun. You see, then, how easy it is for this sun to take care of its children, and how natural it may be for us to think of him as the source of all the light, all the life, all the beauty, that there is in all the worlds.

And all the light is only sunlight. The light of a candle, of a lamp, the glow of a fire in your grate of a winter evening, the red flash of a ruby, the white flash of a diamond, gaslight, electric light,—all light that we have anything to do with, except the little that comes to us from the far-off stars, is simply transformed and transfigured sunshine. All the light, then, from the sun, all the life from the sun. That which manifests itself so wondrously to us in a tiny blade of grass, that which expands still more beautifully in the flower,—all the life of all the trees, all the life of all the animals, all the physical life of all the men and women of the world,—simply the gift of the sun. All the beauty of the world, a present from the sunshine; the color of each blade of grass, the tint of each flower, the delicate cheek of the peach or the apple, the delicate and more beautiful cheek of the child, the wondrous glow in the eyes of a friend or of some one we tenderly love, all the wonder of a butterfly's wing, all the magnificence of the scales of a reptile, all the beauty of all the world, simply a gift of the sunshine again. All the form, all the life, from the far-off beginning until now, has been wrought out by the power of the sun.

Now, when we come into the inner world, do we find something corresponding to that here? I think we do. I am not quite sure whether you will agree with me at first as I make my statement. What is it in the inner world that cor-

responds to sunshine? Is it not light, warmth, love, joy? May it not perhaps all be summed up in the one word "joy"? The inner sunshine is gladness, the joy of being alive. And let me say that all the life, love, gladness, is the gift of this inner sunshine, joy.

The Puritan idea has so permeated and colored our American life that perhaps at first we are not ready to say this, not ready to admit it when somebody else says it. We place duty, work, first, not joy, not gladness. And it is perfectly natural, perhaps, that the Puritan, in the conditions of life which surrounded him, should come to feel this way,—driven by persecution from home, surrounded in this new world by wild beasts and men as wild and more dangerous. Having inherited the thought of an angry God overhead and a heaven for only a few in the future and hell for the many, there would not seem to be any predominating element of gladness in his life. And we, perhaps, have inherited to a certain extent a Puritan way of looking at the world.

But I am ready to say that happiness is the source of all the good of the world; and happiness is the end and aim of human life. Duty? Yes; but it is a duty to be happy, and, if people are not happy, something is wrong. Consider for a moment as to whether we can help ourselves. Perhaps we think we ought not to seek happiness, that it is selfish, that it is not the highest motive; but, if we cannot help it, what, then? You cannot like what you do not like. You cannot choose a disagreeable sensation, you cannot voluntarily seek what you do not wish; and nobody on the face of the earth has ever found yet that he wanted misery. We may find ourselves obliged to take it: we may in a certain way—and note the way, please—choose it. I may choose temporary suffering for the sake of a larger good. I may choose to sacrifice my life on a lower level for the sake of gaining it on a higher level. I may find more happiness in the effort to make a friend happy than

I would find by selfish indulgence and making that friend miserable. I may choose, in other words, deprivation or sacrifice of some sort as a stepping-stone to something which I desire. But the far-off end and aim is of necessity, and must be always, something we desire; and that must mean something that is agreeable to us, something noble, something happy, something joyous.

Curiously enough, to return for a moment to the Puritan idea, there is a strange contradiction in the Puritanic attitude. The great object and aim of life, according to the Puritan, is to escape the wrath of God as manifested in an eternal hell, and gain the love of God as revealed in an eternal heaven. That is, the Puritan theology holds out the most tremendous deterrents on one hand, and offers the most tremendous bribe on the other, that was ever conceived by the human mind as motives for getting away from bad conduct and practising good. So that, while the Puritan tells you that you must not try to be happy in this world, that it is dangerous and a low motive and a poor motive, he is telling you that the one aim in life is to get into a place where there is eternal and perfect felicity. While he condemns happiness, he holds it out as the one great end and object of eternal life.

At any rate, we cannot help desiring that which we do desire. Anything else is a contradiction in terms. And I wish you to note, as confirming this, one or two other brief considerations.

Who are the criminals of the world? Are they the happy people? Is it not true, if you study the life of the criminal classes, that they are made up almost entirely of the world's failures, the discouraged, the disheartened, the despairing ones, those who have given up, so to speak, trying to attain the ends which they desire in legitimate ways, find themselves unable to do it, and so grasp right and left illegally for the things for which their hearts are hungry?

Note another consideration. All the work of the world

that is done by happy people is the best work of the world. You cannot do as well that which you dislike. William Morris, for example, in a good many of his books, dwells at length on that time, along near the Renaissance, when every artisan was an artist, when he wrought with his hands in love with his work, taking delight in making beautiful things. And he tells us that this was the greatest period of artistic creation in the history of modern man; and his idea is — and it is, a true one — that the man who loves his work, and takes delight in it and is glad to see it grow into beauty under his hands, is the one who will do good work.

You set a man at a task so that he feels the one end of life is to get through with it and to get through as quick as possible, he will make it no more beautiful and no better than he is obliged to, in order to have it pass the final examination. We do our best work when we are happy and when we are engaged in work that gives us delight. I imagine that the great world-creators in literature, in painting and sculpture, in music, have sometimes experienced a sort of frenzy and ecstasy of joy in the mere work of creating the grand things which they have produced.

Joy, then, gladness, is the source of all the light, the life, the beauty, the good, of this inner world.

But now I wish to note another characteristic of the outer world. Paradoxical it may seem — and yet you will note before I am through, if you will follow me, that it is not a contradiction — that, if there were nothing but sunshine in the outer world, in a little while everything would be dead. Eternal sunshine would turn the earth by and by into a world-wide Sahara. Take it now when the sunshine is uninterrupted. What do we have? We have a period which they speak of as drought. The roads become dusty, the earth hard and harsh until it cracks, and the grasses droop, and the corn-leaves turn yellow, and the grain becomes brown, and everything approaches a period of death and desolation. And what a relief and a joy it is at a time

like that to see the heavens become overcast with clouds, the sun hide his face, to hear the sound of the rain, and to feel its cool drip upon the earth! Too much sunshine is death, although the sunshine, as I said, is the source of all the life of the world.

But I wish you to note that it is the sun that sends the rain; it is the sun that creates the fog; it is the sun that lifts the mist; it is the sun that overspreads the heavens with thick clouds. The sun shines upon the waters, the wastes of the earth, and you see it engaged in what, as a boy, I used to speak of as drawing water. The mists rise from the oceans, and are held in the air as clouds blown by the winds over the waste places until, coming in contact with a more chill stratum of air, down the welcome rain comes falling, and the round of life is complete.

So it is the sunshine itself that creates every shadow. When there is a hot dry day, what a suggestion of relief there is in the reading that word of the old writer where he speaks of the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land"! How we love to welcome the clouds! Think what kind of a world it would be if there were no night. A glare of light the twenty-four hours through! We should pray and cry for darkness. And what a relief when the day is over, and the twilight comes! We feel ourselves being swept out by that mysterious turning of the planet into the shadow that we call the night, but it is the shadow of the sun. It is the sun that makes the night.

Now let us come to the inner world for a moment, and see some of the parallel truths that we may discover there. Eternal happiness, a life never touched by sadness, never feeling the touch of pain. Do you think a life like that would be a blessed one? Would you like it? So far as we can judge by experience, by the history of the world, these lives that have never known sorrow have not been the sweetest and most helpful lives. Perhaps you remember the naïve, utter lack of comprehension of the world's great

problems of sorrow manifested by that reply of the French princess during the Revolution. When they told her that the people were rioting for hunger because they had no bread, she innocently asked "why they didn't eat cake, then." She knew nothing of what it meant to lack. I was told by a beautiful young lady once that she could never remember the time when she wanted anything that she could not have. I did not envy that young lady; for it seems to me that one of the chief sources of happiness in this life is wanting something long enough to appreciate it, and then, possibly, getting it.

Take the men who are born, as we say, with gold spoons in their mouths,—the loungers in the wealthy clubs of our great cities. Is it not true that one of the elements of social danger in the modern world lies right in the fact that these men have never felt the touch of sympathy with the world's sorrow, and consequently do not comprehend the feelings of the great seething mobs of people outside who are bitter against the prosperous? And a large part of the bitterness might easily be healed. It springs from the fact that they see that the prosperous neither know nor care as to the kind of lives they lead. A man who has never wanted anything is apt to look upon one of these unlucky dogs, as he calls them, perhaps as guilty of some sort of nonsense, or imprudence, the victim of his own follies, of his own vices, of his own incompetence,—no touch of kinship, no feeling of sympathy, no readiness to help.

And take the woman, if you can find one, who has never lost any one very dear to her. Do you not frequently find that her life is a selfish, butterfly existence, nothing deep, nothing precious, nothing fine about it? Gautama, the Buddha, once told a wonderful parable. He described a woman as losing her child; and she went to a man who had a reputation for being wise, and asked him, "What shall I do to bring my child back to life again?" And he said, "Go and find some mustard-seed in the house of somebody

who has never lost and never had a sorrow, and bring it to me, and I will heal your child." And she started, with the dead one in her arms, on her pilgrimage. But she found that every house was a house of mourning. One had lost a husband, another a wife, a father, a mother, brother, sister, child, friend, somebody ; and so in despair she came back, and said she could find no such household. Whereupon the wise man, who expected the result, said : " You thought that you were the only one whose heart was touched with sorrow, whose life had been burdened, who had met with a serious loss like this. Now you have learned that it is a universal experience. Go, therefore, and help those that are burdened and in trouble." And henceforth her life was devoted to the service of others.

Do you see the meaning? We ought to be happy, we ought to seek happiness ; but, if we are true and noble, divine, we cannot be happy while the world wails its age-long sorrow.

A part of being happy, then, of helping on the happiness, the final triumph of the world, is being touched by sympathy, so that we wish to help the world ; and we cannot be touched with sympathy until we, too, have tasted at least the edge of this bitter draught of grief.

And, then, there is another thing which shows the impossibility of even the happiest life being entirely unclouded. Did you ever stop to think that, if you were perfectly happy for a thousand years, you would cease to be happy? You would not know you were happy. If all this visible universe were white, humanity would be the same as if it were blind : we could see nothing because it was all one color. If every particle of food and drink that was given us for ten years tasted precisely the same, we should lose all sense of taste. We know that a thing is sweet because we know the taste of something that is bitter or sour. We know that we are different from something else because we can see the contrasts between ourselves and something else. We detect the

differences in articles about us by their unlikeness in shape or color. Consciousness is a thing of contrasts and differences. If the world were all alike, there would be no consciousness.

So do you not see that even to happiness a touch of unhappiness is absolutely essential? We see it in the very structure of our being. Go down to the lower animals, the first forms of life where the nervous system was coming to be merely a line of growing sensation, and you will note that from that point up to the most exquisite sensitiveness of the most highly organized being in the world the possibility of pain and the possibility of pleasure have kept equal step. There is no height without a corresponding depression, no hill without a valley. There is no pleasure without the possibility of a corresponding pain. And, as I said, if we had the pleasure prolonged, we should lose the sense of its being a pleasure, because we should lose all sensation whatsoever.

So, in order that we may be happy, we must keep in touch with unhappiness; in order that we may know the light, we must understand what shadow means; in order that we may talk of day, we must comprehend the night.

And this, I take it, may extend beyond the range of this present life and into the future. I am perfectly well aware that the theologians tell us of heaven as a place where there is perfect unalloyed bliss. I do not believe a word of it. I not only do not expect to find any such heaven, but I would not want it if I could. I do not want to be soaked, like a drowned bee in a jar of honey, until I lose all consciousness of life itself. I want to live; and life means growth, life means effort, life means learning, climbing, putting something beneath you, behind you. Life means effort and success. Life means enough of contrast with the things we desire, so that we shall know at least the meaning of joy.

Now I do not believe at all in eternal punishment in the

case of any one human soul ; and yet there is another sense in which I do believe in eternal punishment. I see no reason to doubt that human souls similar to our own will be born always, continue to be produced in the ages of the future. And now I see every day ignorant people, morally and spiritually undeveloped people, people blinded, people corrupted, people unfit to find their way, passing out into that life beyond us every hour. I believe that this sort of experience of passing through sin and passing through suffering may last forever, because souls are being born and will be needing to be trained forever ; and so there will be opportunity for all of us to be touched with sympathy, to be able to lift up those that have fallen, to help those that need to find the way, to teach the ignorant, to try to comfort those that are in sorrow. There will be opportunity for education, opportunity for study, for advance, for growth, age after age, age after age.

And so it will not be a gold-streeted city with eternal twanging of harps and singing of psalms. It will be living, struggle and triumph, glad, grand living, going on from something attained to something still to be attained forevermore.

Let me close by reading one verse of a hymn we sung just before the sermon, written by Miss Adams, the author of that famous hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee" :—

"He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower :
Alike they're needful to the flower ;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

Dear Father, lead us as Thou wilt. Let the sun shine on us, let the rains fall, let the way be mist-hidden ; but still let us clasp Thy hand, and stand waiting for the way to open, or taking the next step as soon as it appears,—in any case, trusting in Thee, and lifted and led by the thought of Thy joy and Thy goodness forever. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatise. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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